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"A May day in the morning"



"ALL ON THE ROAD TO ALIBAZAN."

(SEE PAGE 487.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

AS

ILLUSTRATED BY

FOR YOUR CHILDREN.

EDITED BY

MARY MORTIMER DOUGLASS.

VOLUME

PART III. PARTS

THE CENTURY CO. NEW-YORK.

F. WARNE & CO. LONDON.

the morning



THE ROAD TO ALIBAZAN."

(SEE PAGE 427.)

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY
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PART II., MAY, 1885, TO OCTOBER, 1885.

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE TRICYCLE OF THE FUTURE.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

FRED HUMPHREYS was a boy of an original mind; that is to say, he was very fond of thinking for himself and doing things of which he had never either heard or read. This may or may not be a good disposition in a boy. It depends altogether upon what kind of a boy he is. If he mixes a great deal of reason with his original thinking,—if he is able to see when he has made a mistake, and is willing to acknowledge it,—and if he is of a prudent turn of mind, and is not willing to dive into a new enterprise until he knows how deep it is and whether or not the current is too strong for him, it may be very well for him to do his own thinking. But if he does not possess these requisites, it would be better, until he is older, to let some one else attend to this matter for him.

Fred was an only son, and his father was desirous that he should find out as much as possible for himself during his boyhood. He was to be a business man, and would probably have a great many ups and downs in the course of his life; and Mr. Humphreys had an idea that if his son could get through with some of the "downs" during his minority, the experience he would thereby gain would prevent his having just as many of them in after life, when they would be much more important.

When the bicycle came into use in this country, Fred Humphreys was one of the first boys who had one. When an improved form of the machine was invented, Fred sold his old one, and his father added money enough to what he received to buy

one of the new kind. This change from good to better occurred several times; and when the tricycle came before the public, Fred gave up his last bicycle, and bought one of the three-wheeled machines, and, after using this for some months, he disposed of it, and became the possessor of a first-class double tricycle, that would carry two persons. Sometimes with his sister, and sometimes with a boy friend, Fred made excursions in this tricycle through the country round about the town in which he lived.

This town was situated in the interior of one of our Northern States. It was much frequented in the summer-time as a watering-place, and some of the roads leading to hotels and places of popular resort in the neighborhood were unusually smooth and well made, and, therefore, admirably adapted to bicycles and tricycles. On these fine roads Fred and his machine soon became almost as well known as were the famous "tally-hos," with four or six horses, which in the season made regular trips between the town and various pleasant spots in the surrounding country.

But, much as Fred enjoyed his tricycle, he became convinced in time that there might be something better; and as nothing better had, as yet, been invented by any one else, he determined, if possible, to invent it himself. The idea which gradually developed itself in his mind was this: If a boy can pull a vehicle, say a tricycle, at the rate of a certain number of miles per hour, and with an amount of exertion which he can keep up for a

certain time, and if that boy, by getting into that tricycle, and working it with his legs, can propel it at a far greater rate of speed and can keep up the exercise for a much longer time than when he was pulling it—then it must follow that if a horse, which pulls a vehicle of any kind, could get inside that vehicle and work it with its legs, it could propel it at a much higher rate of speed than when it was dragging it along the ground. And if one horse, why not two, or four? Why should there not be a great tally-ho coach, with six horses working tread-mills on the lower story, while crowds of passengers sat above enjoying the rapid and exhilarating excursion? This last idea came into Fred's mind as a picture of the Great Tricycle of the Future. How proud and happy he would be to build and own a machine of this kind! He would sit in front with his hand upon the steering gear, while six fine horses steadily trod the propelling arrangement behind him, eating, as they worked, from mangers under their noses; while the ladies and gentlemen who used to crowd the old "tally-hos" would sit comfortably on the second story, and never tire of telling one another how much better this was than the comparatively slow trips they used to take in the ordinary coaches and carriages.

After thinking over this matter for about a week, and making a good many plans and drawings, Fred determined to try to carry out his invention. He did not set out to build at first a machine for six horses and two or three coach-loads of passengers; but he would attempt to make something much more modest, although constructed upon the great principle that it would be better for the horse to be inside the vehicle and propel both it and himself than to stay outside and pull it. If the comparatively simple contrivance which he proposed to make should work satisfactorily, then it would be easy enough to get sufficient capital to build the grand machine (with driving-wheels twenty feet high and a six-horse team to work it), which, in his mind, he called the Tricycle of the Future.

When he laid his plans and his schemes before his father, Mr. Humphreys considered them very carefully. He had not much faith in Fred's grand scheme of the two-storied tricycle with six horses, but he thought that something on a smaller scale might succeed. He agreed with his son that experiments with dogs or goats, which Fred had first thought of, would be a loss of time and labor, because it would be so much trouble to teach these animals to act properly; whereas, an ordinary horse was already trained sufficiently for the purpose. Besides, a dog or goat machine, in Fred's eyes, would appear like a mere plaything, and would not attract the attention of capitalists; but one

worked by horses, however rough it might be, would show at once what could actually be done.

Having received his father's consent and the promise of a moderate amount of money for his expenses,—for Mr. Humphreys was a rich man, and very generous toward his son,—Fred went to work upon the machine, which was intended to show the principle of his invention. It would be a rough affair, but if it worked properly, its crudity would not matter; all he wished was to show that the thing could be done. For the building of his machine Fred employed a man who was both a carpenter and a blacksmith; and as he himself was very handy with tools, and this was summer holiday time, he worked nearly all day and was of great help in finishing the thing.

When all was done, the new vehicle was indeed a curious affair, and attracted a great deal of attention, especially from Fred's boy friends. It consisted of a strong frame-work, or floor, at the back of which was a pair of enormous wheels, which had been made for a truck used for hauling great stones and slabs of marble. These were the driving-wheels, and in front was a small but strong wheel, which was turned by a tiller, like the helm of a ship; and with this the vehicle was steered. Between the driving-wheels was set up a machine known in some parts of the country as a "double horse-power," and which is used by many farmers to give motive power to various kinds of agricultural machines. It consists, in the first place, of an inclined floor of slats which moves like an endless chain; and when a horse walks on this the animal remains where he is, but the floor moves, and continually passing from under him and going down to the lower part of the machine, comes up again in front of him. This motion of the floor turns various cog-wheels under it, and a very rapid motion is communicated from them to the machine which is to be worked. The horses are penned in by a low fence, and all they have to do is to walk or tread steadily on, along the moving floor. Some of these "horse-powers" are for one horse and some for two; and Fred had hired a double one from a farmer who lived not far away. This machine was connected with the driving-wheels of his tricycle, and, when horses were put into it and started, the great wheels would be turned, the vehicle would move forward, and the Tricyclism of the Future would begin.

There were no accommodations for passengers; all that could come afterward. What Fred wanted to show was that a tricycle could be run by horse-power as well as by man or boy power, the horses being carried along just as the man or boy is carried along. In front was a seat for the steersman, who was to be Fred himself, and in the extreme

rear was a small platform for his assistant, whose duty it would be to attend to the brakes and to stop the "horse-power," when necessary, so that the floor on which the horses stood should become immovable.

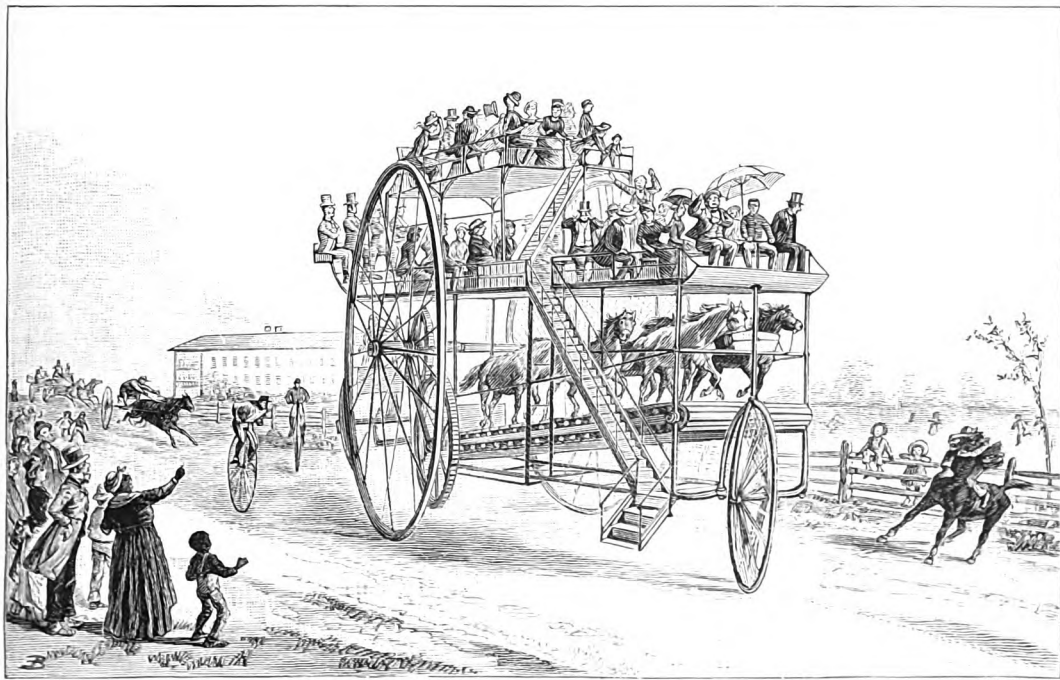
A great many opinions were expressed in regard to this new vehicle. Men generally laughed at it; some of the boys thought it would work, while others thought it would not. Among the latter was one, small for his age but old for his years, who was generally known as "Putty" Morris,—this name having been given to him by his companions on account of his having a complexion the color of which was not unlike that of ordinary putty.

"I don't want with me any boy who is a pessimist," continued Fred.

"What's that?" asked Putty.

"Why, that's a fellow who's always thinking that everything is certain to go wrong. Now, I like optimists, who believe that things are sure to go right; that is, as long as there's any chance for 'em. Everybody who ever did anything great in this world was an optimist; for, of course, he would n't keep hammering at, or fighting out anything if he did n't think it would succeed. Don't you see that?"

"Of course," said Putty, "if a fellow really thought a thing would work, and wanted it to work,



FRED'S IDEAL TRICYCLE OF THE FUTURE.

This youth did not believe in the new tricycle at all. Everything was too heavy and lumbering, he said, and if Fred ever did succeed in setting it going, it would be a very difficult machine to control, and there was certain to be some sort of a smash-up.

"Now, look here, Putty," said Fred, taking him to one side and speaking to him in a manner which he intended should be of service to the youngster, "I've been thinking of asking you to be my assistant; but I wish you to know that I am not going to do it now."

"All right!" said Putty.

he'd better be an optimist; but if he thought the other way about it, why, I think the more he pessimised the better."

"Goodness!" said Fred, laughing. "If you twisted my machinery as badly as you twist the English language, you'd spoil everything for me very soon."

A boy who believed in the new machine, and who was willing to act in the position of brakeman and general assistant, was found in the person of Johnny Hammond, a stout fellow of sixteen, who was always ready for anything of a novel or lively character.

Nothing now remained but to secure the working power, that is to say, the horses. Fred had hoped that his father would let him have the carriage-horses, but to this Mr. Humphreys objected; he did not wish them used for that sort of work. He had, however, a steady brown mare, named Jenny, who was often employed in farm-work, and was accustomed to a "horse-power," and he told Fred that he was welcome to use this animal for his experiment. After some trouble, for horses were much needed by their owners at that time of the year, Fred hired from a farmer an elderly animal known as Glaucus, which had once been, according to tradition, a very fine and spirited horse, but had now settled down into the soberness and placidity of age. Glaucus was tall and bony and not anxious to work, but he had weight and strength, and these are important points in a beast which is to work a "horse-power." These two horses did not make quite so good a team as Fred had hoped to have, but, as he said, they did very well to begin with.

It was determined that the trial trip should take place early in the forenoon, before there were many carriages and vehicles on the road, and they did not make any general announcement of the matter, as both Fred and his father thought it would be better to have as few spectators as possible at this first experiment of the running of the machine. If it succeeded, then every one who chose could see it work.

In spite of their precautions, however, quite a crowd of boys assembled to see the horse-tricycle start, and Mr. Humphreys and the man who made the machine were also there. Heavy planks with cross-slats nailed on them were laid from the back of the vehicle to the ground, and up these the horses were led, and placed in the two divisions of the "horse-power." The bars were put up behind them, and each horse was tied by its halter to the front rails. The gate of the yard in which the machine had been built was opened; Fred climbed up in front and took the tiller, Johnny Hammond mounted the rear platform, and all was ready.

"Take off the brakes, and start the horses!" cried Fred.

Whereupon, Johnny released the big wheels from the pressure of the brakes, and then moved the lever which gave play to the machinery of the "horse-power," at the same time starting the horses into a walk. Around went the moving floor on which the horses stood; around and around went the two driving-wheels, and the tricycle was off!

At first it moved very slowly, as was to have been expected, for the ground in the yard was rough; but when Fred had safely steered through the

gate, and the tricycle was on the hard, smooth road, it began to go along much more easily. Mr. Humphreys and the man walked by the side of it, greatly pleased with the success of the experiment, while the boys surrounded it on all sides, some cheering and some chaffing; for, although it moved along very well, it certainly was an odd affair to look at. They were in the suburbs of the town, but a great many people stopped to gaze at the horse tricycle, and very soon Fred determined to let every one see that his new vehicle could go at a much faster speed than a walk. The machine was a heavy one, and rather awkward and clumsy in its appearance, but the wheels turned easily on their axles, which were well oiled, while the machinery which connected the "horse-power" with the driving-wheels was simple and worked smoothly. Therefore, although he could make no such speed as he expected to give to the great Tricycle of the Future, Fred felt sure he could go along at a pretty fair rate, and ordered Johnny Hammond to make the horses trot. Johnny therefore touched up Jenny and Glaucus, and, after some unwillingness, they broke into a trot, and the tricycle began to move over the road at a very creditable speed. Mr. Humphreys and the mechanic soon ceased to follow; and although the boys ran after the machine for some distance, they dropped off, one by one. A few of them tried to climb up behind and enjoy a free ride, but this the sturdy Johnny Hammond would not allow.

Fred steered his tricycle into a wide and handsome road which led to a much-frequented hotel standing on the shore of the lake, about four miles from town. The boy was flushed and happy. The experiment was a success, and he was going along as fast as a horse at an ordinary trot. If he could do so much with a home-made affair like this, what could not be accomplished with a vast machine for six horses, which should be as light and strong and as perfect in all its parts as the finest bicycle or tricycle in the world? Johnny Hammond, too, was in high spirits, and he continually shouted to Fred his approbation of the working of his "gay old machine." The only individual on the big tricycle that seemed to be discontented was Glaucus. He had never been in the habit of going so fast on the "horse-power," and besides, there was something in the manner of his progression along the road which seemed to disturb his mind. He tossed up his head, the fire of his youth came into his eyes, and from trotting he began to canter. Johnny's shouts did not moderate his pace, and Jenny, feeling that she must do as Glaucus did, also broke into a canter. Fred shouted to put on the brakes and stop the horses; but this Johnny found to be no easy job. The "horse-

power" was going with such force and rapidity that the regulating apparatus could not work, and the brakes seemed to take but little hold upon the driving-wheels. Then he climbed up by the side of Glaucus, and, seizing him by the halter, tried to moderate his speed; but he found that the horse was thoroughly frightened and that he could do nothing with him. The spirit of Jenny, too, was now aroused, and she seemed to be trying to get out of this scrape by running as fast as she could. Fred could do nothing to help, for, if he let go of the tiller for a moment, the steering-wheel would turn round, and the great tricycle would be dashed to one side and be upset and wrecked in an instant.

Fred mentally noted the fact that in a properly constructed machine of this sort, there would need to be some way of throwing the driving-wheels "out of gear," so that there would be no connection between them and the "horse-power." In that case the vehicle could be stopped, no matter how fast the horses were going.

Johnny now again put his whole weight on the brakes of the driving-wheels, but he found this was of no use.

The fact that the road began to slope gently before them, so that they were really going downhill, made matters all the worse, and the panic which seemed to possess the two horses now extended to Johnny Hammond, who, shouting to Fred to save himself while he could, promptly jumped off behind.

Fred was pale and frightened, but he did not jump off. He knew that if he did, the tricycle would upset, and the horses would probably be killed; and, besides, he knew well that it would be a very dangerous thing to jump off in front of those great driving-wheels. All that he could do was to stay at his post, and hope that the horses would soon tire themselves out.

The two animals were now working the "horse-power" at a furious rate; the few people in the road stood in amazement or ran after the machine as it passed, while carriages and wagons gave the on-coming tricycle, with its rattling and its banging and its bounding horses, a wide berth.

Fred was now nearing the hotel by the lake. The broad road led directly to the water, but on one side it branched off into a narrower drive which ran along the shore. It was Fred's intention to turn into this road, because his only safety seemed to be to go as far as he could, and so tire out the horses. But he was dashing on so fast that he made a miscalculation; when he reached the turning-point, he did not move his tiller quickly enough, and so lost his chance of running upon the lake road. Now, before him, at a very short distance, lay the

lake, and on its edge, directly in front of him, was a row of sheds for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of the visitors to the hotel. Fred's first thought was to steer directly into these sheds, and so stop the mad career of his tricycle; but this would result in a general smash-up, and, as he was in front of everything, he would probably be killed. He did not dare to jump off, as he would have to jump directly in front of the big driving-wheels. There seemed nothing for him to do but to steer into the lake. If this had to be done, the deeper the water into which he plunged the better; and with this idea in his mind, he deftly guided his machine past the sheds, and toward a pier which extended a short distance into the lake. Thundering upon the plank floor came the great tricycle, and in the next instant it had gone off the end of the pier and down into the water.

There was a huge splash; there were shouts from the hotel and from the road; a fountain of spray shot high into the air, and then a foaming, whirling, gurgling pool closed over the spot where the great dive had been made. Down to the bottom of the lake sank, not only Fred's Tricycle of the Present, but his great Tricycle of the Future, with its two stories, its beautifully working machinery, its crowds of passengers, and its wonderful achievements. There was nothing of the kind now for Fred but a wrecked and sunken Tricycle of the Past.

At the moment the steering-wheel left the edge of the pier, Fred made a wild spring into the water, and so went down by himself, off at one side of the descending machine. As he sank, thoughts and ideas passed through Fred's mind as rapidly as if they were being telegraphed on a wire. One of these was that all he had been working for so hard had now come to a disastrous end; for his father would never more allow him to have anything to do with such an unmanageable machine as a horse-tricycle. But the thought that overshadowed everything else was the fate of those poor horses! They were tied to the "horse-power" by their halters, and would, therefore, be kept down at the bottom of the lake, and be drowned. There was so much heavy iron-work about the machinery, it would certainly hold them there like an anchor. Fred had no fears in regard to himself. No thought of sorrow-stricken parents or weeping friends passed through his mind; he had been down to the bottom of the lake before, and although he was encumbered with clothing, his coat was thin, his shoes were light, and he knew that he could swim to shore.

In a very short time he rose to the top of the water and began to strike out for the pier. Then some distance behind him came up the head of a

horse, and Jenny, with a little snort, went swimming landward. Now appeared another horse's head, and Glaucus, with wildly staring eyes, came floundering up, and, after gazing about in much amazement, made for a distant point along the shore, as if he did not wish to land at a place where he had come to such grief. Last of all, up came Putty Morris, his hair dripping with water, and his mouth spluttering vigorously as he slowly swam shoreward!

When Fred reached the pier and had taken one of the dozen hands which were extended to him from the little crowd of people who had hurried there, he was quickly pulled up, and whatever he had intended to say was cut short by his astonishment at seeing Jenny just coming to land. Then, turning around, his amazement was increased by the sight of Glaucus, still making for his distant point. But when he beheld Putty Morris, spluttering and paddling steadily for the pier, Fred's hair, wet as it was, felt as if it would like to stand on end.

"Do you live down there?" he said to Putty, a moment later, when that dripping boy was hauled upon the pier.

"Not exactly," was the answer, after several vigorous shakes and puffs; "and if I'd known that you were going to take me down there, you may be sure I'd never have jumped aboard your crazy old machine."

"How did you come to do it?" asked Fred. "I did n't know you were there."

"Well," said Putty, "I was up the road there, and saw you coming like a lot of wild Indians. I saw Johnny Hammond jump off, and guessed

something was the matter. Before the thing was up to me I knew that the horses were running away, or trying to, and that you were hanging on to your steering gear with a rather pessimistic look on your face, and that you could n't let go to do anything with the horses. So I ran after you, and climbed up behind, and I had to be a pretty lively hoptimist to do it, I can tell you. All I could try to do was to get you rid of your horses, and I thought that if I untied their halters and took down their bars they'd slide out behind, and then you'd stop. I did n't say anything to you, for there was such a noise I did n't suppose you'd hear me; and just as I unfastened the second halter we were out on the pier, and before I had time to jump, down we all went together!"

"FRED," said Putty Morris to his friend a few days after these events, "are you going to make any more of your big machines?"

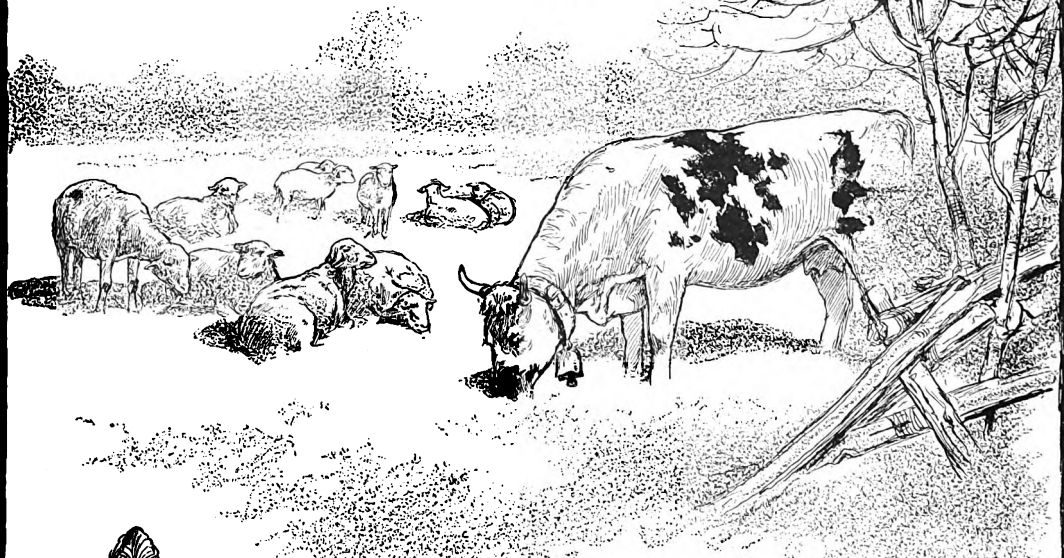
"Well, no," said Fred, "not at present. These things can't be done without money, and father is rather touchy on that subject just now. He has had to pay for that double "horse-power," and everything else is a dead loss; and besides that, old Glaucus scraped his leg in the scrimmage and he'll not be fit to be used for a month. I am going to begin again at the very bottom round, and if I run anything else of the kind this summer, I shall get a unicycle."

"A unicycle!" exclaimed Putty; "what is that?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Fred. "There goes a fellow with one now."



He made me a bow, and he made me three,
 A May Day in the morning,
 He said, indeed, I was fair to see,
 A May Day in the morning,
 "And say, will you be my sweetheart now?
 I'll marry you truly with ring and vow!
 I've ten fat sheep and a black-nosed cow,
 A May Day in the morning."



"What shall we buy in Alibazan
 A May Day in the morning?
 A pair of shoes and a feathered fan,
 A May Day in the morning,
 A velvet gown all set with pearls,
 A silver hat for your golden curls,
 A pinky hood for my pink of girls,
 A May Day in the morning."



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DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER IV.

WORK FOR ALL.

MY agonized shout as I saw Bobsey swept away by the swollen torrent of the Moodna Creek was followed closely by his own shrill scream. It so happened, or a kind Providence so ordered it, that Junior was farther down the stream, tapping a maple that had been overlooked the previous day. He sprang to his feet, whirled about in the direction of the little boy's cry, and, the next instant, rushed to the bank and plunged in.

Spell-bound I watched his efforts, for I knew I was much too far away to be of aid, and that all now depended on the hardy country lad. He disappeared for a second beneath the tide, and then his swift strokes proved that he was a good swimmer. Very quickly he caught up with Bobsey, for the current was too rapid to permit the child to sink. Then, with a wisdom learned from experience, he let the torrent carry him in a long slant toward the shore, for it would have been



hopeless to try to stem the current. Running as I never ran before, I followed, reached the bank where there was an eddy in the stream, sprung in up to my waist, seized them both as they drifted near me, and dragged them to solid ground.

Bobsey was conscious, although he had swallowed some water, and I was soon able to restore him, so that he could stand on his feet and cry:

"I—I—I w-w-ont d-do so any—any more."

Instead of punishing him, as he evidently expected, I clasped him to my heart with a nervous force that almost made him cry out with pain.

Junior, meanwhile, had coolly seated himself on a rock, emptied the water out of his shoes, and was tying them on again, at the same time striving with all his might to maintain a stolid composure under Winnie's grateful embraces and Merton's repeated hand-shakings. But when, having become assured of Bobsey's welfare, I also rushed forward and embraced Junior in a transport of gratitude, the boy's lip began to quiver, and two great tears mingled with the water that was dripping from his hair. Suddenly he broke away and ran swiftly toward his home, as if he had been caught in some mischief and the constable were after him.

I carried Bobsey home, and his mother, with many questions, and exclamations of thanksgiving, undressed the little fellow, wrapped him in flannel and put him to bed, where he was soon sleeping as quietly as if nothing had happened.

Mrs. Jones came over, and we made her rubicund face beam, and grow more round, if possible, as we all praised her boy. I returned with her, for I felt that I wished to thank Junior again and again. But he saw me coming and slipped out at the back door. Indeed, the brave, bashful boy was shy of us for several days. When at last my wife caught him, and began to praise and thank him in a manner natural to mothers, he made light of the whole affair.

"I 've swum in that crick so often that it was nothin' to me. You only need to keep cool, and that 's easy enough in snow water, and the current was so swift it kep' us both up. I wish you would n't say anything more about it."

But Junior soon learned that we had adopted him into our inmost hearts, although he compelled us to show our good-will after his own off-hand fashion.

On Sunday night the wind veered around to the north, and on Monday morning the sky had a clear metallic hue and the ground was frozen hard. Bobsey had not taken cold, and was his former self, except that he was somewhat chastened in spirit and his bump of caution was larger. I was resolved that this day should witness a good beginning of our spring work, and told Winnie and Bobsey that they could help me. Junior, although he yet avoided the house, was ready enough to help Merton in getting the sap. And so, soon after breakfast, we all were busy.

Around old country places, especially where there

has been some degree of neglect, much litter and refuse gathers. This was true of our new home and its surroundings. All through the garden were dry, unsightly weeds; about the house was shrubbery that had become tangled masses of unpruned growth; in the orchard the ground was strewn with fallen branches, and I could see dead limbs on many of the trees. Therefore I said to my two little helpers:

"We will begin our brush-pile in this open space in the garden, and here we will bring all the rubbish that we wish to burn. You see that we can make an immense heap, for the place is so far away from any buildings that, when the wind goes down, we can set the pile on fire in safety, and the ashes will be good for the garden."

During the whole forenoon I pruned the shrubbery and raked up the rubbish, which the children carried by armfuls to our prospective bonfire. They were anxious to see the blaze, but I told them that the wind was too high, and that I did not propose to apply the match until we had a heap half as big as the house; that it might be several days before we should be ready, for I intended to have a tremendous fire.

For a long time they were pleased with the novelty of the work, and then they wanted to do something else, but I said:

"No, no; you are gardeners now, and I'm head gardener. Both of you must help me till dinner-time. After that you can do something else, or play if you choose; but each day, even Bobsey must do some steady work to earn his dinner. We did n't come to the country on a picnic, I can tell you. All must do their best to help make a living." And so I kept my little squad busy without scruple, for the work was light, although it had become monotonous.

Mousie sometimes aided her mother, and again watched us from the window with great interest. I rigged upon the barrow a rack, in which I wheeled the rubbish gathered at a distance; and by the time my wife's mellow voice called, "Come to dinner," we had raised a pile much higher than my head, and the place began to wear a tidy aspect.

Such appetites, such rosy cheeks, and such jolly red noses as the outdoor workers brought to that plain meal! Mousie was delighted with the promise that the bonfire should not be lighted until some still, mild day when she could go out and stand with me beside it.

Merton admitted that drawing the sap did not keep him busy more than half the time; so after dinner I gave him a hatchet, and told him to go on with the trimming-up of the fallen branches in our wood-lot,—a task that I had begun,—and to

carry out all wood heavy enough for our fire-place to a spot where it could be loaded on a wagon.

"Your next work, Merton, will be to collect all your refuse trimmings and the brush lying about, into a few great heaps; and by and by we'll burn these, too, and gather up the ashes carefully, for I've read and heard all my life that there is nothing better for fruit than wood-ashes. Some day, I hope, we can begin to put money in the bank; for I intend to give all a chance to earn money for themselves, after they have done their share toward our general effort to live and thrive. The next best thing to putting money in the bank, is the gathering and saving of everything that will make the ground richer. In fact, all the papers and books that I've read this winter, agree that as the farmer's land grows rich he grows rich."

It must be remembered that I had spent all my leisure during the winter in reading and studying the problem of our country life. Therefore I knew that March was the best month for pruning trees, and I had gained a fairly correct idea how to do this work. Until within the last two or three years of his life, old Mr. Jamison had attended to this task quite thoroughly; and thus little was left for me to do beyond sawing away the boughs that had recently died and cutting out the useless sprouts on the larger limbs. Before leaving the city I had provided myself with such tools as I was sure I should need; and finding a ladder under a shed, I attacked the trees vigorously. I knew I must make the most of all the still days in this gusty month.

By the middle of the afternoon Mr. Jones appeared, and I was glad to see him, for there were some kinds of work about which I wanted his advice. At one end of the garden were several rows of black-cap raspberry bushes, which had grown into a very bad snarl. The old canes that had borne fruit the previous season were still standing, ragged and unsightly; the new stalks that would bear during the coming season sprawled in every direction; and I had found that many tips of the branches had grown fast in the ground. I took my neighbor to see this briery wilderness, and asked his advice.

"Have you a pair of pruning-nippers?" he asked.

Before going to the house to get them, I blew a shrill whistle to summon Merton, for I wished him also to hear all that Mr. Jones might say. I carried a little metallic whistle, one blast on which was for Merton, two for Winnie, and three for Bobsey. When they heard my call they were to come to me as fast as their feet could carry them.

Taking the nippers, Mr. Jones snipped off from one-third to one-half the length of the branches

from one of the bushes and cut out the old dead cane.

"I raise these berries myself for home use," he said; "and I tell you they 're first-class with milk for a July supper. You see, after taking off so much from these long branches, the canes stand straight up, and they will be self-supporting, no matter how many berries they bear; but here and there you 'll find a bush that 's grown slantwise, or broken off. Now, if I were you, I 'd take a crow-bar 'n' make a hole 'longside these weakly and slantin' stalks and tie 'em up strong. Then, soon as the fruit yields, if you 'll root out the grass and weeds that 's started in among 'em, you 'll have a dozen bushel or more of marketable berries from this 'ere wilderness, as you call it. Give Merton a pair of old gloves, and he can do most of the job. Every tip that 's fast in the ground is a new plant. If you want to set out a new patch, I 'll show you how, later on."

"I think I know how to do that."

"Yes, yes, I know. Books are a help, I s'pose; but after you 've seen one plant set out rightly, you 'll know more than if you 'd read a month."

"Well, now that you 're here, Mr. Jones, I 'm going to make the most of you. How about those other raspberries off to the south-east of the house?"

"Those are red ones. We 'll go look at 'em."

Having reached the patch, we found almost as bad a tangle as in the black-cap patch, except that the canes were more upright in their growth and less full of spines or briers.

"It 's plain to see," remarked Mr. Jones, "that old Mr. Jamison was feelin' too poorly to take care of things last year. You see, these red raspberries grow altogether diff'rently from those black-caps yonder. Those increase by the tips of the branches takin' root; these, by suckers. All these young shoots comin' up between the rows are suckers, and they ought to be dug out. As I said before, you can set them out somewhere else, if you like. Dig 'em up, you know; make a trench in some out-of-the-way place, and bury the roots till you want 'em. Like enough the neighbors will buy some if they know you have 'em to spare. Only be sure to cut these long canes back to within six inches of the ground."

"Yes," I said, "that 's all just as I have read in the books."

"So much the better for the books, then. I have n't lived in this fruit-growin' region all my life without gettin' some idea as to what 's what. I give my mind to farmin'; but Jamison and I were great cronies, and I used to be over here every day or two, and so it 's natural to keep comin'."

"That 's my good luck," said I.

"Well, p'raps it 'll turn out so. Now Merton 's just the right age to help you in all this work. Jamison, you see, grew these raspberries in a continuous bushy row; that is, say, three good strong canes every eighteen inches apart and the rows five feet apart, so he could run a horse-cultivator between. Understand, Merton?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with much interest.

"Well, all these extra suckers and plants that are swampin' the ground are just as bad as weeds. Dig 'em all out, only don't disturb the roots of the bearin' canes you leave in the rows any more 'n you can help."

"How about trimming these?" I asked.

"Well, that depends. If you want early fruit, you 'll let 'em stand as they are; if you want big berries, you 'll cut 'em back one-third. Let me see. Here are five rows of 'Highland Hardy,'—miserable poor-tastin' kind; but they ripen so early they often pay the best."

"Now, Mr. Jones, one other good turn and we 'll not trouble you any more to-day," said I. "All the front of the house is covered by two big grapevines that have not been trimmed, and there are a great many other vines on the place. I 've read and read on the subject, but I declare I 'm afraid to touch them."

"Now you 're beyond my depth. I have a lot of vines home, and I trim 'em in my rough way, but I know I 'm not scientific, and we have pretty poor, scraggy bunches. They taste just as good, though, and I don't raise any to sell. There 's a clever man down near the landing who has a big vineyard, and he 's trimmed it as your vines ought to have been trimmed long ago. I 'd advise you to go and see him, and he can show you all the latest wrinkles in pruning. Now, I 'll tell you what I came for, in the first place. You 'll remember that I said there 'd be a vandoo to-morrow. I 've been over and looked at the stock offered. There 's a lot of chickens, as I told you; a likely looking cow with a calf at her side; a quiet old horse that ought to go cheap, though he 'd answer well the first year. Do you think you 'll get more 'n one horse to start with?"

"No," said I. "You said I could hire such heavy plowing as was needed at a moderate sum, and I think we can get along with one horse for a time. My plan is to go slowly, and, I hope, surely."

"That 's the best way, only it is n't common. I 'll be around in the mornin' for you and such of the children as you 'll take."

"On one condition, Mr. Jones," I replied. "You must let me pay you for your time and trouble. Unless you 'll do this in giving me my start, I 'll have to paddle my own canoe, even if I sink it."

"Oh, I 've no grudge against an honest penny

I marked with my eye a low, easy sewing-chair for my wife and a rose geranium, full of bloom, for Mousie, purposing to bid on them. I also observed that Junior was examining several pots of flowers that stood in the large south window. Then giving Merton charge of the children, with directions not to lose sight of them a moment, I went to the barn-yard and stable, feeling that the day was a critical one in our fortunes. True enough, among the other stock there was a nice-looking cow with a calf, and Mr. Jones said she had Jersey blood in her veins. This meant rich creamy milk. I thought the animal had a rather ugly eye, but this might be caused by anxiety for her calf, with so many strangers about. We also examined the old bay horse and a market wagon and harness. Then Mr. Jones and I drew apart and agreed upon the limit of his bids, for I proposed to act solely through him. Every one knew him and was aware that he would not go a cent beyond what a thing was worth.

At ten o'clock the sale began. The auctioneer was a rustic humorist, who knew the practical value of a joke in his business. Aware of many of the foibles and characteristics of the people who flocked around and after him, he provoked many a ripple and roar of laughter by his telling hits and droll speeches. I found that my neighbor, Mr. Jones, came in for his full share, but he always sent back as good as he received. The sale, in fact, had the aspect of a country merry-making, at which all sorts and conditions of people met on a common ground and bid against one another, while boys and dogs innumerable worried and played about and sometimes verged on serious quarrels.

At noon there was an immense pot of coffee, with crackers and cheese, placed on a table near the kitchen door, and we had a free lunch.

The day came to an end at last, and the cow and calf, the old bay horse, the wagon, and the harness were mine. On the whole, Mr. Jones had bought them at reasonable rates. He also secured for me a good collection of poultry that looked fairly well in their coops.

For my part, I had secured the chair and blooming geranium. To my surprise, when the rest of the flowers were sold, Junior took part in the bidding for the first time, and, as a result, carried out to the wagon several other pots of house-plants.

"Why, Junior," I said, "I did n't know you had such an eye for beauty."

He blushed, but made no reply.

The coops of chickens and also the harness were put into Mr. Jones's conveyance, the wagon I had bought was tied on behind, and we jogged homeward, the children exulting over our new possessions. When I took in the geranium bush and put

it on the table by the sunny kitchen window, Junior followed with an armful of his plants.

"They 're for Mousie," he said; and before the delighted child could thank him he darted out.

Indeed, it soon became evident that Mousie was Junior's favorite. She never said much to him, but she looked a great deal. To the little invalid girl he seemed the embodiment of strength and cleverness, and, perhaps, because he was so strong, his sympathies went out toward the feeble child.

The coops of chickens were carried to the basement that we had prepared, and Winnie declared that she meant to "hear the first crow and get the first egg."

The next day the horse and the cow and calf were brought over, and we felt that we were fairly launched in our country life.

"You have a bigger family to look after outdoors than I have indoors," my wife said, laughingly.

It was evident that, from some cause, the cow was wild and vicious. One of my theories is that all animals can be subdued by kindness. Mr. Jones advised me to dispose of Brindle, but I determined to test my theory first. Several times a day I would go to the barn-yard and give her a carrot or a wisp of hay from my hand, and she gradually became accustomed to me, and would come at my call. A week later I sold her calf to a butcher, and for a few days she lowed and mourned deeply, greatly to Mousie's distress. But carrots consoled her, and within three weeks she grew gentle to all of us. I believe she had been treated harshly by her former owners.

Spring was coming on apace, and we all made the most of every pleasant hour. The second day after the auction proved a fine one; and leaving Winnie and Merton in charge of the house, I took my wife, with Bobsey and Mousie, who was well bundled up, to see the scientific grape-grower, and to do some shopping. At the same time, we assured ourselves that we were having a pleasure-drive; and it did me good to see how the mother and daughter, who had been kept indoors so long, enjoyed themselves. Mr. Jones was right. I received better and clearer ideas of vine-pruning in half an hour from studying those that had been properly trimmed, and by asking questions of a practical man, than I could ever have obtained by reading. We found that the old bay horse jogged along, at as good a gait as we could expect, over the muddy road, and I was satisfied that he was so quiet that my wife could safely drive him after she had learned how, and had gained a little confidence. She held the reins as we returned.

When we sat down to supper, I was glad to see that a little color was dawning in Mousie's face.

The bundles we brought home supplemented our stores of needful articles, and our life began to take on a regular routine. The carpenter came and put up the shelves, and made such changes as my wife desired; then he aided me in repairing the out-buildings. I finished pruning the trees, while Merton worked manfully at the raspberries, for we saw that this was a far more pressing task than gathering wood, which could be done to better advantage in the late autumn. Every morning Winnie and Bobsey were kept steadily busy in carrying

pruned and the grape-vines trimmed and tied up, and had given Merton a great deal of help among the raspberries. In shallow boxes of earth on the kitchen table, cabbage, lettuce, and tomato seeds were sprouting beside Mousie's plants, the little girl hailing with delight every yellowish-green germ that appeared above the soil.

The first day of April promised to be unusually dry and warm, and I said at the breakfast table:

"This is to be a great day. We'll prove that we are not April-fools by beginning our garden."



WINNIE AND BOBSEY PLANT THE ONIONS.

our trimmings to the brush-heap, which now began to assume vast proportions, especially as the prunings from the grape-vines and raspberry bushes were added to it. As the ground became settled after the frost was out, I began to set the stakes by the side of such raspberry canes as needed tying up; and here was a new light task for the two younger children. Bobsey's little arms could go around the canes and hold them close to the stake, while Winnie, a sturdy child, quickly tied them with a coarse, cheap string that I had bought for the purpose. Even my wife came out occasionally and helped us at this work. By the end of the last week in March I had all the fruit trees fairly

I suppose I shall make mistakes, but I wish you all to see how I do it, and then by next spring we shall have learned from experience how to do better. Merton and I will get out the seeds. By ten o'clock, Mousie, if the sun keeps out of the clouds, you can put on your rubbers and join us."

Soon all was bustle and excitement, in anticipation of the seed-planting.

Among my seeds were two quarts of red and two of white onion sets, or tiny onions, which I had kept in a cool place, so that they should not sprout before their time. These I took out first. I marked off a long strip of the sunny slope, making the strip about fifteen feet wide, and manured it

evenly and thickly. I then dug until my back ached; and I found that it began to ache very soon, for I was not accustomed to such toil.

"After the first seeds are in," I muttered, "I will have the rest of the garden plowed."

When I had dug down about four feet of the strip, I concluded to rest myself by a change of labor; so I took the rake and smoothed off the ground, stretched a garden line across it, and, with a sharp-pointed hoe, made a shallow trench or drill.

"Now, Winnie and Bobsey," I said, "it is time for you to do your part. Just stick these little onions in the trench about four inches apart;" and I gave each of them a little stick of the right length to measure the distance; for they had but vague ideas of four inches. "Be sure," I continued, "that you get the bottom of the onion down. This is the top, and this is the bottom. Press the onion in the soil just enough to make it stand firm, so. That's right. Now I can rest, you see, while you do the planting."

In a few moments they had stuck the fifteen feet of shallow trench or drill full of onions, which I at once covered with earth, packing it lightly with my hoe. I then moved the line fourteen inches farther down and made another shallow drill. In this way we soon had all the onion sets in the ground. We next sowed, in even shallower drills, the little onion seed that looked like gunpowder, for my garden book said that the earlier this was planted the better. We had only completed a few rows, when Mr. Jones appeared, and said:

"Plantin' onions here? Why, neighbor, this ground is too dry and light for onions."

"Is that so? Well, I knew I'd make mistakes," I said.

"Oh, well, no great harm's done," he replied. "You've made the ground rich, and, if we have a moist season, like enough they'll do well. I came over to say that if this weather holds a day or two longer, I'll plow the garden; and I thought I'd tell you, so that you might get ready for me. The sooner you plant your early potatoes the better, and a plow beats a fork all hollow. You'll know what I mean when you see my plow going down to the beam and loosenin' the ground from fifteen to twenty inches. So burn your big brush-pile, and I'll be ready when you are."

"All right. Thank you! I'll just plant some radishes, peas, and beans."

"No beans yet, Mr. Durham. Don't put those in till the last of the month, and plant them very shallow when you do."

"How one forgets when there's not much experience to fall back upon! I now remember that my book said that beans, in this latitude, should not be planted until about the first of May."

"And lima beans not till the tenth of May," added Mr. Jones. "You might put in a few early beets here, although the ground is rather light for 'em. You could put your main crop somewhere else. Well, let me know when you are ready. Junior and I are drivin' things, too, this mornin';" and he stalked away, whistling a hymn-tune in rather lively time.

I said: "Youngsters, I think I'll get my garden book and be sure I'm right about sowing the radish and beet seed and the peas. Mr. Jones has rather shaken my confidence."

In a short while Merton and I had several rows of radishes and beets sown, fourteen inches apart. We planted the seed only an inch deep, and packed the ground lightly over it. Mousie, to her great delight, was allowed to drop a few of the seeds. Merton was ambitious to take the fork, but I advised him not to, and said: "Digging is too heavy work for you, my boy. There is enough that you can do without overtaxing yourself. We all must act like good soldiers. The campaign of work is just opening, and it would be very foolish for any of us to disable ourselves at the start. We'll plant only half a dozen rows of these dwarf peas this morning, and then this afternoon we'll have the bonfire and make ready for Mr. Jones's plow."

At the prospect of the bonfire the younger children set up shouts of exultation, which cheered me on as I turned over the soil with the fork, although often stopping to rest. My back ached, but my heart was light. In my daily work now I had all my children about me, and their smaller hands were helping in the most practical way. A soft spring haze half obscured the mountains and mel-
lowed the sunshine. From the springing grass and fresh turned soil came odors sweet as those which made Eden fragrant after "a mist went up from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground."

All the children helped to plant the peas, which we placed carefully and evenly, an inch apart, in the row, and covered with two inches of soil, the rows being two feet distant one from another. I had decided to plant chiefly McLean's Little Gem, because they needed neither stakes nor brush for support. We were almost through our task when, happening to look toward the house, I saw my wife standing in the doorway, a framed picture.

"Dinner," she called, in a voice as sweet to me as that of the robin singing in a cherry-tree over her head.

The children stampeded for the house, Winnie crying: "Hurry, Mamma, and let us get through, for Papa says that after dinner he'll set the great brush-pile on fire, and we're going to dance around it like Indians! You must come out, too!"

(To be continued.)



IN PRIMROSE TIME.

*(Early Spring in Ireland.)**

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

HERE'S the lodge-woman in her great cloak coming,
 And her white cap. What joy
 Has touched the ash-man? On my word, he's humming
 A boy's song, like a boy!
 He quite forgets his cart. His donkey grazes
 Just where it likes the grass.
 The red-coat soldier, with his medal, raises
 His hat to all who pass;
 And the blue-jacket sailor,—hear him whistle,
 Forgetting Ireland's ills!
 Oh, pleasant land—(who thinks of thorn or thistle?)
 Upon your happy hills
 The world is out! And, faith, if I mistake not,
 The world is in its prime
 (Beating for once, I think, with hearts that ache not)
 In Primrose time.

Against the sea-wall leans the Irish beauty,
 With face and hands in bloom,
 Thinking of anything but household duty
 In her thatched cabin's gloom;—
 Watching the ships as leisurely as may be,
 Her blue eyes dream for hours.
 Hush! There's her mother—coming with the baby
 In the fair quest of flowers.
 And her grandmother!—hear her laugh and chatter,
 Under her hair frost-white!
 Believe me, life can be a merry matter,
 And common folk polite,
 And all the birds of heaven one of a feather,
 And all their voices rhyme,—
 They sing their merry songs, like one, together,
 In Primrose time.

The magpies fly in pairs (an evil omen
 It were to see but one);
 The snakes—but here, though, since St. Patrick, no man
 Has seen them in the sun;

The white lamb thinks the black lamb is his brother,
And half as good as he;
The rival carmen all love one another,
And jest, right cheerily;
The compliments among the milkmen savor
Of pale gold blossoming;
And everybody wears the lovely favor
Of our sweet Lady Spring.
And though the ribbons in a bright procession
Go toward the chapel's chime,—
Good priest, there be but few sins for confession
In Primrose time.

How all the children in this isle of faery
Whisper and laugh and peep!
(Hush, pretty babblers! Little feet be wary,
You'll scare them in their sleep,—
The wee, weird people of the dew, who wither
Out of the sun, and lie
Curled in the wet leaves, till the moon comes hither.) —
The new-made butterfly
Forgets he was a worm. The ghostly castle,
On its lone rock and gray,
Cares not a whit for either lord or vassal
Gone on their dusty way,
But listens to the bee, on errands sunny.—
A thousand years of crime
May all be melted in a drop of honey
In Primrose time!



LITTLE BRITOMARTIS.

BY ALICE MAUDE EDDY.

"BUT there *was* a maiden knight once!" said Letty, with her brown eyes full of tears.

"Sir Lancelot" and "Sir Gareth," otherwise Jack and Harry, paused in their tilt, and gazed at their little sister in amazement.

"There *was*," persisted Letty, resolutely, though with a quivering lip. "I read all about her in one of Papa's books. Her name was Britomartis, and she had long golden hair that fell down when she took her helmet off, and—and she conquered everybody."

"Go on and tell us all about it," said Harry, dropping his sword. Letty was always finding entertaining stories in books that neither of the boys would have thought of opening. It was she who had told them about the Round Table, and had set them to reading for themselves the wonderful adventures of Lancelot and Gareth, of Tristram, and Galahad, and Alisander. It was rather hard that she should be shut out from the fascinating games that grew out of these researches into the "Morte d'Arthur," simply because she was a girl. The boys were quite willing that their sister should take the part of the distressed lady for whom they should fight; but sitting on a rag-bag and crying out, "Oh, Sir Lancelot, thou flower of knighthood, succor a forlorn lady!" was entirely beneath Letty's ambition, and even the more active part of gracefully waving a handkerchief during a tournament, and tying her hair-ribbon about the helmet of the conqueror, failed to satisfy her desires. It was with a decided sense of injury that Letty went on with her story.

"Yes, she conquered *every* knight that she fought, and she was always helping ladies and everybody that needed her, and she was the strongest and most beautiful knight in Fairy-land."

"Fairy-land!" exclaimed Harry. "Was it just a fairy story? That does n't count!"

"It was lovely poetry!" said Letty, indignantly, "and King Arthur was in it too, so it counts just as much as anything."

"If it was poetry, it was n't true," said Jack, conclusively. "I thought it did n't sound very true! Great idea that—of a woman conquering all the knights! I'd just like to see a girl that was braver than a boy! Come, Harry, let's go on playing! 'Gay Sir Knight, wilt thou ride a tilt with me?'" And the boys careered wildly about the garret on their invisible chargers, leaving Letty to amuse herself as she could until school-time.

It was a beautiful May morning. The grass along the roadside was white with daisies, as the children ran to school. Tilts and tournaments were forgotten, under the clear blue sky, with the soft wind tossing Letty's fair hair, while Jack chased butterflies, and Harry blew off the feathery dandelion-tops to see which way he should go to seek his fortune. They stopped as they passed the railway bridge to look at the lily-pads in the marshy water below it, and to prophesy how long it would be before they could come there to gather the lilies; and then they went on to school as usual.

They did not dream that none of the three would ever pass that place in the same careless way again, nor that the commonplace row of railway sleepers would be made beautiful for them forever after that day by a deed that was finer and fairer than even the snowy lilies which blossomed below it in the summer-time.

They had just reached the turn of the road which passed the bridge, on their way home, that afternoon, when Letty heard a child's cry. A very little girl, not more than four years old, stood in the middle of the bridge looking helplessly from one bank to the other. It was not a long distance across, and the water below was not deep, but the child was evidently frightened, and it was not in Letty's nature to pass any one in trouble without trying to help.

"What's the matter?" she called. "Wait a minute, boys! How did she ever get there?"

"I can't get off," wailed the child. "I'm afraid. Oh, please come and help me!"

"Stand still, then, and I will," called Letty again, beginning to step carefully from one sleeper to another.

Jack and Harry never forgot the next few minutes. It seemed as if a flash of lightning had engraved the whole picture on their hearts, so vividly could they recall it long after.

The railway track made a sharp turn out of the woods across the bridge, and passed them leading down toward the village. The afternoon sun shone through the trees on the farther bank, and flecked with light the little figure of the sobbing child, who was waiting for Letty. She had on a pink apron, and her hair was brown and curly. Jack noticed a great red butterfly over Letty's head as she stepped on the third sleeper. Then a rumbling sound, growing louder and louder, beyond made him cry out in terror, to his sister:

"Letty! Letty! come back! The train! the train!"

There it was, like a great fiery dragon, sweeping around the turn; and there was Letty on the bridge, and the little girl nearer to the opposite shore. It all happened in a moment. Letty gave a great gasp. The boys heard it, and saw her pause as if to turn back, and then, full in the face of the coming train, timid Letty sprang on toward the stranger child, and caught her in her arms, just as the engine, which had slackened speed, but could not stop before reaching them, rolled upon the bridge. Harry screamed wildly; Jack shut his eyes and dropped on the grass with a great sob. There was a rush and rumble, which seemed ages long, a shriek from the engine, and then the place was still again. When Jack opened his eyes he saw that the train had stopped as soon as it reached the shore; that a brakeman, with Harry following him, was half-way down the bridge; and beyond them Jack saw Letty herself, but crouched on the sleepers outside the track, with the brown head of the other child lying on her arm. They were both very still. "Dead!" thought Jack, with a sudden wild feeling that he loved Letty dearly, and wanted her to be with him all his life, and that he had not been kind to her that morning in the garret.

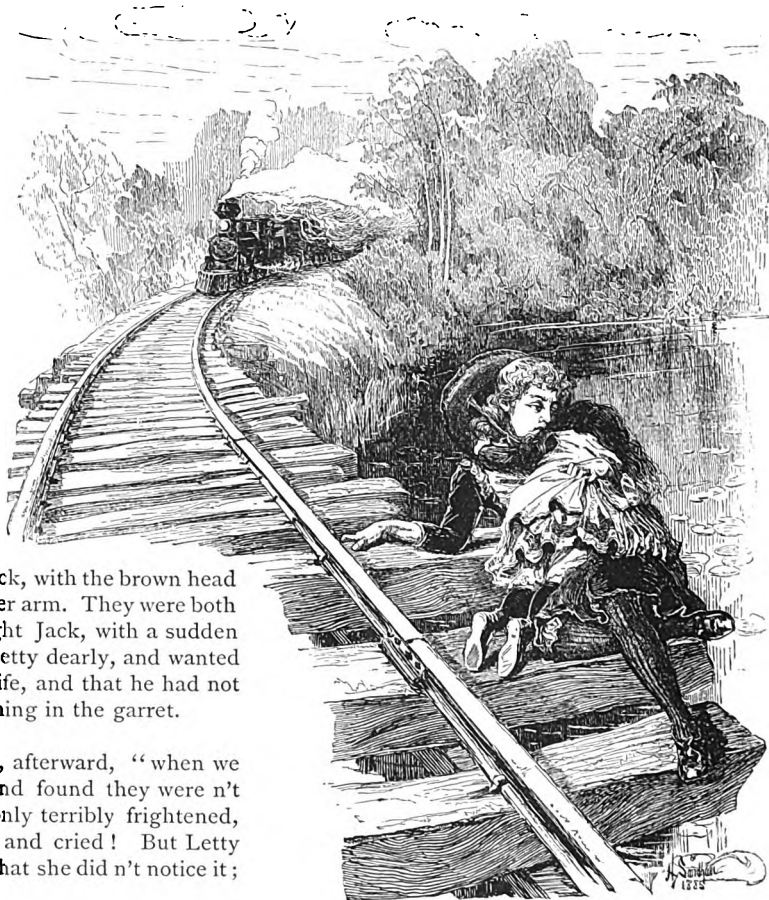
"Mamma," said Harry, afterward, "when we got them off the bridge and found they were n't either of them hurt, but only terribly frightened, Jack and I both sat down and cried! But Letty was crying so hard herself that she did n't notice it; and don't you tell!"

That evening, as Letty lay pale and quiet, but very happy, in her bed, whither she had retired much earlier than usual, Jack stole in with his sword in his hand. It was a black-walnut sword, with a brown silk cord and tassel on the hilt, and Jack was very proud of it. He sat down on the other side of the bed and held it out to Letty, in an embarrassed manner.

"You're the bravest girl I ever heard of!" he said, hurriedly; "and I'll just own up and say that I never would have dared to do what you did,—and besides, I think so much of you, Letty,—

and poetry does count, too,—and you can have my sword and be any knight you please, and I'll never be mean to you again. So there, now!"

"It was to help the little girl that I went," said Letty, with a joyous smile; "and I know you would have gone on, too, if you'd been on the bridge; so you need n't say I'm braver than you are. And I know it will be more fun for all of us if you and Harry let me play with you; and I love you dearly, Jack!"



Jack looked sheepish, but pleased.

"I'll dub you knight myself, if you like," he said. "People used to like to have Sir Lancelot dub them knight."

And so, with some laughter and much enjoyment, the ceremony was performed at once; and when Mamma came in, a few minutes later, she found the little maiden-knight lying asleep, with the sword in her hand, and a look of such gladness in her face, that the tears sprang to the mother's eyes as she thought of what might have been.



HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

ELSIE BENTING was thrilled with something deeper than surprise by the expression of Kit's face and the tone of his voice.

"You are no more of a highwayman than my brothers?" she exclaimed. "Why, how can that be?"

"I took their horse," he said, "and now they have taken me. It's a mistake on both sides. I took the horse by mistake, and they have taken me by mistake, while I was on my way back with it to Peaceville." And his eyes beamed upon her with convincing candor.

"How could you ever make such a mistake as that?" she inquired, trying to remain incredulous, while her heart felt the earnest truthfulness which inspired such looks and tones.

"My uncle's horse had been stolen the night before, and I found it in one of the sheds at the cattle-show. I left a fellow to watch it—a scamp

named Branlow; I ought to have known better, but he used to work for my father, and he appeared so friendly that I thought I could trust him. I went to get something to eat, and when I came back he put me on the horse in the next shed, which he had saddled and bridled, instead of mine. It was quite dark; both horses are of nearly the same color; and I rode off in so great a hurry that I never noticed the difference until I reached home. I think now that it was Branlow who stole our horse, and that he played the trick on me, knowing just how big a blunderhead I am!"

"You a blunderhead?" said Elsie, with a smile at his eager, intelligent face.

He could not help smiling in return, rather ruefully, however.

"Does n't what I tell you prove it?" answered Kit. "If you had put me on the Peaceville race-course yesterday, and picked out the champion blunderers of America to match me, I should have come out several lengths ahead. That's

what my uncle thinks, at any rate; and no wonder!"

"The man you speak of must be the one who claimed that you had stolen his saddle and bridle," said Elsie.

"Oh, the scoundrel!" exclaimed Kit. "Did he claim that?" And he described Branlow's appearance.

"The very same!" said Elsie. "I knew he was a rogue, by the way he talked — so smooth and plausible! And my brothers were afterward convinced of it."

"I am glad he is caught!" said Kit.

"Caught?" said Elsie.

She had seated herself opposite him, and they were now conversing face to face, across the table.

"Your brothers said he was," replied Kit. "And they talked as if he and I had been stealing horses together!"

"That's what they inferred; and it certainly looked as if you were in company with him," said Elsie. "But this is the first I have heard of his being caught."

"See here, Elsie!" called Tom, from the other room. When she appeared in the door-way, he beckoned her to come nearer, and whispered, "What are you talking with that fellow for? He's fibbing to you, with every word he says."

"I am afraid somebody has been fibbing to him," she replied, with a quiet sparkle in her moist eyes. "You never told us at home here of that other fellow's having been caught."

"That's bosh, of course," said Tom. "I thought I might frighten this one into owning up, if I let him think that the other one had done so."

"I don't believe he has anything more to own up to than what he has been telling me," said Elsie. "You heard it?"

"Yes," Tom answered, carelessly; "and it's nothing new. He tried the story on us before; but when we catch a thief in the very act of riding away on our horse, we are not to be fooled by any such pretense; are we, Lon?"

"Oh, you are not, are n't you?" she replied, with keen satire. "Who was fooled last night by the *other one*, as you call him? And who was the first to understand him?"

"Of course, you were right, in his case," Tom admitted.

"And so am I right now," she averred. "I am just as sure that this boy is honest as I was that that man was a rogue."

"He may be," said Lon, shoving his chair back from the table. "But his saying so does n't make him so."

"His *being* so makes him so; and that's what I say," Elsie insisted, in a voice loud enough for

Kit to hear in the next room. "Talk about his surly, hang-dog look, Tom! He has as open, honest a face as you have; and you can't wonder that he appeared a little surly, after your treatment of him. How would you look in his place, do you suppose? Not very angelic, I imagine."

"How could we treat him any differently?" Tom asked. "If you are going to take every rogue's explanation, when he is caught, for gospel truth, I fancy few thieves would be brought to justice."

"That's so!" said Charley.

"Come, boys," said Lon, not deeming it worth while to argue the matter further. "You never can tell anything by what a rogue says. There's only one thing you can rely upon: and that's evidence. If his story is true, he'll have a chance to prove it."

He had risen from the table; his brothers followed his example.

"I've no doubt that he will be able to prove it," Elsie persisted in saying. "But think what he may have to suffer first! You won't put him in jail, will you?"

"That will depend upon what the judge says, and not upon us at all," said Lon. "We have no right to keep him a prisoner here, at any rate, any longer than is necessary."

"Wait, at least, until father comes home!"

Elsie was fairly pleading Kit's cause by this time.

"We shall probably meet him on the way," replied Lon.

"He has n't eaten anything yet," said Elsie.

"I'm sure that's his own fault, then," said Tom. "He might have been eating when he was telling you fibs."

"Promise, at any rate, that you won't tie his hands again," was Elsie's answer.

"We won't tie him if he behaves himself," said Lon. "Come, my boy!" laying his hand on Kit's shoulder.

Kit rose with a fluttering heart.

"I don't suppose there's any use of my telling you again what I've told you before," he said, indulging a faint hope that Elsie's intercession might have changed her brothers' intentions toward him.

"Not a bit of use," Lon answered, kindly enough, but firmly. "We'll give you a full and fair chance to tell it to the judge; but that's all we can do."

"Well! *you* have been good to me!" said Kit, his voice quivering, and his eyes glistening, as he turned a grateful look on Elsie. "Some time," he added, choking a little, and then resolutely mastering the passion that swelled his heart, "you'll *know* that what I have told you is true, and then you won't be sorry you took my part."

"I know it well enough now," she replied, as Lon led him away; "but don't blame my brothers too much."

"Oh, I don't blame them!"

Kit mounted to the wagon-seat with Lon and Tom; and as he rode away amid the tall tree-trunks of the sunlit grove, he took off his base-ball cap to her, in a bar of the golden light, a smile of tender brightness suddenly irradiating his anxious face, as he looked back at her, while his lips shaped an inaudible "Good-bye!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT last smile of the captive lingered long with Elsie Benting, as she stood in the door of the old farm-house, while the wagon that bore him with Lon and Tom—(Charley rode on horse-back)—disappeared up the road beyond the grove.

She hoped that they would meet her father before reaching the magistrate's office, and that he also would be quickly convinced of Kit's innocence. But when they had been gone about half an hour, Mr. Benting, with her mother, returned home by another road.

They had seen nothing of the boys; and now Elsie had the surprising news to relate of her brothers' having found the horse, and their having stopped at home with the little rider in the white cap, on their way to Duckford village.

"But he's no more a horse-thief than I am!" she asserted. "He is just a bashful boy. You should have seen how he blushed when I was talking to him! It's a strange story he tells, but I believe every word of it."

Mr. Benting, a tall man with white whiskers, and exceedingly pleasant eyes peering out from under bushy gray brows, stood by his buggy wheel at the door, looking down with a sort of humorous interest at the young girl, telling with no little dramatic effect the story of the supposed horse-thief.

"And I think it is too bad, too cruel," she said at the end, "that the poor boy should have to go to jail!"

"It would be too bad, truly," Mr. Benting replied, laying his hand fondly on her shoulder, "if he is as innocent as you suppose. But it is n't a very probable story, Elsie; now do you think it is? Consider a minute."

"But while we are considering," said Elsie, "they are putting him in jail!"

"That, probably, is where he belongs, I'm sorry to say," replied her father, with a quiet good humor, curiously in contrast with her excitement. "It's just such a story as every rogue has at his tongue's end to explain away his roguery when he is caught in it."

"I wish we had been at home," said Mrs. Benting, as he helped her from the buggy.

"So do I, for, after all, Elsie may be right. She is rather shrewd in her judgments of people. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do, little girl, to please you." (The paternal mouth puckered in a playful, affectionate smile.) "I am going to drive after the boys and see that they have made no mistake."

"Oh, what a dear, delightful old Papa!" Elsie cried, joyfully, putting up her face to kiss him.

"You'll have dinner first, wont you?" said Mrs. Benting.

"Shall I?" (He gave a sidelong, teasing look at Elsie.) "Well, never mind about dinner for me till I come back. I think I shall know when I see the fellow, how big a rascal he is. Though I warn you at the outset, little one, that the boys are probably right about him."

Entering the buggy as he spoke, he wheeled about among the trees, and disappeared up the dusty road.

The hour Elsie had to wait for his return seemed interminable. But at last, going out for the twentieth time to take a peep from under the maples, she saw the buggy and the wagon coming, with Charley on General galloping before.

Her father was alone in the buggy, but Lon and Tom were in the wagon. Where, then, was the youthful prisoner whom she had confidently expected to see returning with them?

"What did I tell you?" cried Charley, driving up under the trees. "The idea of your taking the part of such a fellow!"

Her face, bright at first with expectation, had assumed a shade of doubt, which now deepened to disappointment and dismay.

"Now, Charley," she remonstrated, "don't say that! What have you done with him?"

"Ask Father," replied Charley. "He'll tell you he had only to look at him to be perfectly sure of the kind of character he is."

"Don't tell me, Charles Benting!" exclaimed his sister, "that Father thought as badly of him as you boys did; I never will believe it!"

"He does think as badly of him as we do," he insisted, with a change of tense which she failed to notice. "And the judge——"

As he slipped off the horse he was careful to turn away his face, on which was a struggling smile he did not wish her to see.

"What did he say?" she demanded.

"He said it was a perfectly clear case. Stolen horse found in the possession of the boy who was seen to take it and ride it away,—there was only one thing to be done about it."

"What was that?"

"Commit him to jail, of course."

"Oh, he did n't!" said the indignant Elsie.

"Yes, he did; sober truth!" Charley insisted.

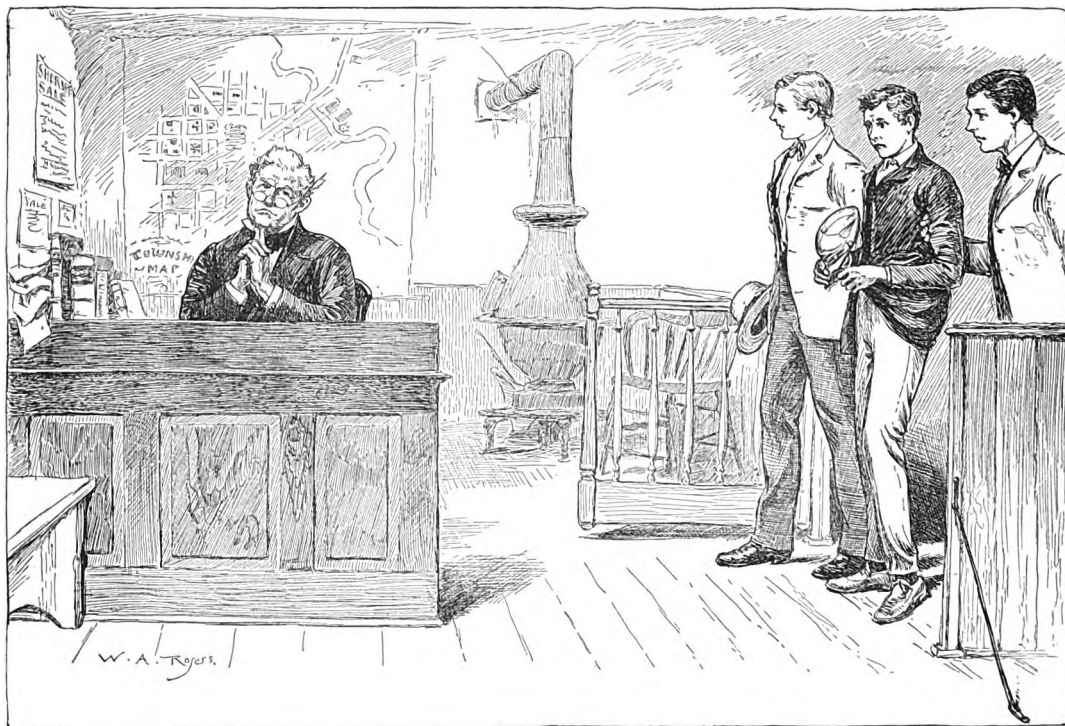
"Ask the boys; ask Father. Say, boys,"—to Lon and Tom, just then driving up,—“did n't the judge say it was a clear case and that he must go to jail? And does n't Father think of him just as we do? She wont believe a word I say!”

Lon and Tom were laughing. Mr. Benting's face likewise wore a good-humored smile as he drove up and heard the controversy. Getting no satisfaction from her brothers, she appealed to him.

"Well, yes, my dear," he said, "I think my

of the Duckford justice, whom they had the luck to find alone at his desk and just thinking of going home to his dinner. Charley rode on to find a constable, while Lon and Tom went in and made oath to their complaint against the prisoner.

It seemed, indeed, a perfectly clear case; and the magistrate was impatient to sniff the odors of the roast beef which he knew was just then coming out of the home oven. He gave little heed and less belief to the boy's story; but promised that he should have ample opportunity to bring proof of it, at the hearing which he appointed for the following day.



KIT IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

opinion of that boy *is* about the same as theirs. And the judge *did* commit him to jail. Charley has told you nothing but the truth; but he has n't told you quite all the truth. Why do you persist in teasing your sister, Charles?" he added, in a tone of not very severe reproof.

"To punish her for crowing over us, as she will when she hears the rest," Charley made answer.

"Oh, tell me, Father!" cried the eager Elsie.

And he told briefly what it is now time for us to relate a little more in detail.

The boys, finding they had missed their father on the way to the village, proceeded to the office

"Suppose I can't get my friends here by that time?" queried Kit.

"The hearing may be postponed, in that case. You can employ counsel, and the court will do everything for you that is deemed necessary and proper."

With these words the judge rose from his seat, putting on his hat; and Kit, for want of bail, was marched out in charge of the constable.

He was thinking dejectedly of the strait to which his blundering had at last brought him; the degradation of being put into the lock-up; the expense of a lawyer; the difficulty of getting Uncle Gray

or any one else to come and testify in his behalf; the distress of his widowed mother, and the amusement or disgust of enemies and friends, when they should hear of his predicament; with all the wretchedness of uncertainty and delay in the disentanglement of this dreadful snarl in which he had enwound himself;—he was thinking of all this, as he walked away with the officer, when a voice called out:

“Wait a minute!”

It was the voice of Lon Benting.

Lon and his brothers had found time to cool off, after the first flush of victory; and Elsie's more favorable opinion of the prisoner was beginning to influence them. Then Kit's straightforward recital of his story to the judge, without contradiction of his previous statements in the least particular, shook their boyish self-confidence, and caused them to look furtively at one another, with misgivings which each tried to conceal.

In short, the more they saw of Kit, the less of a villain he appeared to be, and the more they distrusted their suspicions. It was not half the satisfaction they had anticipated to see him led away to the lock-up. Lon and Tom, especially, were feeling the weight of their responsibility in the doubtful business, when they were vastly relieved at sight of a well-known buggy coming down the street.

“It's Father!” Tom said to the justice, who was again on the point of hurrying off to his dinner. “He will want to see you.”

Mr. Benting being a citizen whom every one was glad to oblige, the magistrate paused reluctantly, and stood by his door while the buggy drove up to it. The officer also stopped, a few paces off, with his prisoner. There were a few spectators, who had witnessed the scene in the office, and more were gathering; men walking leisurely across the street, and boys in the distance running and shouting.

“What's going on here?” said Mr. Benting, drawing rein. “You've got General, I see, boys!” eying the horse with satisfaction. “And the rogue—is that the rogue?” peering out from under his bushy gray brows at the little captive.

“All that we know about him is that we caught him riding our horse away,” said Tom.

“How much of a rogue he is,” added Lon, “remains to be proved.”

Kit could not help noticing the changed manner toward him of Elsie's big, obstinate brothers. Very different now the tone which had been so boisterous, and the judgment which had been so stern.

“How is it, Judge?” Mr. Benting inquired.

“There seemed abundant evidence to justify a commitment,” the judge explained.

Mr. Benting alighted from his buggy, and

stood looking down searchingly at the miserable youngster.

Conscious of the scrutiny, and aware of many eyes fixed upon him, looking for signs of guilt in his burning face, poor Kit was very much abashed. His head was hot, his temples were throbbing, his cheeks on fire; and to save his life he could not have kept his suffused eyes from falling, before Mr. Benting's searching gaze. First they dropped from that gentleman's eyes to his white whiskers; then went down his coat-front button by button; switched off on the right leg, descended that to the boot, and so glided to the ground.

The very necessity he felt of standing up stoutly, and answering the gaze of Elsie's father with an air of open innocence, helped to betray him into this appearance of guilt. He was angry with himself, for his blushes and weak eyes; and with quick, fierce breath, and teeth set hard, he struggled to regain his self-control.

“Come!” said Mr. Benting, eying him with an expression of keen curiosity tempered by humorous compassion, “tell me frankly just how much of a rogue you are.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THEN Kit looked up. He was himself again.

“I'm not used to being called a rogue,” he replied; “and I can't answer such a question as that.”

“But they say you were taken while riding away on my horse,” said Mr. Benting. “How do you account for that?”

“I've explained, five or six times already, how that happened,” said Kit, in a grieved and disappointed tone. “But I'll explain once more, and be glad to, if it will do any good.”

Mr. Benting turned to the judge.

“This is hardly the place to talk with him; and, if you've no objection, I'd like to see him a few minutes in your office.”

“Certainly,” said the judge, with a despairing thought of his dinner. And again entering his office in company with Kit and the constable, Mr. Benting and Lon and Tom, he closed the door and shut out the crowd.

There Mr. Benting sat down in a leather-cushioned chair, and in a kindly but searching manner questioned Kit, who stood before him, still flushed, but resolute.

“I've heard something of your story, and I must say it has n't seemed to me very probable. But it may be true, for all that. ‘Truth is stranger than fiction’ is an old saying, and a true one. Where did you mount my horse, when you mistook him for your uncle's?”

"Under one of the cattle-sheds at the fair," said Kit.

"As I remember them, those sheds are very low-roofed. I should have thought that you could not mount very comfortably under them."

"I could n't; I had to stoop. I hit my head as it was." Kit's voice was growing steady, his countenance more and more open, and now something like a smile lighted it up as he added: "I remember how the oyster-crackers spilled out of my breast-pockets as I leaned over on the horse's neck."

"We found oyster-crackers scattered on the ground," said Lon, willing to corroborate this part of the boy's story.

"Why did n't you lead the horse out before you mounted?" Mr. Benting inquired. "It seems to me that that would have been the most natural thing to do."

"So it would. But the fellow who helped me off had arranged everything. He did all he could to confuse me, and then he boosted me on the horse and hurried me off before I could see through his trick. Of course," Kit added, with beaming candor, "if he had let me lead the horse out from under the dark shed I should have noticed the difference between him and our Dandy."

"Is Dandy the name of your horse?"

"Yes, sir; Dandy Jim. It's the name he had when my uncle bought him." Kit smiled again. "I don't suppose my uncle would have given a horse such a name as that."

"Why not?"

"I can hardly explain. Only Uncle Gray is n't the kind of man to think of that kind of name."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Rather serious; what you would call a practical man; not much nonsense about him."

"It strikes me," remarked Mr. Benting, "that such a man—a practical man, as you call him—would have managed this affair a little differently when he found that a boy acting for him had brought home the wrong horse. I can hardly conceive of his allowing you to come alone to return him."

"He would have come himself," replied Kit; "he spoke of it—but he was sick this morning. And as I had made the blunder, I thought that I ought to correct it."

"What's his ailment?"

A peculiarly bright look flashed out of Kit's eyes as he answered, using the flat, vernacular pronunciation of the word:

"'Azmy.' That's what Uncle and Aunt call it. He was chilled by the damp air, when he went out to look at the horse last night, and this morning he had a bumble-bees' nest in his throat."

"What does he do for his asthma?" Mr. Benting inquired.

"He shuts himself up in his room and burns an herb that has been steeped in saltpeter. The smoke would kill me,"—Kit smiled again,— "but he thinks it cures him."

Mr. Benting had several more questions to ask about the uncle and aunt, and the farm, and Kit's father and mother; to all which he received such prompt and natural replies, often spiced with humor, that he was forced to conclude that so much, at least, of the boy's story was not all fiction. He then wished to know why Kit, who claimed to have been on his way to Peaceville when captured, was first seen riding in the other direction. That brought out the story of the knife, which Mr. Benting asked to see. Examining it, he found the letters C. D. engraved on the handle.

"Are these your initials?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Kit, who had already told his name, first to the Benting boys, then to the judge, and lastly to Mr. Benting himself. "They were my father's initials, too; the knife used to belong to him. I thought more of it for that reason; I never supposed it would be the means of getting me into trouble!"

Mr. Benting gave back the knife; then he turned to the judge.

"I believe this is an honest boy," he said, "and if you will fix his bail at a reasonable figure, I will be his surety."

"I am glad to hear it," said the judge, perhaps almost as much on Kit's account as out of regard for his dinner.

A bond was quickly filled out and duly signed; and Kit, to his great joy, was declared free to proceed about his business until his presence should be again required by the court.

"Now, the best thing you can do," said Mr. Benting, "is to go home with me and stay till you get over your fatigue and worry. I'll promise you better treatment than you have received from my boys hitherto."

Kit thought of Elsie and the charming old farmhouse at Maple Park, with a thrill of pleasant anticipation. But the gleam that crossed his face was quickly succeeded by shadow.

"I should be very glad indeed to do that," he replied. "But I must make one more attempt to find my uncle's horse, before I go anywhere to rest."

"How will you begin?" asked Mr. Benting.

"I shall go to Peaceville, where I certainly saw him yesterday, and try to trace him from there. If your sons," Kit added, with a glance at Lon, "will tell me all they found out about the fellow

they took to be my accomplice, and the horse he had, which was our Dandy, they may help me now as much as they have hindered me before."

The eldest of the brothers thereupon endeavored to atone for the unintentional wrong they had done their late captive, by giving a true account of their adventure with Branlow the night before.

"After we heard that he and you had been seen together, we believed that he was aiding and abetting you; but we did n't follow him up. We left that for a policeman to do, while we made haste to hire another horse and get on the track of ours. When we last saw your man, he was going off in a buggy with the driver, who had bought your horse, leading it by a halter—to make a bill of sale of it, they said."

Kit took the name of the policeman, who, he was told, would probably be on duty that afternoon, near the fair-ground entrance. He also asked if Mr. Benting would have any objection to giving him a line over his signature, stating that his horse, supposed to be stolen, had been returned, having been taken by mistake.

"What do you want to do with such a writing as that?" Mr. Benting asked, more and more pleased with the boy's modest manners, intelligence, and apparently honest intentions.

"I want it to show, if there should be danger of my being taken up a second time for the same imaginary offense," Kit answered, with shrewd good-humor. "Your policeman will probably recognize me before I can explain myself; and he may clap me into jail without believing a word of my story."

"I'll make that all right," said his new friend.

Mr. Benting borrowed the judge's pen (the judge had already escaped and gone to his roast beef), and wrote a paper, which he handed Kit, saying:

"There! I think that will keep you out of any more such tangles. I hope you will find your horse, and give us a call on your way back, or whenever you come this way again."

He gave Kit his hand, with a pressure of the most cordial interest and good-will. Then Tom stepped up, and said: "There's a man out here who lives two or three miles away, on the road to Peaceville. He is just going to start for home, and I think he will give this boy a ride. Suppose you speak to him, Father."

The man, appealed to by the elder Benting, readily consented; and Kit climbed into his

wagon, thankful enough for his release from court and constable, and for this piece of good luck.

The brothers said good-bye to him in quite friendly fashion; and Lon begged his pardon for what he was now well convinced had been a blunder on their part.

"It's a blunder all around!" laughed Kit. "And a fellow that can make blunders as fast as I do, ought not to be very severe on others' mistakes."

Father and sons stood watching him as he rode away.

"If we had n't sent your hired horse back to Peaceville this morning," Mr. Benting remarked, "he might have had him to ride. It would have been just the thing for him."

That reminded Lon of something.

"Ho! hallo!" he called after Kit. "How about your saddle and bridle?"

Everybody had forgotten these until that moment.

"Keep 'em till I come for them," Kit answered, looking back regretfully at the tall farmer standing with his sons, and remembering the invitation he had declined,—an invitation which might have taken him back to Maple Park and the friendly Elsie.

So they returned home without him, and Charley teased his sister with half the truth, as we have seen; and her father told the rest.

"The judge did commit him to jail, my dear; but luckily I was there to offer bail for him before he was locked up. And it is true,—I had only to look at him to see the kind of character he is. But it would be better for the boys to say they have come around to my opinion, than that I think as they do about him. They think very differently now from the way they thought at first. You were quite right, Elsie, and they were quite wrong, or I am no judge of an honest boy."

So saying, Mr. Benting stepped from the buggy.

"And you have let him go free?" said the delighted Elsie.

"I suppose it will amount to that," replied her father, "although he is under bonds to appear again if the court wants him."

"Now why don't you 'crow' over us, Elsie?" laughed Charley.

But Elsie, too deeply grateful for Kit's vindication and release, to think of her own triumph, had no wish to "crow."

(To be continued.)

BATHMENDI.

(From the French of Florian.)

BY H. H. (HELEN JACKSON).

ONCE on a time, in Kousistan, a Genie lived, whose name
 Was Alzim: Money free he gave, and help to all who came;
 But first each man must promise the Genie to obey;
 To use the gifts and seek his wealth precisely in the way

The Genie said. No one could kneel before the Genie's
 throne

Until he swore his life should be controlled by him
 alone.

There came to him, one day, four sons, whose
 father, when he died,—

As they, grief-stricken, knelt by him,—with
 his last breath had cried:

“The Genie Alzim will befriend you. Go
 at once to him.

Beware, however,” * * Here he
 paused; his eye grew glazed and
 dim;

The hand of death his loving lips
 sudden forever sealed;

What warning he had meant to
 give could never be revealed.

The Genie's help in haste the sons
 set out to seek and gain;

All Kousistan his palace knew—
 the way was short and plain.

The oath required did not alarm
 the elder brothers three;

They thought so kind a Genie full
 of wisdom, too, must be.

Not so the youngest, Tâi. He re-
 membered very well

That all his life his father seemed
 beneath some evil spell,

Though oft from Alzim's palace he
 returned with gifts of gold.

So Tâi stopped his ears with wax
 and went in deaf and bold,

And with the rest knelt humbly
 down; but not a single word

Of all the rules the Genie gave to
 guide his life he heard.

Now this was what the Genie said,
 in loving tones and sweet:

“Dear children, all your luck in life
 depends on when you meet

A being named Bathmendi, whom
 the whole world seeks to know,

But few can find, because they never
 choose right ways to go.

Now I, because I love you well, will whisper unto each
 The road, by following which, he will Bathmendi surely reach.”



To Békir then, the eldest one, he said: "My son, in you
Are courage and a hero's soul. The arts of war pursue!
Go join the Persian army now. The king is brave and kind.
Bathmendi in the Persian camp I guarantee you'll find."

The second son, named Mesrou, then the Genie told to go
To Ispahan. "Your traits," he said, "are plainly such as show
A talent for success at court. Bathmendi waits you there."

To Sadder then, the third, he turned, with smiles and friendly air.
"And you," he said, "have fancy; see the world not as it is,
But painted as by poets. You will find your dream of bliss
In Agra, with the clever men and beauteous women, too.
In Agra's halls, my dear young friend, Bathmendi waits for you."

Thanks to the wax, young Tâi heard no word the Genie spoke;
But never from his countenance his watchful gaze he took;
And frequent in the crafty eyes malicious gleams he saw,
Which made him glad that he was free from such a Genie's law.
Later, he heard it had to him been said that he must seek
Bathmendi in the dervish life — devout and poor and meek.

His brothers now in feverish haste made ready to forsake
Their home, and instant search for that Bathmendi undertake.
Young Tâi bought the house and fields and bade them kind farewell;
But what the thoughts were in his heart, he was too wise to tell.
Near by there dwelt the young Amine, beloved by Tâi long;
Amine was good and simple-souled, without a thought of wrong.
Each day she asked of God two things — to save her father's life
Long years, and grant that she might be young Tâi's happy wife.
Amine and Tâi wedded now. Their years flew by like days;
Amine's old father lived with them and taught them wisest ways
Of farming; flocks and herds increased, and children, too, apace;
The little house was running o'er — a happy, merry place.

Meantime, the elder brothers journeyed long and far and wide.
Békir won fame; his bravery was heralded and cried
All Persia through. "Alzim was right," said Békir; "here must be
The place in which Bathmendi waits to bring success to me."
Alas! poor Békir! soon he found what envy and what hate
For men who win such sudden fame must always lie in wait.
The Satraps leagued against him; soldiers played him false in fight;
With chains and fetters loaded down, in ignominious plight,
In deepest, darkest dungeons thrown, poor Békir wept and sighed:
"Ah me! I think base Alzim must malignantly have lied;
Bathmendi surely cannot come to seek and help me here!"
Fifteen long years he languished thus, more wretched year by year;
At last, set free, he wandered forth, an outcast in the land,—
No friendly door to shelter him, no man to take his hand;
Unknown, forgotten, desperate, he sought the river's shore,—
Death seemed a blessed haven, where he would not suffer more.

Sudden, upon the very brink, he found himself held fast;
A ragged beggar, bathed in tears, his arms around him cast,
Sobbing: "It is my brother! Brother Békir, look on me!
Thou also, then, hast met with naught but want and misery!

"Oh, Mesrou," answered Békir, clinging close in his embrace,
 "This is my first true happiness since last I saw thy face!"

Then Mesrou told his story. 'T was like to Békir's own.
 "At first," he said, "all prospered. I was nearest to the throne,
 Prime Minister, and favorite. The court was at my feet.
 Yet, strange to say, Bathmendi I could neither see nor meet.
 But kings are weak and fickle. Courtiers plotted my disgrace;
 'T was but a step from that to death: I fled the hated place;
 Disguised in these repulsive rags, but safe, and free at last.
 Together now, at peace will we forget our troubles past.
 Safe sewed inside my inner vest I've diamonds that will sell
 For gold enough to buy a home, and always keep us well.
 To Kousistan we will return, and live by Tâi's side;
 Wise Tâi who, with Alzim's gold, did safe at home abide."

Their eager footsteps homeward, then, the gladdened brothers turned;
 And more and more, each mile, their hearts with loving ardor burned.
 The second day, at eve, they reached a little village town,
 Which kept its summer holiday: processions up and down,
 With songs and banners, all day long. Now, when the sun was low
 They scattered, homeward going, with reluctant steps, and slow.
 Leading a band of children, with his head sunk on his breast,
 They saw a man whose bearing seemed unlike to all the rest.
 Deep lost in thought he slowly walked, and never raised his eyes;
 His face familiar looked; they paused, and gazed; oh, sweet surprise!
 It was their brother Sadder, lost to them so many years;
 Into each other's arms they fell, with laughter, and with tears.

"How now!" cried Békir. "Doth the world true genius thus neglect?"
 "It seems," said Sadder, "valor wins but little more respect.
 However, true philosophy finds food for ceaseless thought
 In every chance; and wisdom true by smallest things is taught."
 This said, the children he dismissed, and led his brothers where,
 In wretched hut, alone he lived, black bread his only fare.
 "The Genie Alzim, I suspect, delights in human woe,"
 Said Sadder, after they had supped. "You know he bade me go
 To Agra, promising that thus I should Bathmendi find
 Among the men and women there of learning and of mind.
 I went. I took the place by storm. My book a furor raised.
 The whole world read and talked of it, and everybody praised.
 The Grand Mogul my patron was. I said 'Most surely I
 Bathmendi soon will meet, and find some great felicity!'
 Ha! in a day his mind the Sultan changed, and called me base;
 To please a Vizier, jealous of his Sovereign's kindly grace.
 He vowed he'd gladly order off my miserable head.
 A slave I had befriended gave me warning, and I fled;
 And after wandering for years, half starved, half dead with shame,
 School-master to the peasants here most thankfully became."

"Return with us," said Mesrou. "I have diamonds which will keep
 Us all in comfort in our home." Poor Sadder could but weep
 His thanks for such deliverance.

At early dawn, next day,
 The three, with joyous hearts, set out upon their homeward way.
 As they their journey's end approached, and Tâi's house was near,
 Their hearts oppressed began to be, with doubt and anxious fear.

"Is Tâi living? Is he poor? At any rate, we know
Bathmendi he cannot have found, because he would not go
In search of him."

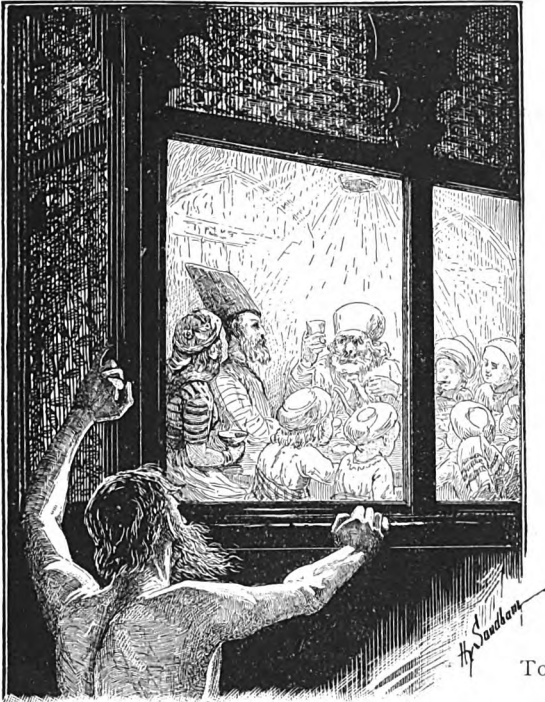
Cried Sadder, then: "Dear brothers, list to me.
Long hours I pondered in the years of my adversity.
That being, called Bathmendi, I believe does not exist;
Else all these years we had not thus his face forever missed.
If Békir, crowned with warrior's fame, and Mesrou, high at court,
And I, a Sultan's favorite, no rumor or report



Of such a being heard, 't is plain the treach'rous Alzim lied;
The falsehood served its purpose well his cruelty to hide.
Bathmendi is an empty dream, a name the world to cheat,
To ruin, luring all mankind by vain illusions sweet."

While yet he spoke, a robber band sprang from behind the trees;
With daggers at the brothers' throats, they forced them on their knees;
With mocking jests stripped off their clothes, and left them almost bare.
"Behold my illustration now," cried Sadder, shivering there.
"Alas, my diamonds," Mesrou wailed. "The wretches!" Békir said.
"They took my sword! Without a sword one might as well be dead!"
The night came on; the luckless men beheld the shining light
From Tâi's windows streaming out. Shame-stricken at their plight
They halted then, and wept afresh,—their hearts with terror cold.
At last, beneath a window lattice, Békir, trembling, rolled

A stone, and climbing, looked within. Oh, joy! what sight was seen!
 There Tâi sat, at supper, with his lovely wife, Amine,
 And a group of merry children, laughing hard as children can.
 On Tâi's left, there sat a smiling rosy faced old man,
 Just turning round, his glass in hand, to Tâi's health to drink.
 With joyful cry leaped Békir down, and, as you well may think,
 He did not lose a minute ere upon that door he knocked.
 A servant came, but screamed aloud, and ran back, scared and shocked.
 But Tâi knew his brothers, and embraced them o'er and o'er;
 And clothed their shivering forms, and led them, glad, within the door,
 And brought the children one by one to kiss them all around,
 And proudly showed the sweet Amine.—“Ah, brother, you have found
 True happiness,” cried Békir. “We have always wretched been;
 And as for that ‘Bathmendi,’ him we have not even seen.”



“That is quite true,” the rosy faced old man
 exclaimed, with glee;
 “For all these years this happy place has been
 a home for me.”
 “What! You are, then, Bathmendi!” cried
 the brothers, one and all;
 And with embraces on his neck they quickly
 ran, to fall.
 “Oh, gently! gently!” he replied; “I’m very
 delicate.
 I stifle if I am embraced. Moreover, one
 must wait
 Till friendship is assured before caresses can
 begin:
 My lasting friendship and esteem, if you de-
 sire to win,
 Abstain from busying yourselves with plans
 and thoughts of me.
 ’T is worth to me far more than all polite-
 ness to be free;
 And everything immoderate is odious in my
 sight.”
 So saying, he, with distant bow, the brothers
 bade good-night.
 A good-night kiss placed gently on the fore-
 head of each child,
 To Amine, and to Tâi, waved his hand and, turn-
 ing, smiled.

Next day, glad Tâi showed his brothers all his flocks and fields;
 And told them all the happiness a life of farming yields.
 Békir desired to try his hand at work that very day;
 He was the first Bathmendi loved. The rest, by slower way,
 Won his regard. Mesrou head shepherd of the flocks became.
 The poet Sadder sold the wool, and won no little fame
 By eloquence to customers.—So all their days sped on,
 And, ere the year was out, all three Bathmendi’s love had won.

They say a fable is but poor that leaveth aught to guess;
 But I, perhaps, have made this dull, and hurt it more or less.
 So I will add, “Bathmendi” means, in Persian, — “Happiness.”

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

THIRD PAPER.

ONE of the first toys that little Boreas has is a small bow of whalebone or light wood; and sitting on the end of the snow bed he shoots his toy arrows, under the direction of his father or mother or some one who cares to play with him, at something on the other side of the snow house. This is usually a small piece of boiled meat, of which he is very fond, stuck in a crack between the snow blocks; and if he hits it, he is entitled to eat it as a reward, although little Boreas seldom needs such encouragement to stimulate him in his plays, so lonesome and long are the dreary winter days in which he lives buried beneath the snow.

These toy arrows are pointed with pins; but he is also furnished with blunt arrows, and whenever some inquisitive dog pokes his head in the *igloo* door, looking around for a stray piece of meat or blubber to steal, little Boreas, if he shoots straight, will hit him upon the nose or head with one of the blunt arrows, and the dog will beat a hasty retreat. In this sense, the little Eskimo boy has plenty of targets to shoot at, for the *igloo* door is nearly always filled with the heads of two or three dogs watching Boreas's mother closely; and if she turns her head or back for a moment, they will make a rush to steal something, and to get out as soon as possible, before she can pound them over the head with a club that she keeps for that purpose.

In these exciting raids of a half-dozen hungry dogs, little Boreas is liable to get, by all odds, the worst of the encounter. He is too small to be noticed, and the first big dog that rushes by him knocks him over; the next probably rolls him off the bed to the floor; another upsets the lamp full of oil on him; and while he is reeking with oil, another big dog, taking him for a sealskin full of blubber, tries to drag him out, when his mother happens to rescue him after she has accidentally pommeled him two or three times with the club with which she is striking at the dogs; and if it were not for his hideous yelling and crying, one would hardly know what he is, so covered is he with dirt, grease, and snow. Thus the dogs occasionally have their revenge on little Boreas for whacking them over the nose with his toy arrows, although this is not their object in rushing into the *igloo*, for the real cause is their ravenous hunger.

The duty of feeding the dogs is often intrusted to the boys, and it is no easy work. The most

common food for the dogs is walrus-skin, about an inch to an inch and a half thick, cut in strips each about as wide as it is thick, and from a foot to eighteen inches long. The dog swallows one of these strips as he would a snake; and it is so tough that when he has swallowed about twelve pieces, it is no great wonder that he does not want anything more for two days. Sometimes they cut the food up into little pieces inside the *igloo*, where the dogs can not trouble them, and then throw it out on the snow; but this is not altogether a good way; for then the little dogs get it all while the big dogs are fighting, for these big burly fellows are sure to have an unnecessary row over each feeding. If pieces too large to swallow at a gulp are thrown out, the large dogs get the food; and so, between the big dogs and the little ones, the Eskimo boys have a hard time making an equal distribution among the animals.

When they are anxious for a fair division, only one dog at a time is let into the *igloo*, a couple of boys standing at the door with sticks in their hands to prevent the other dogs from entering. When it is pleasant weather out-of-doors, they often build a semicircular wall three or four snow blocks high, and behind this a couple of men cut up the meat, blubber, or walrus-hide, and allow but one dog at a time to come in, three or four boys with long whips, their lashes fifteen or twenty feet in length, standing near the open part of the wall to keep the ravenous pack from making a raid. Once or twice I have known dogs to come bounding over the high wall, crushing in the snow blocks on the men who were chopping the meat, and stealing several pieces before the boys had finished beating the mingled dogs and men with their whips.

One winter night, I remember, while on our sledge-journey, returning to North Hudson's Bay, Toolooah was feeding his dogs, with no one to help him. He was on his knees near the *igloo* door, and throwing the bits to the various dogs, the heads of which were crowded in the entrance, and he was distributing the food as well as was possible under the circumstances. One big dog, which he could not distinguish in the dark entrance, and which, after it had received its share, had driven all the other dogs away, seemed determined not to leave. Toolooah grew angry, seized his stick and rushed out after it to settle matters. But he came rushing back even faster than he went out, seized his gun hurriedly, and as hastily was gone again.

Before we could collect our thoughts in order, or surmise what it all could mean, a shot was heard outside, and in a few seconds more Toolooah came crawling in, dragging a big wolf after him, its white fangs showing in its black mouth in a way that made us shudder. This was the big dog Toolooah had been feeding, but it did not understand the customs of the Eskimo dogs well enough to know that it must stop eating when only half satisfied; and this ignorance cost it its life.

The wolves of the Arctic, by the way, are much

The Eskimo boys have a way of playing at musk-ox hunting that is very vigorous and earnest. In April, 1879, when I was on a sledge-journey to King William's Land, we came upon a herd of musk-oxen that we had sighted the day before, and after running them with dogs for a mile or two, the herd was surrounded, or "brought to bay," as hunters would say, and a number of the musk-oxen killed. Of course we picked out some of the handsomest robes and put them on our sledges, and the next day we proceeded on our journey.



LITTLE BOREAS SHOOTING AT THE DOGS.

larger, more powerful and ferocious than those seen in our country; and when pressed with hunger, they do not hesitate at all to make a meal off the Eskimo dogs, which they kill and eat at the very door of the *igloo*, if not prevented in some way. They are very much afraid of a bright light, however, and they will not come around a village or even a single *igloo* so long as they see even a small flame, so that it is generally late in the night, when the lamp is burning low or has gone out, that they make their attacks on the dogs, four or five of them often killing or maiming two or three times as many dogs.

During that day we passed several musk-ox trails in the snow, and it was very clear that we were in a country where these animals were quite numerous. After going into camp that evening between two slight hills that sloped down to the lake, where we cut through the ice to get our fresh water, there was a time when it appeared that I was the only person out-of-doors; all of the rest of the people were inside the *igloos*, or snow huts, that had just been built, arranging the reindeer skins for the bedding for the night. Suddenly, I noticed one of our best hunting-dogs (we had forty-two dogs altogether) run excitedly over the hill, followed closely

by the remainder, one after the other. Then, to my great surprise, I saw two musk-oxen run down the farther ridge of the low hills; and the pack of

was in this case; as soon as they were "to windward" of the little snow village which we were building, our keenest-scented dog, *Parse-*



THE DOGS' DINNER-TIME.

howling, barking dogs soon brought them to bay on the ice of the lake not fifty yards from where the *igloos* were built. I acknowledge that I was nearly as much excited as the dogs over this strange and huge wild game, and I at once shouted in at the entrance of my own *igloo* to my best Eskimo hunter, Toolooah:

"*Oo-ming-muk! oo-ming-muk!!*" (Musk-oxen! musk-oxen!!)

Toolooah seized his gun and ran to the top of the nearest ridge, about twenty yards away, followed by all the hunters in camp who had heard my outcry. And then the whole band of them sat down in a row on the ridge and laughed until the air was full of the reindeer hair shaken from their coats in their convulsive mirth; for the two musk-oxen proved to be only two musk-ox robes that we had secured the day before, with a boy or two under each robe!

These boys had procured the musk-ox robes when the sledges were being unloaded, and had slipped away, unperceived by any one, while the men were building the snow houses. After wrapping the robes around them they had come down near the *igloos*, keeping on the *windward* side, or that side of the camp where the wind blowing on them must also pass over the camp. All my boy readers know that if game or wild animals thus pass near good hunting-dogs, the dogs will "scent" them, as hunters would say. And so it

neuk, a beautiful curly-haired, sharp-eared, lithe-built black fellow, that always led all chases after swift game, smelt the musk-ox robes, and—with his thoughts full of the day before, its exciting chase, and, better than all, its good fine meal of musk-ox meat—he dashed over the ridge to investigate. The result I have stated. The poor dogs seemed as badly sold as I had been, for all the camp had been drawn out by the excitement and noise; and so long as the boys kept the shaggy robes over their shoulders and faces, and kept their backs together with their heads outward, as do the musk-oxen themselves when surrounded and brought to bay by wolves or dogs, our dogs kept barking and snapping and jumping at them, evidently thinking they were genuine musk-oxen, and that there was a good prospect of another nice dinner if they only kept the oxen from running away until the hunters came up and killed them, as in the case of the real musk-oxen.

A musk-ox resembles a buffalo in appearance, except that the musk-ox has no "hump" on its shoulders, and the hair on its robe is two or three times as long as that on the buffalo (or American bison, as it should be called). In the winter-time this long hair reaches down beyond the knees almost to the hoofs, and when the musk-oxen are walking on the soft snow, they sink in so that you can not see their legs at all. It was this long hair, hanging down so low as to almost cover the legs

of the boys hidden underneath the robes, that had so helped to deceive me when I first saw them, and caused me to put the whole camp in an uproar and thereby fasten a very good joke on myself—a joke that clung to me a long time.

Toolooh, who was one of the most merry-hearted and best-natured young Eskimo I ever saw, and who, as I have told you, was my best hunter, laughed until his sides were sore and his eyes were red; and for several weeks after that he would occasionally say “*oo-ming-muk!*” and laugh until the tears ran down his cheeks. It was not very

supposed prey, all the more fierce where there is so unusual a number as forty-two dogs and but two musk-oxen. Then with their toy arrows, which are specially blunted for this rough play, the other boys pelt the dangling robes in an earnest way that must often make the boys under the robes smart with pain, so heavily do the blunted arrows *thud* against them; but these little savages expect their plays to be very rough, and a whack over the knuckles that would break up a whole base-ball game of white boys, only brings out an emphatic “*I-yi!*” (their “ouch!”) and the rough, harum-



ESKIMO BOYS PLAYING AT HUNTING THE MUSK-OX.

often that they had a good joke on a white man, and this one they seemed to enjoy to their hearts' content.

But the musk-ox hunt is not over yet for the boys; in fact, the most exciting part is still to come. As soon as the mock musk-oxen are “brought to bay” by the excited and foolish dogs, the other boys get their bows and arrows and hurry to the spot, encouraging the dogs, which have now become furious and wild, and have formed a most ferocious circle around their

scaram game goes on. In a little while, the dogs seem to comprehend that there is some foolishness about the matter, and begin to drop off one by one, in the order of their ability to see through the joke, and finally the game dies a natural death for want of the dogs and the noise and excitement which contribute to it.

The boys' mock polar-bear hunt is so much like their musk-ox hunt that a few lines will describe it. One of the boys of the village gets a polar-bear robe, and wrapping it around him after he is

out among the ice-hummocks about the village, he comes crawling along some sledge-path near the *igloos*, when he is discovered by the dogs and surrounded. This is likely to be much rougher sport than that of musk-ox hunting, for the boys take their spears and jab away at their brother in the bear robe, until you would think they would break some of his ribs; while the dogs, emboldened by these supposed brave advances, oftentimes take big bites of fur from the dangling edges of the robe. The mock bear rears up on his hind feet and growls in a very ferocious manner, until, worn out at last with his hard work and with having his head so tightly covered up with a heavy robe, he finally falls over at some thrust of a spear and pretends to expire. But the next moment he crawls out from the robe, much to the disgust of the dogs, with their hopes of a fine meal of bear flesh.

It is no uncommon event for a polar bear to prowl along the ice-floes of the sea-coast, which is its favorite walk, until it finally stumbles on an Eskimo village; and if the dogs see it or smell it, it is very apt to be brought to bay near by, and then killed by some of the native hunters who have been alarmed by the noise and outcry. A fair fight on the open ice with a large polar bear is somewhat dangerous, for if severely wounded it may tear the hunter to pieces. The Eskimo seldom wound any dangerous animals, for, being a very brave people,—that is, personally brave,—they generally go so close that, unless some accident with the fire-arms happens, the animal, whether it is bear or musk-ox, is usually killed at the first shot.

I once found an old Eskimo hunter, however, in my camp in North Hudson's Bay, whose hair and scalp had been taken completely off by the bite of a wounded bear that he had endeavored to kill; and Toolooah once fired at a big bear, with too hasty an aim, hoping to save one of his dogs that the bear had under its paws. He only wounded the huge animal, which instantly

charged him, and was only killed by a lucky shot just as it was close upon the hunter.

Toolooah told me that he has seen polar bears climb up places so steep and perpendicular that the natives could not follow them without cutting in the wall of ice niches wherein to put their hands



POLAR BEAR KILLING A WALRUS.

and feet, and even in some instances, an ice-wall so high that the hunters dared not attempt to climb it on account of the danger of slipping and killing themselves. A British explorer of the Arctic regions says that he once climbed to the top of an iceberg,

and there found a big white bear sleeping away, in quiet possession. The bear, on discovering the party, jumped over the perpendicular side of the ice mountain, *fifty-one feet*, into the sea, and swam to the nearest land, which was more than twenty miles away.

The polar bears live on seal and walrus, crawling stealthily up to the former on the ice-floes and catching them; while of the walrus only the young are thus caught, for an old walrus is

twice as big as Bruin. Some Arctic explorers, however,—Captain Hall and Dr. Rae among others,—state that the bears sometimes surprise an old walrus by climbing above him on a precipitous hill, or the walls of an iceberg, and then taking stones or huge pieces of ice in their fore-paws and throwing them with such force as to crack the walrus's skull as he lies asleep or at rest on the ice. Then the bears spring down on the stunned walrus and finish him.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

II.—HANDEL.

PROBABLY no musician has a closer hold on the hearts of English-speaking people than Georg Friedrich Handel.

He was born at Halle, in Saxony, February 23, 1685. Unlike most of the great musicians, Handel does not seem to have inherited his talent; his father was a barber and surgeon, and nowhere in the family can we discover any special love for music.

Handel, however, seems to have been "a born musician"; he turned everything he touched into sound. For some time he astonished and amused his parents and all who heard him; but as his love for music seemed ever to grow within him, his father, who had destined him for the law, banished every musical instrument from the house, and declared that the boy should hear no more of them. The boy, however, managed to smuggle a clavier* into the house, and hid it in the attic; and night after night, when all in the house were asleep, he practiced on the muffled keys, teaching himself until he could play upon it with much skill.

About this time his father decided to visit a relative attached to the household of the Duke of Saxony at Wessenfels. The Duke was very devoted to music, and Handel, who had probably learned this fact, implored his father to take him, too; but in vain. Nothing daunted by the denial, the persistent little fellow ran after the carriage until his father discovered him and took him in. He became a great favorite at Wessenfels, and one Sunday afternoon, after the choir had finished singing, the organist lifted the child to the stool and told him to play; and play he did, with so much expression and delicacy, that the Duke de-

manded his name, and sent for his father. He begged the latter to give up the project of making a lawyer of his son, predicted a brilliant future for him if his musical genius were cultivated, and sent the child away with his pockets filled with coin, and the father converted to the idea of a musical education for his son.

Arriving at Halle, the father placed Handel under the instruction of Friedrich Zachau, who taught the lad the organ, harpsichord, violin, counterpoint, and fugue, besides all his musical studies. He also entered the Latin school, where he made rapid progress in every branch he undertook. He worked very diligently at his music, always composing some work for the organ each week. At the end of three years Zachau declared that his pupil knew all he could teach him, and advised that young Handel be sent to Berlin to study; so at the age of eleven the boy found himself in Berlin, where his clavichord-playing caused a great sensation. Here, among other composers, he saw much of Attilio Ariosti and Giovanni Buononcini, both of whom he was to meet later under far different circumstances. Ariosti took great interest in the child, giving him little hints about his music, and delighting to hear him improvise. Buononcini, on the contrary, was envious of the little fellow, and determined he would hear no more of his praises. In order to crush him, he composed a cantata filled with difficulties that would have taxed an artist, and handing it to the boy, he told him to play it at sight, thinking thus to humiliate him. To his surprise Handel executed it, not only with ease, but with all the polish of a veteran musician. The Elector of Hanover recognized his genius, and offered to send him to Italy to complete his musical education, but his father declined the kind offer,

*The clavier is the key-board of a clavichord, organ, or pianoforte.

and the boy returned home, where, soon after, the father died. Meantime Handel kept on at school, distancing all his school-mates as a Latin scholar, and worked at his music, composing and practicing. In his eighteenth year he accepted a position as organist at the cathedral in Halle, playing the organ at the services, instructing the choir in vocal music, and setting many parts of the service to music. At the end of a year his engagement ended, and he determined to seek his fortunes. He had nothing but genius and goodwill; but that was capital enough for the ambitious youth, who felt that he should some day write music that would be heard by the world. He arrived at Hamburg, the city in which he had determined to settle, and soon obtained a position as second violinist in the orchestra of the opera house. Here he formed an intimacy with a tenor of the opera named Mattheson, who says: "At this time Handel pretended he was a know-nothing, and acted as if he could not count five; but one night when the harpsichord player was absent, he slipped into his place and so performed that all knew him for the man I had long felt him to be."

Shortly after this Mattheson and Handel had a quarrel, which resulted in a duel, but fortunately neither of the men was hurt.

Handel's first opera was produced at this time, and met with very great success; it was followed by two more, which were received with the same unbounded enthusiasm, and his fame soon spread throughout Germany.

In 1706 he started for a tour through Italy, visiting all of the principal cities. While there he was constantly composing, and his operas were publicly produced as fast as he could write them. His visit was one continued triumph, and praise and honors came to him from all.

At the end of three years he decided to return to Germany and to accept a position as Capellmeister to the Elector of Hanover, on condition that, before assuming his new duties, he should be allowed a year's leave of absence to visit England. This was readily granted, and in the winter of 1710 he arrived at London, the city which was to be his real home and the scene of his greatest work. At this time the musical taste of the public was at a low ebb; Italian operas held the stage, and these only of the poorest kind. The people, therefore, were delighted with Handel's music, and he met with instant success.

The first opera which he produced was his "Rinaldo," written by him in twenty-seven days; it charmed the public, and everywhere the airs were whistled, sung, and played. He received every kind of attention, and became the idol of

the public. But among all his experiences at this time, none was more singular than his acquaintance with Thomas Britton. This remarkable man carried a coal-sack on his shoulder all day, and at night pored over books until he had educated himself. Music, however, was his favorite pursuit, and this brought him into contact with Handel. His house was very old and shabby; it was entered by outside steps, which were almost a ladder; within, the ceilings were so low that one could touch them; but here Britton lived with his books and his music, and here he entertained cultivated people, evening after evening, with music, conversation, and coffee. Here Handel delighted to go, and when he did so he would play on the harpsichord almost the entire evening. At length Handel's year was up, and he left London very reluctantly and to the regret of the whole people.

After returning to Germany he found his heart was still in London, and he again obtained permission to visit England. This he did in 1712. During the following year he wrote an ode for Queen Anne's birthday, a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, all of which met with unbounded appreciation.

With London at his feet, how could Handel return to Hanover? And so he overstaid his leave and lingered on, until, in 1714, Queen Anne died and the Elector, Handel's master, ascended the English throne as George I.

Handel was now in much distress as to the action the King might take in regard to him, but he had kind friends at court, who brought his own music to his aid to relieve his distress.

Hearing that the King intended taking an excursion on the Thames, Handel wrote the "Water Music," which was played on the boat following the King. The latter was charmed with the strains and wished to know the composer. One of Handel's friends told the King, begging him to forgive the composer for his fault. The King pardoned him on the spot, and in token of his forgiveness added two hundred pounds a year to his pension.

During the next year Handel visited Hanover, and on his return to England, accepted a position as director at the private chapel of the Duke of Chandos. Besides playing on the organ and training the choir, he worked industriously at writing, composing constantly *Te Deums*, anthems, and even producing an oratorio. In 1720 he accepted the directorship of the Royal Academy of Music; some of Handel's compositions were sung, and for a long time the operas were very successful, and Handel ruled everything. But in an evil hour for him, Ariosti and Buononcini were invited to London to compose for the Academy. It was suggested that each of the three composers should write an act of a new opera. Handel's was incom-

parably superior, and his rivals became very jealous; each composer had his supporters, who were very bitter partisans, and party spirit ran high. The feud gave rise to the following little epigram:

"Some say, compared to Buononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle;
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!"

The three composers continued to write for the Academy until 1728, when, after an unsuccessful season, the Society failed. Handel now determined to conduct in a theater of his own; and for some years he met with varying success, at one time drawing brilliant audiences, at others seeming almost forgotten by the public. His health at last gave way, and, ruined in purse, he severed all connection with the theater. He now began to compose those mighty works on which his fame rests. In 1740 his "Israel in Egypt," which he had written in twenty-seven days, was performed and proved a failure. After the first night it was announced that Italian choruses would be mingled with the oratorio, but even this proved unsuccessful, and after the third performance it was withdrawn. One can only pity a public that could not appreciate these sublime creations. The tireless composer continued to write, and during this same year set to music, among other poems, Milton's "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*."

But Handel still longed for appreciation, and he determined to accept the oft-repeated invitations he had received to visit Ireland. He remained there two years, during which time he received an ovation from the Irish public, which appreciated and loved his works. There his "Messiah," the best loved of all his oratorios, was first given to the world. When first sung in England, it produced a great effect on all who heard it, and as the "Hallelujah Chorus" first broke upon the audience, the King and people involuntarily rose to their feet,—a tribute to genius which still remains, and to this day every one stands when the "Hallelujah Chorus" is sung.

After his return to London Handel once more assumed the management of a theater, and again he failed. From this time he devoted himself to

composition until his blindness came upon him in 1752. Still, he presided at the organ when any of his oratorios were sung. When "Samson" was first given after his blindness, and the singer came to the lines:

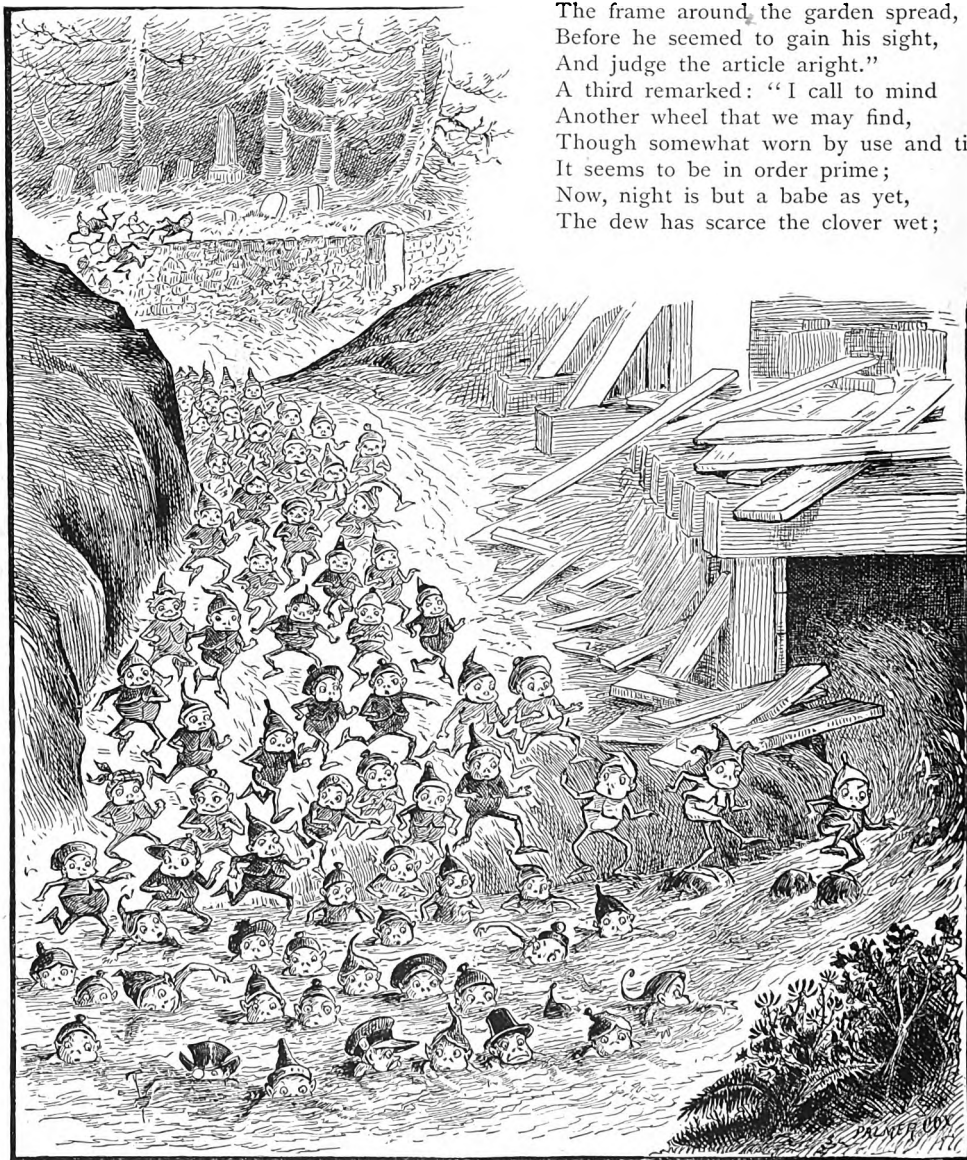
"Total eclipse, no sun, no moon,
All dark amid the blaze of noon,"

Handel trembled, and many in the audience were moved to tears. He lingered on a few years longer and conducted a performance of the "Messiah" for the last time, on April 6, 1759, and died on April 14.

Handel was tall and dignified in appearance, with a strong, beautiful smile, which lighted his countenance when he was pleased. He wore a white wig which always nodded when the performance went well. He was a highly educated man, speaking French and Italian, and having a fine taste for pictures. He was very humorous, and it is said that had ours been his native language, he would have left behind him many witty sayings. His improvisations on the organ were wonderfully beautiful; his playing on the harpsichord and organ was excelled by that of only one man in his day,—Sebastian Bach.

Great, however, as was Handel's execution, his real field was in oratorio, and it is for his achievements in this direction that he is loved by the whole English-speaking people, and for this they love to call him theirs. And he is an Englishman in everything but birth. His life was passed in England, he was English in his tastes, and was molded by English influences. He wrote for the English people, and they now, above every other nation, love and appreciate his works. It is interesting to contrast him with the illustrious Bach, who has never been appreciated by the people, while every musician has mastered him as the A, B, C of music, without which nothing can be done. Handel, on the contrary, speaks to all, and will never cease to appeal to the highest emotions of those who hear his mighty works, but he has never influenced the history of music. It seems as if he had pushed oratorio to its highest limit, and as if his work in this field, like Beethoven's in symphony, can never be excelled in the future, as it has never been excelled in the past.

That caught the branches overhead,
And round her heels the gravel spread.
The oily rolls are somewhere nigh,
And waiting for the spindle lie.
On these we might our skill have shown,
But trouble never flies alone;



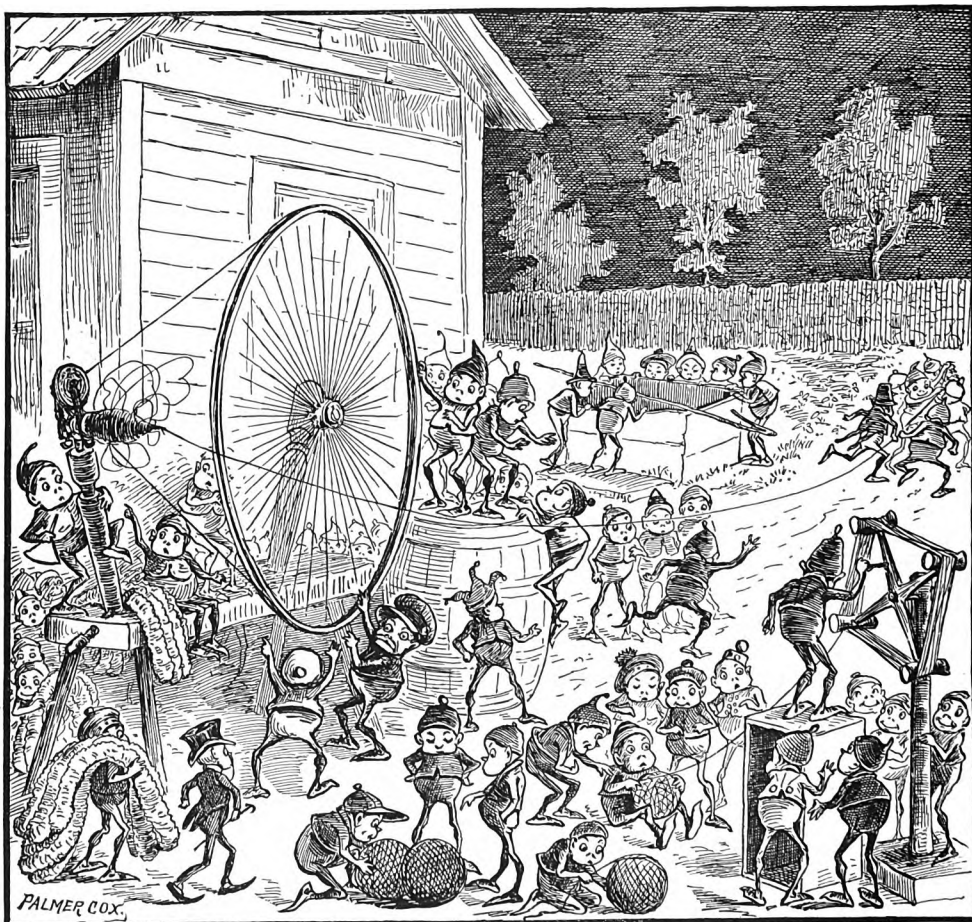
A passing goat, with manners bold,
Mistook it for a rival old,
And knocked it 'round for half an hour
With all his noted butting power.
They say it was a striking scene,
That twilight conflict on the green;
The wheel was resting on the shed,
The frame around the garden spread,
Before he seemed to gain his sight,
And judge the article aright."
A third remarked: "I call to mind
Another wheel that we may find,
Though somewhat worn by use and time,
It seems to be in order prime;
Now, night is but a babe as yet,
The dew has scarce the clover wet;

Her spinning-wheel is lying there
In fragments quite beyond repair.
It happened in this tragic way:
While standing out at close of day,

By running fast and working hard
We soon can bring it to the yard;
Then stationed here in open air
The widow's wool shall be our care,

Some ran for sticks, and some for pries,
And more for blocks on which to rise,
That every hand or shoulder there,
In such a pinch might do its share.
Before the door they set the wheel,
And near at hand the winding reel,
That some might wind while others spun,
And thus the task be quickly done.
No time was wasted, now, to find
What best would suit each hand or mind,

Their mode of action and their skill
With wonder might a spinster fill;
No forward step or two, then back,
With now a pull and now a slack,
But out across the yard entire
They spun the yarn like endless wire,—
Beyond the well with steady haul,
Across the patch of beans and all,
Until the walls, or ditches wide,
A greater stretch of wool denied.



But here and there, with common bent,
In busy groups to work they went.
Some through the cottage crept about
To find the wool and pass it out.
With some to turn, and some to pull,
And some to shout, "The spindle's full!"
The wheel gave out a droning song,—
The work in hand was pushed along.

The widow's yarn was quickly wound
In tidy balls, quite large and round.
And ere the night began to fade,
The borrowed wheel at home was laid,
And none the worse for rack or wear,
Except some bruises here and there,
A spindle bent, a broken band,
The owner failed to understand.

SPRING-TIME.

BY FLORENCE R. HILL.

A TINY little seed am I,
In the mold,
Hidden from the great blue sky
And the cold.

Now I'll throw a rootlet out,
Feel around.—

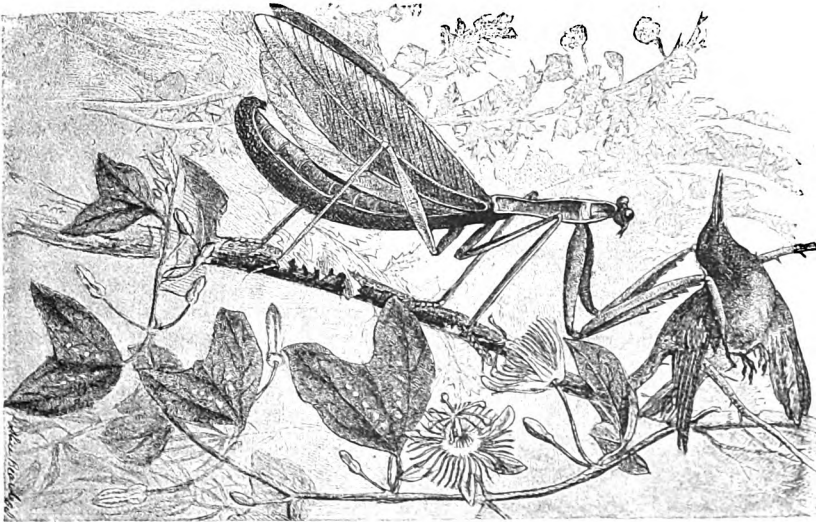
There! I've really turned about
In the ground!

Did I hear a bluebird sing?
Could it be?

If I did, it must be spring,—
I'll go see!

ANIMAL TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.



AN INSECT (THE LARGE MANTIS OF SOUTH AMERICA) CAPTURING A BIRD.

THE animals all have vocations of some kind. From the largest elephant to the smallest insect they have a certain work to perform that is of more or less importance in making all life move along harmoniously. And it is sometimes curious to see how exactly our trades are imitated by them. We see the carpenter-bee working in wood, also numerous beetles and ants and the sexton-beetles burying the dead of insects; the snails and ants are miners, the *Pholas* even carrying a miner's lamp; the birds build wonderful structures, and can fitly claim to be architects. And so we might go on through a long list of workers in metal, wood, or

clay; while others are kings, queens, laborers, slaves, soldiers, navigators, and what not.

But it is with some curious animal hunters, or trappers, that we wish just now to become better acquainted. In human endeavors to capture game, a variety of traps and devices are brought into use. Sometimes great nets are used to ensnare birds, and pitfalls to lure larger game, while the sportsman, hidden by a mimic forest, floats down unsuspected upon the wild water-birds. But of all these devices, and many more, we find exact counterparts among the lower animals; either we imitate them or they us,—who shall say? And

now for the comparison. We have spoken of the hunter who surrounds himself by bushes,—well, there is an insect that imitates the twigs and branches themselves, and so creeps upon its game. Various insects of the genus *Mantis* are found throughout the world, and are very common in our Middle States, specimens often being seen on the fences standing perfectly still, with their great claws lifted high in air, exactly as if they were praying; and from this peculiarity they are called the "Praying Mantis." Similar names are given to this insect in France and Italy. The Hottentots worship the mantis as a divinity; and if one alights upon a person, he or she is looked upon ever after as a saint. Notwithstanding all this, the mantis is a cowardly, treacherous hunter. It resembles the twigs and boughs upon which it crawls, both in color and shape; and when a smaller insect approaches, it creeps along with a stealthy, cat-like motion and suddenly seizes the victim with its knife-like claws. In South America they attain a large size, and, according to Burmeister, the Mantis of the Argentine Republic even captures small birds if they happen to dart too near it.

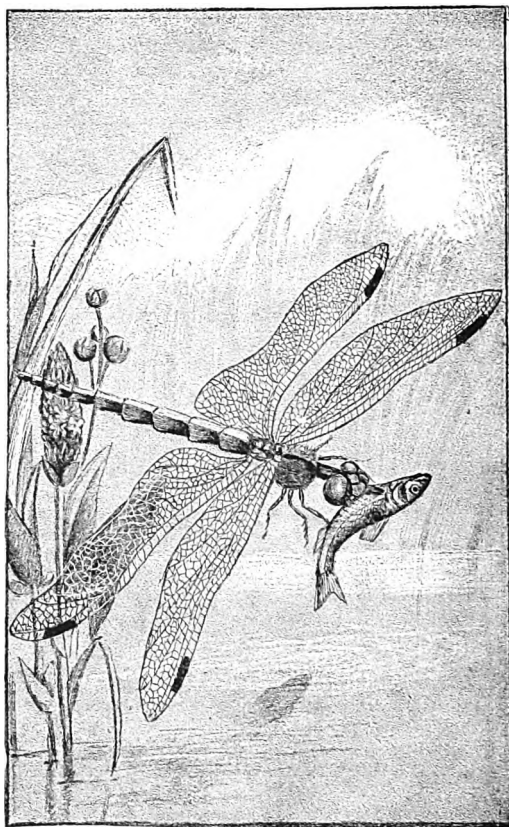
Even among themselves these insects are vicious and cannibalistic, fighting upon the slightest provocation. The Chinese even keep them in bamboo cages, and exhibit them as prize-fighters. In their combats their movements are those of a swordsman; blows are given with their sword-like fore legs, and a vigorous battle kept up until one succumbs, when the victor devours his vanquished enemy then and there.

In Africa, deep pits are often made by human hunters to capture game, and among the insects



ANT-LION CAPTURING AN ANT.

we find the ant-lion (*Myrmaleon*) adopting a similar ruse. Its eggs are laid in sandy places, and when the young ant-lions appear they have no wings, and are flat little creatures with immense



A DRAGON-FLY CAPTURING A FISH.

jaws. As soon as born, the curious larvæ proceed to work. Each young ant-lion selects a soft place in the sand, and by turning itself around and around, it traces an exterior circle; and by continuing the spiral motion, and gradually retreating to the center, it marks out and forms a cavity having spirals like those of a snail shell. Next, these are smoothed down by an ingenious process. If a pebble rolls in, or is found in the slope, the ant-lion places it upon its head, and with a sudden jerk sends it far out of the pit. But sometimes pebbles are found that are too heavy to be thrown out in this way, and then another plan is adopted. The pebble is carefully rolled upon the flat back of the ant-lion, which starts up the incline with its tail high in air, so that the load is kept upon a level, and finally deposited upon the outside. If the pebble is round, many attempts have to be made; and an ant-lion has been seen to make seven or eight trials to carry out a pebble, each time carefully following up the track made by the pebble in rolling down, only finally, as if mortified by constant failure, giving it up and seeking another spot. The pit completed is seen to be a circular or conical depression, at the bottom

of which the wily hunter conceals itself, only its jaws and many eyes being visible; and here it awaits its prey, that sooner or later comes tumbling in. Ants that happen to be off on a foraging journey are the most frequent victims. The ant comes running along rapidly, and is over the edge of the pit before he knows it, the treacherous sand giving way and precipitating him down toward the concealed lion. A moment more and two (to him) enormous jaws open, and the ant quickly disappears from sight forever. Sometimes, instead of tumbling down into the pit, the ant obtains a foothold and almost escapes; but in such a case the ant-lion throws aside all concealment, rushes out, and shovels sand upon its struggling victim, and by successive jerks bombards it with such a fusillade of sand that, beaten and confused, it rolls down into the open jaws of the cruel hunter. For two years the ant-lion carries on its predatory warfare, gradually growing larger and enlarging its pit, until finally it is ready to change into a chrysalis. It then envelops itself in a round ball of sand, cemented together by fine silken cords. In this cocoon it lives for about three weeks, when it emerges a perfect four-winged insect resembling the dragon-fly.

The dragon-flies themselves are bold and voracious hunters, and with their gauzy, lace-like wings, brilliantly colored bodies and rapid flight, are among the most beautiful of the insect tribe. Grubs, butterflies, insects of all kinds, are their legitimate prey, and in New Zealand the giant dragon-fly has been observed chasing small fresh-water fishes about in a shallow pond, making desperate dashes at them, finally seizing one by its upper or dorsal fin, and amid repeated duckings and struggles bearing it away to a neighboring bush to be devoured, after the manner of the kingfishers. Gosse, the English naturalist, observed a similar instance in Alabama. The winged fisherman—a large dragon-fly—was seen chasing the affrighted fishes, dashing into the water with a splash, the finny prey rushing about in terror, soon congregating, however, to be again attacked by the swift-winged hunter, which finally secured one of them. The larvæ of the dragon-fly live under water and are extremely voracious, often capturing small fishes with their powerful jaws.

The webs of many spiders are really very similar to the traps of professional bird-catchers in the East. One of the trap-door spiders comes out of its nest at dusk, fastens back the door with a cord of

silk, erects a long web, and then patiently awaits the entanglement of some luckless insect. At the first break of day the web is taken down, the trap-door lowered, and nothing is seen of the spider until the evening. Other spiders leap after their prey like tigers, first attaching a single thread of silk to the starting-point—by which, if they fail to strike the victim, they swing off and return up the thread, to make the attack anew. Others entangle their prey, rolling them over and over and winding them in silk, in which they are kept till wanted. Small snakes, lizards, and various tiny animals are thus caught, and, though weighing vastly more than their captors, are lifted clear of the ground into the fairy-like nets.

The largest web of which I ever heard, however, is not a trap, and is built by the larva of a butterfly from Australia. A lady, observing the insects, placed a number of them in a room upon her veranda. Having to use the apartment some time after, she found, to her astonishment, that the walls were completely covered by a beautiful, uniform web, attached at the corners by coarse threads, so that it hung like a tapestry of silvery sheen, presenting an unbroken surface of about two hundred and fifty-two square feet, a wonderful work for a few little creatures, each hardly five-twelfths of an inch long.

In some of the islands of the Pacific, webs have been found in which living birds were entangled,



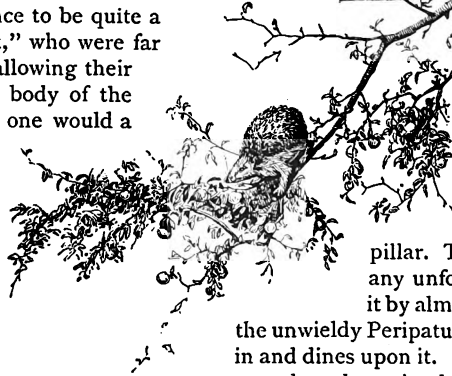
THE PERIPATUS CAPTURING AN INSECT IN ITS WEB. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and in Bermuda, other kinds of webs, the threads of which were so stout that they have been used as sewing-silk. For many years the account given by Madame Merian of the spider that hunted birds and

lizards was not believed, but Mr. H. W. Bates, the naturalist, has observed a similar instance in Brazil, that can not better be told than in his own words: "In the course of our walk, I chanced to verify a fact relating to the habit of a large hairy spider, belonging to the genus *Mygale*, in a manner worth recording. The species was *Mygale avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it; the spider was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and head were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds—finches—were entangled in the pieces. . . . One of them was quite dead. . . . I drove away the spider and took the birds, but the second one soon died. . . . I found the circumstance to be quite a novelty to the residents hereabout," who were far from being afraid of the spider, allowing their children to tie a string about the body of the giant *Mygale* and lead it about as one would a cat or dog. They called them "Aranhas caranguejeiras," or "Crab Spiders."

A very curious hunter, if so we may call it, is seen in the *Peripatus*—a caterpillar-shaped insect, found in Panama, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in other countries. They are sluggish, though possessing seventeen legs, each provided with a pair of short claws for clinging. They are mainly vegetable eaters, but they have a wonderful web-

making arrangement, by which they are enabled to check the advance of an enemy at a moment's notice. From glands secreted near the mouth, they eject at the slightest warning myriads of fine threads of a



sticky secretion, that cross and re-cross each other like liquid darts in the air, crystallizing immediately and forming a complete web in front of the cater-

pillar. This web solidifies about any unfortunate insect, securing it by almost invisible bands, until

the unwieldy *Peripatus*, when disposed, breaks in and dines upon it. The web is often thrown out when the animal is touched or alarmed, and as it is acid and bitter it must be an effective defense, and fatal to many insects and small animals.

Gathering fruit can scarcely be called trapping, and yet there is a stratagem attributed to that "walking bunch of tooth-picks" called the hedgehog, which may properly have a place in this article. It seems that fruit is frequently found in the hedgehog's sleeping apartment, and its presence there is explained in this remarkable way: It is known that hedgehogs often climb walls, and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines, and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump, they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them; and this has given rise to the opinion that in some such way they may have stored their winter homes.



J. M. Wright
ILL.

“MYSELF, OR ANOTHER?”

[A STORY FOR GIRLS WRITTEN BY A GIRL.*]

BY MARION SATTERLEE.

A LARGE, home-like room. A few cases of books line the walls, the furniture is somewhat threadbare, and the carpet decidedly the worse for wear; a long table strewn with school-books, slates, and pencil-ends occupies the foreground, and a student lamp sheds its mild light over the inky table-cover. The fire-place is black and dreary, and the only really cheerful object in the room is the face of a girl of sixteen, with dark hair and blue eyes, who sits busily engaged in painting. A bright smile lights her thoughtful face as her hand moves rapidly yet carefully, working out the details of her design.

Another girl, twelve years old, kneels on a chair, resting her head on her hands and her elbows on the table. Her bright hair falling over her face partly conceals her troubled look; but one can see that her forehead is contracted by a frown and her eyes glisten with hardly suppressed tears. She pushes her book away from her and drums impatiently on the table. The elder girl continues her painting, singing softly to herself, and pays no attention to the various signs of vexation displayed by her little sister. At last she looks up and says, rather quickly:

“Well, Katie, what is it?”

This question is a great relief to Katie, as it gives her an opportunity to vent her injured feelings.

“You know what it is, just as well as I do, Alice. All the girls are going back to school this year, and I just *long* to go! I can’t study alone; no one will ever hear my lessons or take any interest in them. I shall fall far behind the other girls, and you know I was at the head nearly all last winter. Oh, dear, why can’t I go back?”

Then Katie’s tears overflowed and trickled down upon the tattered arithmetic over which she had been puzzling.

Alice well knew how hard it was for the ambitious little girl to be withdrawn from school for a whole year and left to her own devices, without the society of her beloved “girls”; so that when she spoke, it was quite gently and as though to appeal to Katie’s reason and common sense, which had been somewhat clouded by her disappointment.

“Birdie,” said Alice, laying down her brush, “you know perfectly well that it is impossible for

you to go back to school,—at least, for this term. You know that Papa has been unfortunate in business, and we all must make some sacrifices to help him, and the little mother. I know it’s very hard for you to give up your school, but then you are only a little girl, and one year does n’t make so much difference. You can work faithfully by yourself, and make up for lost time next winter. We all will help you as much as we can. I do feel sorry for you, but, since we *must* make sacrifices, why not make them cheerfully? They’re so much nicer that way.”

Katie, or, as her sister calls her, Birdie, has slipped down from her chair during Alice’s little lecture, and she now stands beside her sister, who puts one arm around her, and, looking up from her half-finished drawing into Birdie’s face, says:

“Well, little one, what do you think of it?”

And Birdie, whose tears are almost dry, and who is already ashamed of her outburst, answers:

“I think it’s lovely, Alice, and I do hope they will give you a prize. They ought to, I’m sure.”

A large publishing house had offered three prizes in money for the three best original designs for Christmas-cards received in answer to their announcement; and for one of these prizes Alice Browning was working. It seemed almost impossible to make any novel or appropriate design, and Alice had taken up the matter at first, simply with a view to amusing herself, and thinking that it would be good practice. She had little hope that she could produce anything sufficiently good to really enter into the prize competition. But growing interested in her work, as was her custom (for she was an earnest little maid), Alice expended all her ingenuity and much patient skill upon the elaboration of her subject. As she possessed a good degree of imagination and considerable talent for drawing figures, her efforts were really very successful. Her elder brother and sister, seeing how much taste and cleverness her drawing displayed, urged her to send it in on the day appointed for judging the cards and awarding the prizes.

As Alice worked, she could not help building many bright castles in the air, though she worried much over what she considered her faulty drawing.

Alice was right when she said that many sacrifices must be made, because of the family's heavy losses; and Katie, feeling the truth of this, made a resolute, though not invariably successful effort to show a bright and happy face to her care-worn father. She had, indeed, some shining examples before her. First, there was her Mother, who tried to make home all the brighter after her husband's misfortunes; and big brother Charlie (the clever man of the family), who gave up, in his quiet way, his most cherished plans, and set to work with a will, down-town; and sister Annie, who countermanded her orders for new dresses, and betook herself instead to making over her old ones and those of her sisters. (Annie's merry voice, her busy fingers, and her fair musical talent did much toward making the family circle jollier). Then there was sister Alice's outwardly willing giving up of her painting lessons (which was not accomplished, however, without many inward struggles); and last, but not least, the bluff light-heartedness of her younger brothers, Phil and Harry, who considered it beneath their dignity as boys and as twins to give way to useless repinings and grumbling.

Three days after Alice's conversation with her younger sister, the Christmas-card was finished, carefully sealed up by Charlie, and carried to its destination by Alice. She had worked over her drawing with such care that every little, well-known defect stood out prominently in her memory, and she parted with it with many misgivings. She must wait three weeks to hear the result, and long before the time was up, Alice had quite given up any hope that she would ever hear of her design again.

But it was otherwise decreed; and one day Alice received a letter from the publishers, notifying her that on account of the originality displayed in her work and its conscientious treatment, her design had taken the second prize in the Christmas-card competition, and inclosing a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, the amount of the prize.

If you have ever earned any money yourself, you will be able to imagine Alice's feelings when she opened that envelope and read the brief, business-like note. I am sure that no girl was ever happier than she was at that moment, and certainly no family was ever prouder than Alice's family when they heard of her success. Mr. Browning's face wore a brighter look than it had had for many weeks. Annie said! "I knew you would get it, Alice; I'm so glad!" and Katie and the twins gave boisterous expression to their satisfaction. Charlie read the letter aloud, to the delight of the whole family, and Alice was indeed the heroine of the hour, for

the Brownings were a family who took a generous and unselfish pride in one another's accomplishments, and were always ready to rejoice heartily over every small triumph won by any member of the household. Alice's achievement seemed to them so "splendid," that it was some days before the excitement subsided.

Of course, her best friend must at once be told of her good fortune; and so the following afternoon Alice, who had scarcely been able to eat or sleep for happiness, posted off to tell Helen Martin about the prize. Helen, who had taken a great interest in the whole affair, was at home, and an animated conversation, of course, ensued. Alice explained about the letter, the check, the delight of the family, and her surprise, all in a breath; and Helen, interrupting frequently to say, "How lovely!" or "I'm so glad, Alice dear!" finally exclaimed, when the account was finished, "Well, Alice, what shall you do with the money?"

"Devote it to the cause of art, and take painting lessons of Mr. Torrington," replied Alice. "He is a perfect teacher, you know, only I could n't afford the lessons, and so had to give up all idea of studying, which was very hard. Now I can have as many lessons as I like; is n't it lovely? It seems terribly selfish, I know, to devote the money to myself, but perhaps some of it will be left over for other things; and I do so long to paint! Is it *very* selfish in me?" asked Alice, wistfully.

"No, indeed, I should say," answered Helen. "You have earned the money yourself. You gave up your lessons this winter so willingly that you ought to have some reward; and I don't think you could spend the prize money more wisely. Besides, you will improve famously under Mr. Torrington, and then you can earn more money by your painting."

The two girls could have spent much more time talking about the prize and other matters of interest, but it began to grow late; and when Alice ran down the steps at the elevated station, the lamps had already begun to glimmer down the dark vista of the street. As she hurried on through the crowd, she could hardly keep from dancing, under the exhilarating effects of good spirits and frosty air.

On her way home, Alice stopped for a moment at a street corner, her attention arrested by something that she saw there. It was nothing very extraordinary, either.

A wretched-looking woman, pale and bonnetless, her shoes worn through to the sidewalk, her hair falling untidily down her back, and her gaunt form barely covered by her tattered garments, stood holding in her arms a child as pale as herself, with a deformed body and thin, pinched face.

Both the woman and child were looking with longing eyes at the fruits displayed upon the stand of a street vender, which was lighted up by a flaring lamp. A girl, almost as miserably dressed as the woman, in clothes once gaudy but now dirty and ragged, came shuffling by. She stopped at the vender's stand and bought an orange; turning, she saw the woman and the sick child with wistful eyes fixed on the bright golden fruit, and, as if from a sudden impulse, the girl thrust the orange into the woman's thin, grimy hand, and then, without waiting for any word of thanks, hurried away. Indeed, the woman was so astonished by the unexpected act of kindness, that she only stood and watched the girl's retreating figure with a look of vague surprise and wonder on her face, and then walked slowly away in the opposite direction.

When Alice saw that little act of unselfishness done by one poor person to another still poorer, her face grew suddenly grave, then a smile stole over it,—the smile that always accompanies a generous impulse; and when she reached her home she looked both thoughtful and determined.

According to her custom, Mrs. Browning was resting before dinner, on her sofa in a favorite corner of the cozy, homelike parlor. The cheerful blaze of the open fire was the only light in the dim room, and Alice was glad to find her mother alone. They often had pleasant talks together in the twilight, and it was evident that this evening Alice had something on her mind to say. She drew her chair up to the fire, and sat warming her hands before it and looking into its glowing depths.

"Well, dear," said her mother, "what have you decided to do with your money?"

"That's just what I wished to talk to you about," replied Alice. "May I do just what I please with it, Mother?"

"Why not, Alice? You have earned it and the honor, too. You gave a great deal of time and work to your drawing, and you certainly ought to spend your money just as you please. Buy whatever you wish with it, or, if you would prefer to lay aside your first earnings, do so; only, whatever you do, think carefully first, and expend your little fortune wisely. It will be a good experience for you in the future, if you ever make any more money, as I sincerely hope you will. You know you wished very much to take lessons in painting, this winter; perhaps that would be as wise a use for your money as any other. What do you think?"

"Mamma," said Alice, as though following out

some new train of thought, "what would it cost to send Birdie to school this winter?"

"About a hundred and fifty dollars, as she would be in a more advanced class this year; but Papa thinks school out of the question. Why do you ask?"

"Because," said Alice, slowly, "she seemed so disappointed at having to leave school; and she is so bright and anxious to learn, it seems a great pity that she should have to give it all up. I don't really *need* the money for anything. It was quite unexpected, and so I think I should like better than anything else to send Birdie back this winter to Miss Merritt's. You would n't mind, would you?"

"Mind, my dear? No, indeed!" replied the mother. "But I don't like to have you do that—it's too great a sacrifice. You need the money yourself for many things. I wish you to think over the matter, and not be too hasty in your decision."

"It's not too great a sacrifice," said Alice, firmly. "I will think it over, but I am sure I shall not change my mind."

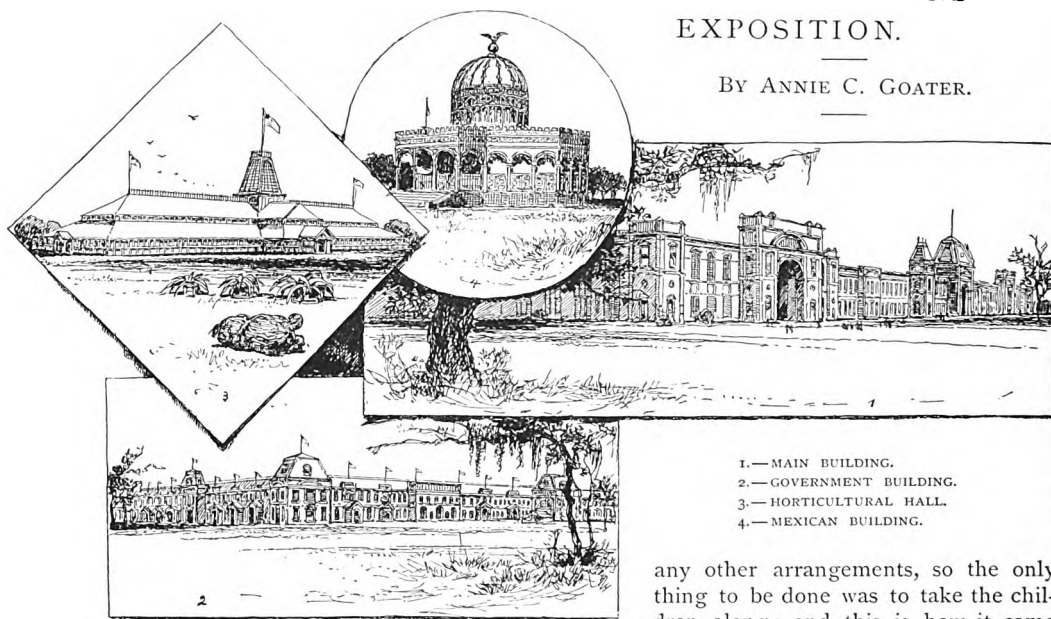
"Come here, Alice," said Mrs. Browning; and she drew her tall daughter down to her. "I am even more proud of you now than when you told me you had won the prize! I do not like to take advantage of your generous impulse, but I feel sure that you are in earnest and that you will not regret your choice."

And so it was decided; for Alice was a girl who, having once made up her mind, rarely turned aside from her purpose; and Birdie went back to school, the happiest little girl imaginable. Mr. Browning did not at once return the money to Alice—not merely because he could not, but because she had expressed herself willing to make the sacrifice and give up a cherished plan for her sister; and he wished her self-denial to work out its own results upon her character.

When at last better times came—which was not for many a long month—Alice resumed her painting, working with that patience and faithfulness which are the evidence of a real love for art. Meanwhile she had no cause to repent her self-sacrifice, and I do not think she did. Birdie's bright face and the good reports of her teachers were an ample reward, aside from the proud and loving looks of both her parents, the cordial approbation and admiration of Annie and Charlie, and the two hearty kisses from the demonstrative twins, who pronounced Alice a "trump" and a "daisy."

WHAT JOE AND JEAN SAW AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

BY ANNIE C. GOATER.



- 1.—MAIN BUILDING.
2.—GOVERNMENT BUILDING.
3.—HORTICULTURAL HALL.
4.—MEXICAN BUILDING.

MAMMA and Papa had decided to go to the great New Orleans Exposition, but what to do with Joe and Jean was the problem that puzzled them.

Papa, from the first, was in favor of taking them along, saying that the travel and sight-seeing would do the little folk more good than a month at school. But Mamma said no; children were such a care in traveling, and always getting into mischief of some kind; in fact, she would have no peace whatever with them; they would be much better off, she thought, with Grandma Dean and Aunt Fanny.

So it was all arranged that they should go to Grandma's, while Papa bought the tickets that were to convey himself and Mamma to the sunny South for a few weeks of sight-seeing.

But it happened that, at the very last moment, Grandma Dean was taken with one of her bad rheumatic turns, requiring all Aunt Fanny's time and attention to nurse her; so it was out of the question to think of sending a hearty boy of fourteen and a lively little girl of ten, who never could keep still for more than two minutes at a time, to a place where the least little sound would cause pain to poor Grandma's aching body.

It was now altogether too late to think of making

any other arrangements, so the only thing to be done was to take the children along; and this is how it came about that our young people went to the Exposition without having in the least expected it.

The morning after their arrival in New Orleans, while Mamma, who was somewhat fatigued after the long journey, remained at the hotel to rest, Joe and Jean started off with Papa to make their first visit to the great Exposition.

The grounds were about four miles distant from their hotel, and as they rode slowly along in the horse-cars (which, however, were drawn by mules instead of horses), they had a good opportunity to see something of the city.

Papa pointed out to them how different the New Orleans houses were from those at home. They were low and broad, nearly all of them having either little balconies, or wide piazzas running entirely around the outside; while in almost every yard the orange-trees, with their golden fruit, glistened in the sunshine.

On entering the grounds, Jean's attention was first attracted by the magnificent live-oak trees, which, with the delicate gray moss depending from their limbs, form a grand avenue leading to Horticultural Hall.

Never in all her life had she seen anything so beautiful. "Do let us go over there and sit under those lovely trees for just a minute, Papa," she

said. So infatuated was the little girl with the big trees and pretty moss, that she could hardly be prevailed on to go to the main building until Joe said he could n't see "what fun a girl found in just sitting still under a tree. If she only knew how to climb one, there would be some sense in that."

As Jean never attempted to contradict anything Joe said, thinking him one of the wisest and best of boys, she allowed herself to be silently led away in the direction of the main building.

This large structure, Papa told them, covered thirty-three acres of ground—the largest space ever inclosed under one roof.

Entering by the main door, they found themselves in front of the Music Hall, situated in about the center of the building, and capable of seating a great many people. It was here that during the holiday season the big Christmas-tree was placed, laden with all sorts of nice presents for the children.

Papa told Joe and Jean that they must be careful not to tire themselves out by attempting too much during this first visit, as they would be able to come out to the Exposition very often before returning home. The best plan, he thought, would be to stroll leisurely through the various buildings, so as to form a general idea of what there was to be seen, while on other days they could give more time to whatever objects specially interested them.

In the main building, they found that the different foreign governments here had their exhibits; while business firms, representing various cities of this country, displayed their wares in the most tempting manner, to lure the passers-by to pause and examine their goods.

Almost one half of the vast building had been given over to machinery and mechanical inventions

of all kinds; and during the day the din and clatter made in this section were really distracting.

From here it was but a step to the Government building. This structure, though not as large as the main edifice, was fully as interesting and instructive; for the geography and resources of our country could here be studied in a very practical manner by means of the various natural and industrial products of the different States, which were arranged in their respective sections in proper order. A careful survey of the numerous government exhibits could not but improve the mind of any boy or girl fortunate enough to see them.

Next in order came the building containing the live-stock. Here Joe was greatly delighted over some magnificent Percheron horses, while Jean



THE CHINESE PAGODA. (SEE PAGE 536.)

hovered near the dear little Shetland ponies and wished she might take home just one.

As the children were now beginning to tire somewhat, Papa took them over to Horticultural Hall

for a brief rest; and there, amid the waving palms, blooming cocoanut-trees, and other tropical plants, they forgot all about the snow and ice they had so recently left at home.

Many times during their stay of a month in the city all the family visited the Exposition, and Mamma was forced to admit that Joe and Jean behaved very well, and that she should never again think of leaving them at home when planning to go away.

There were few things of interest in the different buildings that escaped the searching eyes of the little boy and girl, for what one failed to see the other would spy out; and as most of the strange sights were described in several letters, written at this time, I can hardly do better than copy Joe's epistle to his school-chum, Fred, who lives in New York, and Jean's



THE LIBERTY BIRD.

JOE'S LETTER.

HOTEL ROYAL, NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23d, '85.

DEAR FRED: I believe I promised, when leaving school, to write you something about the Exposition. Well, I've been so busy since I came here, going out to the Exposition grounds, or roaming over the old French quarter with Papa, that when night comes I am too tired to do anything but go to bed. To-day it is raining hard, and Papa, Mamma, and Jean all are writing letters; so I think, while I feel like it, I will send one off to you.

The Exposition is the biggest thing I have ever seen (I was too little to go to the Centennial, you know), and it has lots and lots of most splendid things in it.

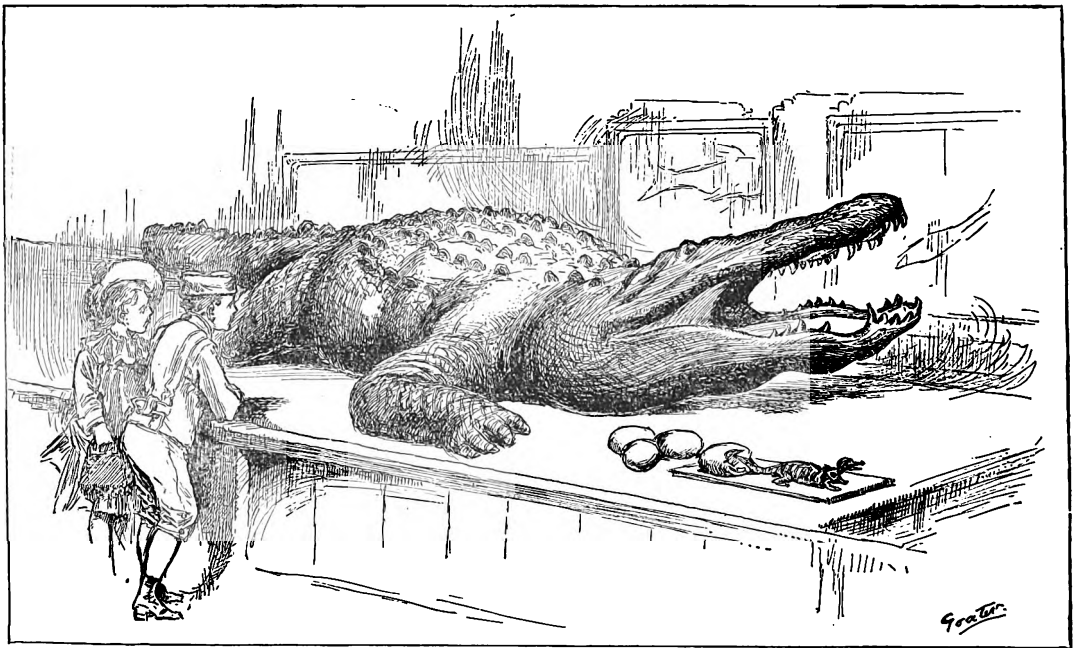
In the main building there is a stuffed bird called the Quatzel, that I think is very interesting. The boy who takes care of the stand where it is told me all about it the other day.

The bird is a native of Guatemala, and looks something like a parrot, only its tail feathers are longer. The queer thing about it is, that if you only pull out one of its feathers the bird dies right away, and if a person succeeds in catching one, and puts it in a cage, it goes to work and pulls out its own feathers,—commits suicide, as it were,—as it will not live if deprived of its liberty. I asked the boy if it knew how to sing, and he went to work and made just the funniest noise with his lips all puckered up, and said that was something like the cry it uttered. Have you ever heard of this bird before?

Another thing I like in this same building is a little house that was built in China. It is made of bamboo. There is a great big red dragon on top that's tremendous; he keeps snorting out steam all the time. I wish we could have a dragon like that for our circus. When you go inside the little house they give you a cup of tea to drink.

There is any quantity of machinery here for doing all sorts of work. This, I suppose, you would like best of all, as you are fond of such things; but ever since I almost took the top of my thumb off with Uncle Will's patent lawn-mower, I don't care so much for machines; they make too much noise for me.

In the Government building there are so many interesting things



LOUISIANA'S LITTLE AND BIG ALLIGATORS.

letter to her cousin Daisy, whose papa is an army-officer and lives with his family in a fort away off somewhere in Dakota.

that I hardly know which to tell you about. Each of the States has been given a certain amount of space, which it has filled with all sorts of things that belong particularly to that State.

Louisiana has a big alligator almost twenty feet long, while right

beside it is the cutest little baby alligator you ever saw, just coming out of the egg. The big alligator has its mouth wide open, and I know I should n't care to have been around when it was alive in the water and opened that mouth.

Not far from the alligators are some of the relics of the Greely relief expedition. Life-sized figures, dressed up in furs, show exactly what they wear in the Arctic regions; there are also sleeping bags

try. Papa made me look at them very carefully, because he said they would do me good.

How is the skating and sleighing at home, now? It is nice and warm down here; still, I should feel very bad if I thought I should never see any more snow again. I wish, when you have a chance, you would go round to Mr. Graham's and see how my dog Chips is getting along; hope the old fellow is n't fretting after me. I am



FROM NEBRASKA.

FROM KANSAS.

STATUARY MADE OF GRAIN.

FROM DAKOTA.

made of reindeer's skin, hospital tents, sleds laden with provisions, different kinds of clothing, and a number of other interesting articles. Besides these, there are some photographs that show you, as plain as can be, just what it looks like up there.

Fred, I wish you could see the statues, houses, and different things they have made out of grain sent on from the West. One of the States has a copy of the Statue of Liberty that we are going to have down in New York harbor, made out of wheat, while another has a large figure meant to represent the goddess Ceres, that is very beautiful. Dakota has an obelisk composed of different colored ears of corn, some of them so red that you would surely think they had been painted; perched on top, on a sheaf of wheat, is a big American Eagle.

Besides the things I have told you about, there are samples of work done by boys and girls in different schools all over the coun-

going to bring him home a new collar from the Exposition. I must close now, as I have written a very long letter.

Your school-mate, JOE.

Jean's letter ran thus:

HOTEL ROYAL, NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 23d, '85.

DEAR DAISY: I do so wish you were down here with us! We are having splendid times, going somewhere almost every day. I have been out to the Exposition a number of times, and think I have seen very nearly everything there. In the main building at one of the stands they have two of the funniest pigs you ever saw. In the middle of the floor there is a table set all ready for dinner, with a big ham in the center, while on each side stand Mr. and Mrs. Pig.



THE CHINESE BABY-CHAIR.

Mrs. Pig has on a lovely yellow satin Mother Hubbard, trimmed with red satin around the bottom and lace around the neck; while in her hand, which is one of her front feet, you know, she has a big

seem possible that some day they will only be ham like that on the table and that somebody will eat them up.

Poor things! I should think it would worry them to think about it. But of course a stuffed pig can't think; so it is all right anyhow.

In the same building the Chinese Government have built a pagoda and filled it with a great many interesting things. Papa and Mamma have spent hours there, looking at the curiosities, but I could n't get interested in them, because I did n't know what they were for, until Papa explained them to me.

One thing I knew, though—a baby's chair; for it has a figure of a baby sitting in it, with a queer-looking nurse standing alongside.

The baby's chair is made of bamboo; and when baby is put in it there is a piece that presses up close against its waist and holds the poor little thing a tight prisoner. In front, on rods, are a few little rings for baby to play with; to run these up and down is all the amusement the little one can have.

I should think all the babies who see this chair and think of their own little willow chairs with pretty ribbons on at home would be glad that they do not live in China. The baby represented in this chair has just a little bit of hair in front; all the rest of its head is bald. I guess that little bit is the beginning of what will be its cue some day.

One of the sights I like best of all is old John Anderson and his wife, with their dog and cat, all made out of the purest and whitest cotton; this belongs to the State of Louisiana. The old lady is knitting a stocking, and the ball of yarn has dropped from her lap; pussy is doing her best to tangle it all up. Mr. Anderson, who seems like a real kind old man, leans heavily on his cane, while the dog sits at his feet and looks as if he never in his life would worry pussy, or anybody else. Behind the old people is a bird, also made of cotton, meant to represent the American Eagle. Everybody who looks at this group thinks it just splendid. I am sure I do.

Daisy, do you like to write compositions? I hate them! for I never can write anything that sounds well. Mamma made me go



MR. AND MRS. PIG AT HOME.

sunflower. The buttons down the front of her dress represent little hams, and are too cute for anything.

Mr. Pig, on the other side of the table, has on a black swallow-tail coat, light vest, and yellow trousers, with a high standing collar and red necktie, and looks just as lovely as Mrs. Pig. They both appear so pleased and innocent in their fine clothes that it does n't

over with her and read some compositions that were written by little Indian girls who go to school in Colorado. I felt ashamed; some of them were so good, and nicely written, with no blots either.

The pictures they made were real funny, though. Mamma said it was their being "out of perspective" that made them look so queer. Under every one of them they would write, "This is a Dog;"

"This is a Chicken"; just as if you could not tell what they were meant for.

How many dolls have you now, and what are their names? Are there many little girls at the new fort where you are living? And is it very cold up there? I like it here because it is so warm, and you can have roses in the garden all winter, besides picking oranges

right off the trees. Joe, now that he has seen the Exposition, is in a hurry to get back home, as he wants to try the new skates Uncle Will gave him last Christmas; but I prefer summer to winter. Give my love to Uncle Rob and Aunt Carrie, and a kiss to baby Sue. Write to me soon. Your loving cousin,

JEAN.



"JOHN ANDERSON AND WIFE."

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(*Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.*)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRANSIT OF A YEAR.

LET us now revert to the events following the inauguration of 1873, to which I have referred in an earlier chapter. Returning to our Chamber, the Vice-President resumed the chair at 12:47 o'clock, the ceremonies on the portico having occupied not half an hour. After the passage of the usual resolutions, fixing the hour of daily meeting and providing for the notification of the President that the Senate had convened in obedience to his

proclamation, the Senate adjourned to the following Thursday.

This special session of the Senate was called by the President, principally, if not wholly, to have that body act upon his nominations of men to office. The session being purely for the transaction of executive business, no legislation was permissible. There was no House of Representatives, and would be none until the following December, unless an extraordinary occasion should in the meantime arise requiring the exercise of its power.

After appointing its committees for the session, and attending to the business submitted by the

President, on the twenty-sixth day of March, with the usual formalities, the Senate adjourned, to meet again, however, on the first Monday in December, unless called together again by the President before that time.

During the course of its proceedings, it appointed Senator Carpenter to be President of the Senate *pro tempore*,* to act as presiding officer during the absence of the Vice-President, who was not able to attend every day. This position of President *pro tempore* is a very important one. If the President of the United States die or otherwise become incapable of performing the duties of that office, they devolve upon the Vice-President, and the President of the Senate *pro tempore* becomes the acting Vice-President of the United States; and, in the event of the death of both the President and Vice-President, the President of the Senate *pro tempore* acts as President of the United States until the election of another President as provided by law. In Great Britain and many other nations of the world the succession to the throne depends upon blood relationship. Those nations are therefore not likely ever to be without persons to act as rulers. Our line of succession, however, is very short — after the President of the Senate *pro tempore* comes the Speaker of the House, and beyond that no provision has been made by Congress under the authority conferred upon it by the Constitution. But at the time of which I write, there was no House, and consequently no Speaker; so if the President and Vice-President as well as the President of the Senate *pro tempore* had died, after the adjournment of that special session, the Government would have had no head.

Such a state of affairs would have been, to say the least, very inconvenient. And we were not long ago on the brink of just such a condition of things. When President Garfield died there was no Speaker of the House, and the Senate had carelessly adjourned without choosing a President *pro tempore*. Provisionally, Vice-President Arthur was alive, and he assumed the office of President. Had anything happened to him, there might have been confusion. So alarmed were many people about it that, when Congress met, it was asked to pass a law creating a longer line of succession, in order to guard against such an emergency again occurring. You would naturally suppose, from the anxiety that prevailed, that Congress made such a law at once. But it did not; and, although several years have elapsed, no such law has yet been enacted. If you have influence with any members of Congress, it might be well to call their attention to this subject, and urge upon them the importance of taking action in the matter.

The Senate remained in session long enough for

us to become acquainted with the new senators, and then we separated. During that long vacation of eight months, we pages, like the senators, scattered ourselves over the entire country, one going to California and another to Maine. We indulged in the ordinary juvenile delights; but, although we had a grand time, we were only too happy when the first of December came around and both Houses again convened.

There was nothing unusual about the proceedings of the Senate on the opening day. So I went over to the House of Representatives. This was the beginning of the first regular session of the Forty-third Congress, and at twelve o'clock the clerk of the last House (there being no Speaker) called the members to order. After a call of the roll, the clerk said:

"Two hundred and eighty-one members having answered to their names, being more than a quorum, the clerk is now ready to receive a motion to proceed to the election of Speaker."

Several members arose and suggested the names of various persons; but every one knew beforehand who would be elected. The Republicans were in the majority, and prior to the meeting of the House, they had come together and held a caucus. A caucus is a secret session of Congressmen all of the same party, in which they talk over the policy of legislation and other matters, and agree to act together. The Republicans of the House, as well as those of the Senate, have frequent caucuses; so also do the Democrats. In this particular caucus, the Republican members of the House had agreed to nominate and vote for James G. Blaine as Speaker. He had been the Speaker of the preceding House. Tellers were appointed, and, as the majority of the House voted for Mr. Blaine, he was declared by the clerk duly elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Forty-third Congress. He was conducted to the chair by two of the members, and made a brief address; whereupon, Mr. Dawes, at the request of the Clerk, administered the oath to the Speaker. Then the Speaker swore in the members in attendance, and after the election of a clerk, sergeant-at-arms, door-keeper, postmaster, and chaplain, the organization of the House was complete. The appointment of committees being the privilege of the Speaker, it required several days for him to make up the list; but, with this exception, the House was ready to begin making laws.

The House having notified the Senate of its organization, there remained but one other interesting feature of the proceedings. Every member naturally wished the best seat in the hall that he could obtain; and as all of them could not be

* "For the time being."

satisfied, the question was determined by a game of chance. The clerk placed in a box as many slips of paper as there were representatives, each bearing the name of a representative, and he then drew these slips from the box one at a time. (The member oldest in continuous service, and also Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, who, on account of his age and infirmity, was "entitled to consideration on the part of the House," were permitted to choose seats before the drawing commenced.) Then all the other members retired beyond the outer row, and each representative, as the slip bearing his name was drawn and called, came forward and selected a seat. It was quite an amusing performance; the law-makers enjoyed the fun fully as much as did the spectators in the gallery; and the countenances of the fortunate members beamed with the smiles of childish joy.

In the Senate, this matter of seats is settled in a different way. At the beginning of every Congress, the newly elected senators choose from among the vacant seats in the order in which each senator notifies Captain Bassett, on the principle of "first come, first served;" and if they do not get satisfactory seats, they "speak" for other seats, in the event of such seats becoming vacant during their term of office. Captain Bassett keeps a record of all these requests in a book, and often the same seat will be spoken for by three or four senators. I remember one senator, who had a seat very desirable on account of its location, who became suddenly ill—so ill that he was not expected to live. Several of the other senators applied for his seat; and, when the senator heard of it, he declared he would not die. And he did not; he even lived to see the seats of these senators who had spoken for his become vacant.

Within a few days both Houses were in running order, and things went on quietly for several months. But on the eleventh of March, 1874, the monotony was broken. My attention on that day was attracted to this unusual language used by the Chaplain of the Senate in his opening prayer:

"We miss some of our number, who are withdrawn from these seats and are lying prostrate with sickness and disease; and especially one who but yesterday came into this Chamber with all the presence of his manly form, but now, when we meet again this morning, lies close to the edge of the dark river."

When the Journal had been read, Senator Sherman moved to adjourn, and the motion was agreed to without a voice being heard, after a session of only nine minutes. Every one whom I met in the Senate, and throughout the building, was silent and sad. I soon ascertained the cause. Senator Sumner was dying! It was hard to realize the sad fact. Only the preceding day he had been in the Senate, apparently in the best of spirits; and I

remember his calling me to him and making some pleasant remarks as he whittled the end of his pen-holder. That pen I have to-day, the last he ever used in the Senate, and probably in the world.

I went to the House of Representatives to get away from the gloom, but found the shadow wherever I went. I remained in the Hall of Representatives until three o'clock, and was just on the point of leaving, when the Speaker arose and in a trembling voice remarked:

"The Chair lays before the House the following telegram this moment received." And then, amid painful silence and suspense, the Clerk read:

"Senator Sumner died at ten minutes before three o'clock."

The effect of the announcement was startling. The vast audience seemed dazed and actually at a loss for breath, and the House at once adjourned. It is needless to describe the sensation produced throughout the city. The news of that death instantly spread like a pall over the country, and caused profound national grief.

The next day the Senate adjourned after passing resolutions in regard to the funeral arrangements, and the House did likewise. On Friday, the thirteenth, the Senate assembled at the usual hour. The desk and chair of the deceased senator were covered with crape, and the walls of the room were heavily draped in mourning. The senators came in noiselessly. The air was oppressive, and the Senate floor and galleries were strangely silent when the Diplomatic Corps arrived, dressed in black, and took the seats prepared for them. Then entered the House of Representatives in a body, the senators standing as the members were being seated; following the representatives came the Supreme Court of the United States, and the President and his Cabinet.

Immediately afterward the Committee of Arrangements was announced. Then came a solemn procession: the casket containing the remains of the dead statesman borne by six officers, and escorted by the Committee of Arrangements of the House and Senate, the pall-bearers and mourners. As the cortege entered, the Chaplain of the Senate, who preceded it, slowly repeated the words:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,—"

All the people rose reverently to their feet and stood, with bowed heads, while the procession moved slowly to the catafalque in front of the Secretary's desk.

After an impressive pause, the religious services were begun by the Chaplain of the House and the Chaplain of the Senate. After they were con-

cluded, the Vice-President *pro tempore* (Senator Carpenter) said:

"The services appointed to be performed by the Committee of Arrangements having terminated, the Senate of the United States intrusts the mortal remains of Charles Sumner to its Sergeant-at-Arms and a Committee appointed by it, charged with the melancholy duty of conveying them to his home, there to be committed earth to earth, in the soil of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Peace to his ashes!"

The procession again formed, and as it left the Chamber the spectators rose, glancing after it with eyes almost obscured by tears. At three o'clock the funeral train, all draped in black, left the railroad station, while the church-bells of the city tolled mournfully.

The ceremonies reminded me of those I had witnessed at the Capitol just a year before. Yet what a contrast! Then the city was in holiday attire, and the nation rejoiced at the beginning of a new Administration. On this occasion the city was shrouded in the emblems of grief. And, as Senator Anthony feelingly said, "the sad intelligence of the death of this great senator had extended beyond the shores of our own country, arousing profound regret and sympathy wherever humanity weeps for a friend, 'wherever liberty deplores an advocate.'"

Upon the death of a senator or representative, it is customary for both Houses to set aside a day for memorial services.* In accordance with this usage, the Senate, on the 27th of April, resolved, "That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of Charles Sumner, long a senator from Massachusetts, business be now suspended, that the friends and associates of the deceased may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues." The House, on the same day, "in sympathy with the action of the Senate," adopted a similar resolution.

I need not dwell upon what was said. Partisan animosities were forgotten, and men of opposite political faiths vied with one another in eulogizing the life and character of the dead senator. The demonstration in Congress was but one of many held throughout the country. At last, every one was able to look calmly and dispassionately upon the deeds of the great senator, and estimate them at their worth. But it had not been so during his career. His independence and fearlessness of thought and action had aroused the fury of all parties; and partisan hate is almost implacable. When Charles Sumner entered upon his duties as a senator, he was treated by his adversaries in the Senate in a manner which violated all the courtesies of that body. He died — respected by all, one of the foremost statesmen of the age.

It is not the design nor province of these papers

to criticise political factions or their principles. Parties, like the men composing them, are necessarily fallible; they have their virtues — they have also imperfections. Good, upright citizens entertain opposite political views; and the man of honest convictions, with the courage to express them, — although *we* may think them erroneous, — is always entitled to our respect.

But a politician is one thing — a statesman is another. The former will *favor any party* in order to gain personal advantage; the latter will *oppose all parties* in the maintenance of what he conceives to be right. And it was because Charles Sumner was a statesman, that honorable men of all shades of opinion joined in honoring his memory by testifying to the purity of his motives and the exalted dignity of his life. The sincerity of his convictions none could question; and those familiar with the perils and the opposition he had encountered in their utterance best understood the moral grandeur of his character.

I can not enter into a detailed account of his senatorial life. It is sure to be found in any complete history of his country. I will only say that his first great speech in the Senate, delivered in August, 1852, contained this noble declaration, which was true of his entire public life:

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN A POLITICIAN. THE SLAVE OF PRINCIPLES, I CALL NO PARTY MASTER."

He lived to see the triumph of the principles which he was then advocating in the face of most bitter opposition; and the tribute paid to his memory by his friend and associate, Senator Anthony, was as just as it was eloquent. "His eulogy is his life; his epitaph is the general grief; his monument, builded by his own hands, is the eternal statutes of freedom."

A friend of humanity, his policy was peace, and the settlement of disputes between nations by arbitration instead of by war was one of his fondest dreams. Possessed of such benignant sentiments, on December 2, 1872, he introduced a bill which he requested to have "read in full for information." I shall give it here; for to carry it to the desk was one of my first acts as a page. It was as follows:

"A Bill to regulate the *Army Register* and the Regimental Colors of the United States.

"WHEREAS, the national amity and good-will among fellow-citizens can be assured only through oblivion of past differences, and it is contrary to the usage of civilized nations to perpetuate the memory of civil war: THEREFORE,

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the names of battles with fellow-citizens shall not be continued in the *Army Register* or placed on the regimental colors of the United States."

The bill was ordered to be printed, and that was the end of its pilgrimage in Congress. It

* Upon the termination of the exercises, it is also usual, as a further mark of respect, to adjourn for the day.

never became a law. But it was discussed elsewhere! The Legislature of Massachusetts heard of it with deepest indignation. The act of Senator Sumner was stigmatized as "an attempt to degrade the loyal soldiery of the Union and their grand achievements"; and a resolution of censure was introduced and passed by the legislature of the State which had made him its senator. The men who voted for it could not have known their senator well. His whole life was a contradiction of the charge.

The resolution of censure was an injustice, which would have provoked some men to wrath. But with Mr. Sumner it occasioned not anger but grief. He had served his State for more than twenty years; and it had stood proudly by him in all his efforts. That it should now, after his long and faithful career, misinterpret his motives, and seem to brand him with reproach, was perhaps the saddest blow he had ever sustained. The effect upon him was visible not only to friends but to strangers. His manner betrayed how it bore upon his mind. Yet that session wore away and December appeared, and the senator was again found at

his seat on the opening day, this time to introduce his famous Civil Rights Bill—the first bill of the session. But, as the days slipped by, his face was less frequently seen in the Senate. December, January, February passed—his visits were few and brief.

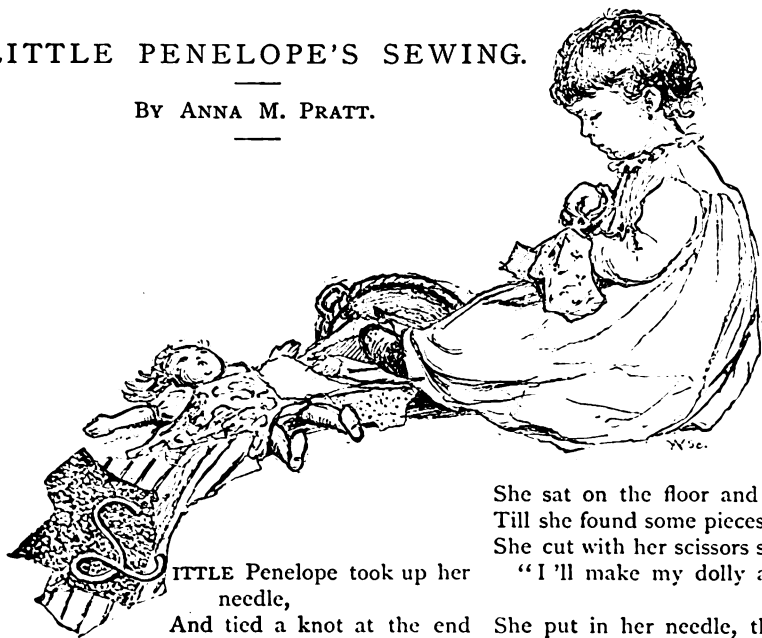
On the 10th of March, however, he was in attendance. I remember it well. I had not seen him for quite a while, and he called me to his desk. I thought he looked more cheerful than usual, and I asked after his health. As he whittled a pen, he smilingly chatted with me, and stated that he had come to the Senate to hear pleasant news. He had scarcely made the remark, when Senator Boutwell, his colleague, arose and sent up to the clerk's desk to be read a resolution of the Massachusetts Legislature. As the clerk proceeded, all eyes turned upon Senator Sumner who was eagerly listening. It was a resolution rescinding the vote of censure! Within a few moments after the reading, the senator left the Chamber, and, as I parted from him at the door, he shook hands kindly, and said: "Good-bye!"

Those were his last words to me. The next day he was dead!

(To be continued.)

LITTLE PENELOPE'S SEWING.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.



LITTLE Penelope took up her needle,
And tied a knot at the end
of her thread;
And when she had found her thimble
finger,
"Now I must learn to sew," she said.

She sat on the floor and tipped over the basket
Till she found some pieces, blue, yellow, and red;
She cut with her scissors some criss-cross patches.
"I'll make my dolly a quilt," she said.

She put in her needle, this way and that way:
She pushed and she pulled till her fingers bled;
And when she had twisted, and puckered and
knotted,—
"My doll has a crazy quilt!" she said.

A SYMPATHETIC TIME-PIECE.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

I.

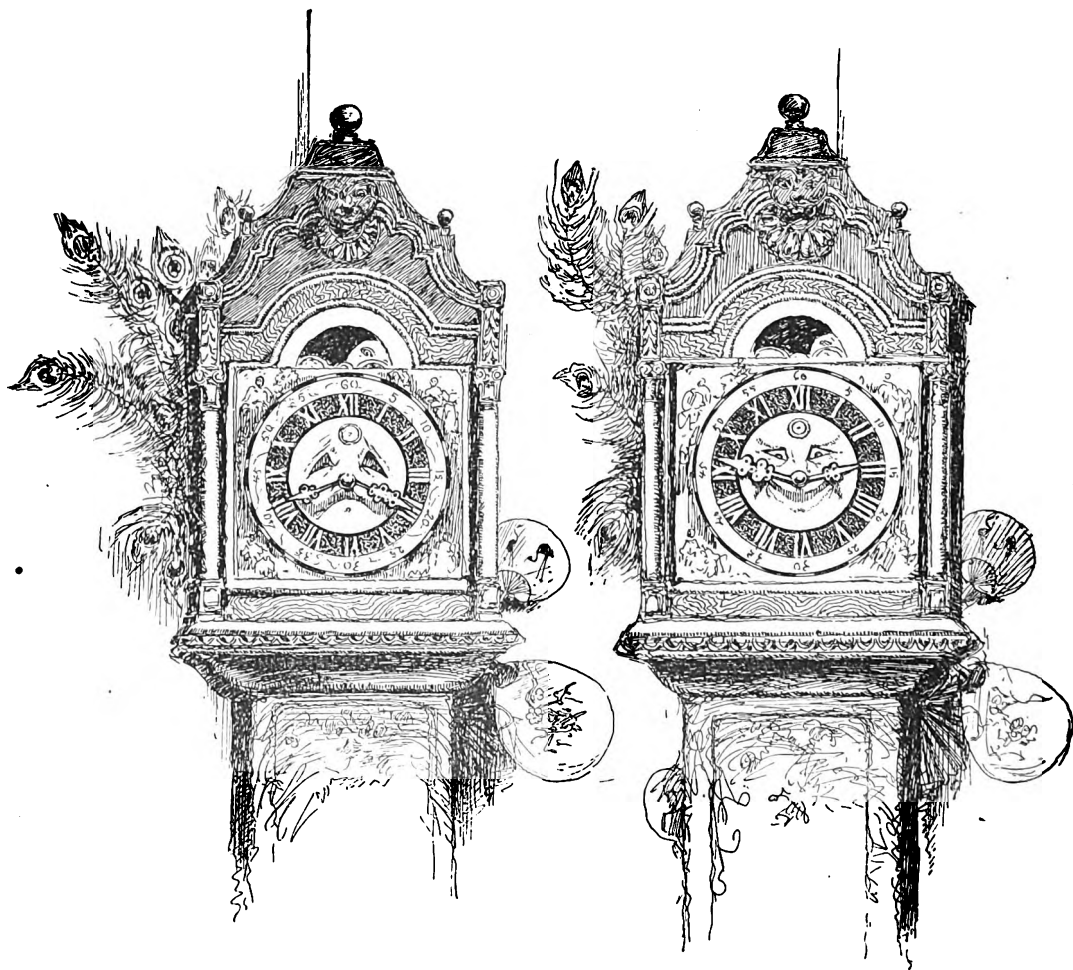
BREAKFAST was over; little Nan,
 Home-loving and sweet-hearted,
 With school-books, bag, and slate in hand,
 Glanced clockward ere she started.

"Oh, see!" she said. "The poor old clock
 Is sorry time is flying,
 The corners of his mouth turn down,
 As if he felt like crying!"

II.

Perhaps he missed the little girl,
 Her ringing song and laughter,—
 For certainly his face was changed
 To greet her, hours after.

Just as she entered, fresh from school,
 Her voice all care beguiling,
 The corners of his mouth turned up,—
 The dear old clock was smiling!



WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. No. XIV.

A HOUSE OF STRING.

BY MARGARET MEREDITH.



I AM going to tell you about one of the prettiest little houses that children ever had.

My brother and I wanted a house. We had once had a wigwam of cut boughs, where we could live all day and give parties; but nobody volunteered to make us another, so we planned a house that we could make for ourselves, and that you can make for yourselves. He was eleven and I was thirteen.

The only indispensable requisites are two or three large balls of strong string (strong cotton string will do), a quantity of morning-glory seed, a few tacks and small nails, some hempen cord or rope, and the use of spade, garden-fork, trowel, scissors, a penknife, an old table-knife, a tape-line, and perhaps a yard-stick, wheelbarrow, watering-pot, and

a little step-ladder. But it is all important for the existence of this house that at no time in the summer are cows or horses to be let in upon it.

The plan grew as we worked, but I will give it to you complete.

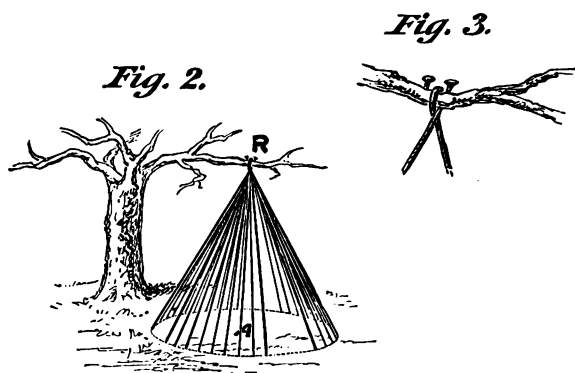
The first thing to do, after getting the morning-glory seeds, is to plant some in a box in the house, early in April or as soon after that as possible — unless it is already warm weather in May, and time to plant corn; if so, plant them out-of-doors, according to directions, which will be given further on.

We found in a far-off corner of the yard, a tree, the lower boughs of which spread out horizontally eight or ten feet from the ground. The central peak of our main building was to be fastened on a firm part

of a bough, immovable even in wind-storms, and at least six feet from the trunk (see R, Fig. 2). We found such a point, where also a lesser, but stout, long bough, branched out sideways (*b a G*, Fig. 16), because we wanted it for the ridge-pole of a square wing-room; but that is not positively necessary. Lest there might be difficulty in remember-

making a door-space thirty inches wide. By measuring from B to one side of this door, we got our radius, and laid out this second circle, marking it out with sticks as before, except across the door-space (see Fig. 5).

To mark out the square room ground-plan, we chose point G, Fig. 16, drove in two tacks, and



ing this point, or in keeping the strings from slipping when they were put over it, we drove in there two big tacks, about an inch apart, to make all safe (see Fig. 3).

The next thing was to lay out the ground-plan. From R (Fig. 2), the chosen point of the bough, a

plummet (a stone tied to a string) was dropped, to find our floor-center,

A; from which, with a string five feet long, we laid out a circle, marking it closely with sticks stuck in the ground (see Fig. 4).

We found another good point, on a bough (T, Fig. 13, 14, or 15), at which to fasten the peak of our second, smaller, circular room, and drove in there a second pair of tacks. Between these two tack-marked points on the boughs (see R and T, Fig. 13), we stretched a large hemp cord very tight and fastened it, nailing it firm when tying proved not sufficient. Dropping the plummet from T, we found our second center, B (Fig. 5). Drawing a straight line between A and B, we marked *e* on the big circle, and pulled up the row of sticks for fifteen inches on each side of *e*,

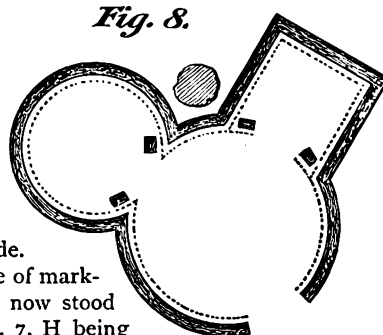
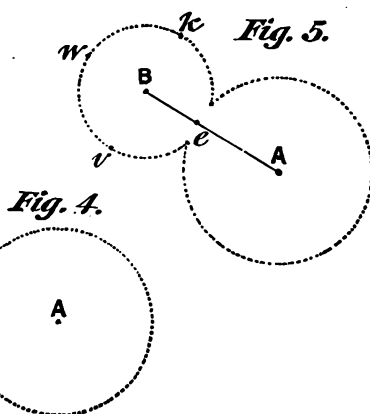
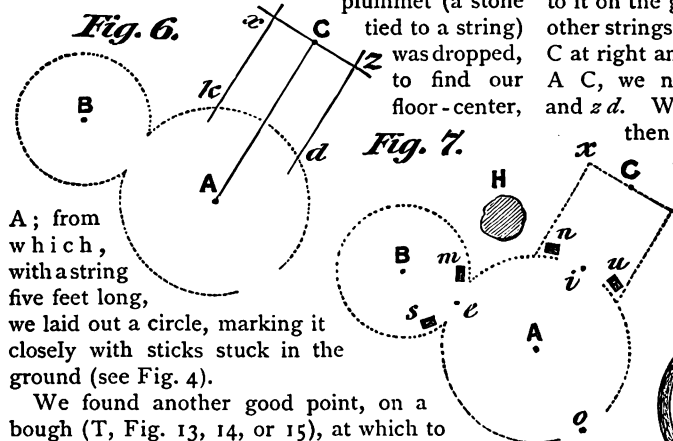
dropped a plummet to find C, the middle point of its back-wall ground-line. From C to A, the floor-center of the main building, we stretched a string along the ground (A C, Fig. 6), fastening it at the ends, for the moment, with sticks. About two and one-half feet from this string, and parallel to it on the ground, we stretched and fastened two other strings, *kx* and *dz*, and another, *xz*, through C at right angles with them. Taking away string A C, we now had the three sides, *kx*, *xz*, and *zd*. We marked them out with sticks, and then took away the strings. We made another thirty-inch door-space at *i* (Fig. 7).

Also at *o*, about opposite the tree trunk, we made a door-space

thirty-six inches wide.

Our line of marking sticks now stood as in Fig. 7, H being the tree trunk.

The shape of our tree decided somewhat the plan of our house, and the plan of yours may be settled likewise; but the remaining directions can prob-



ably be followed very closely. Two inches outside of the row of sticks, mark another line all around by cutting through the sod, and eight inches beyond that still another. (Sharpen your knife on any stone if it does not cut the sod easily.) Then take spade and trowel and remove the sod entirely from between these two outer lines, carefully squaring at each side of the front door space the ends of this long winding flower-bed,—or vine-bed, as we now may call it (see Fig. 8); also, at each of the four square dots, *s*, *m*, *n*, *u*, Fig. 7, inside the doors of the lesser rooms, cut out a patch of sod about eight inches long and six inches wide; the shape of the walls making these little beds necessary, as you will find out when the vines grow up.

Now spade up your beds, and fill them with some rich earth and whatever fertilizer the gardener advises, used in just the quantity and way that he advises. This is the stage at which seeds should be planted. (See directions, page 547.)

Next get about one hundred small, strong, forked sticks, one end of the fork being perhaps six inches long, and the other only one or two. The

bough between the tacks at R, letting the knot come underneath. Then extend the string to the first pebble, *c*, on the side of door-space *e*, wind it securely around the fork placed at that point, but without cutting it, and then let it be put first under the bough and then over (see Fig. 3) at R, between the tacks again; then extend it to the first pebble, *s* (of Fig. 9), on the side of door-space *i*, fork it in, hand it up again, let it be put over the bough in the same place, always crossing underneath in the same way; fork it in at pebble *v*, put it over the bough again; then to pebble *z*, and so on till you complete this small section of wall between the two doors. Now, with a pin, fasten your string to the mass of strings on the bough; you would better not cut it, especially as you must find out, by experimenting on this small section of wall, how tightly to pull the upright strings. They will answer for a wall if left straight as they are, and, being double, will be quite strong (see Fig. 10). Fig. 10 and Fig. 11 have only one door each, that you may better see the styles of wall; but, tied together, two and two alternately, into diamonds, as shown in Fig.

Fig. 8½



longer end may need to be sharpened a little. These sticks when driven into the ground are for fastening the strings of the walls to, as explained later. Study out what sort will best answer, and be patient in selecting the best. Long hair-pins might be made to answer. Make the main building first. Lay pebbles or some such easy markers, six inches apart, around the big circle, except in the door-spaces. A trifling increasing or lessening of the door-spaces will make the pebbles come evenly. (See Fig. 9.) (You need not regard the number of dots or strings in any of these diagrams. They vary, and are necessarily less than they need be in the house. But pay attention to the *measurements* here given.)

Now stand upon a step-ladder or chair, or, if there are two of you, one may be able to sit upon the bough itself and tie the end of the string over the

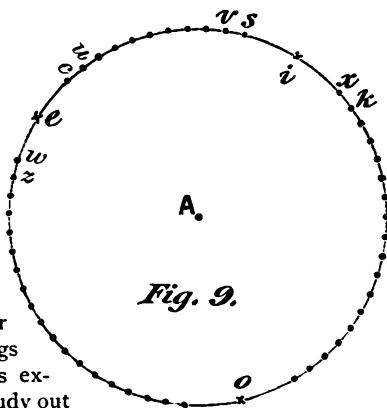
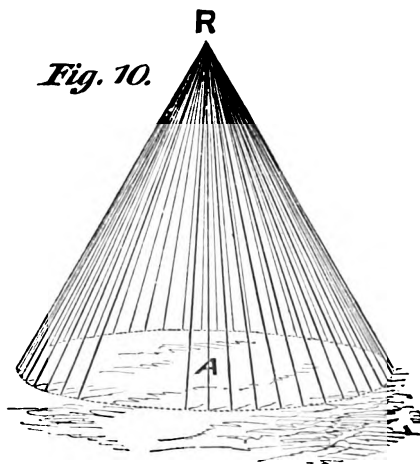


Fig. 10.



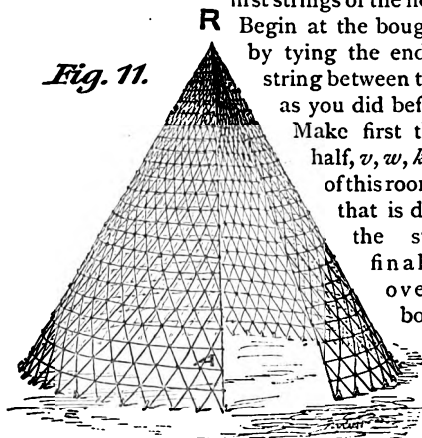
11, the strings make a much firmer and much prettier house. If you mean to tie yours so, the upright strings will need to be pulled less tightly than if they were to be left straight. Try the tying upon this section (using one of the other balls of cord) till you learn how to do it and just how tight to make the upright strings. Don't begrudge altering this little piece of wall till you get it right. If you can not understand by Fig. 12 how to do the tying, your mother can explain it to you. Make the first tying seven inches above the ground, the next one seven inches above that, and so up, as near to the peak as is possible. Do not by any means draw your tying-string too tightly between

the tyings, or the sides of the doors will sag out and the wall itself will sag in.

When the small section is finished, extend your string, which was left pinned, down to pebble *w* (Fig. 9), up again to *R*, then down to pebble *x*, up again, then down to pebble *z*, then up, then to pebble *k*, and so on till you have made the last upright, tied the string, and cut it off; having been very careful all the time to pull it only as tightly as you found by your experimenting would be right.

When the main building is finished, lay your pebble markers around the small circle, letting the side strings of the door *e*, now in place, be the first strings of the new room.

R Begin at the bough, at *T*, by tying the end of your string between the tacks, as you did before at *R*. Make first the outer half, *v, w, k* (Fig. 5), of this room. When that is done, and the string is finally put over the bough at *T*, carry it out along



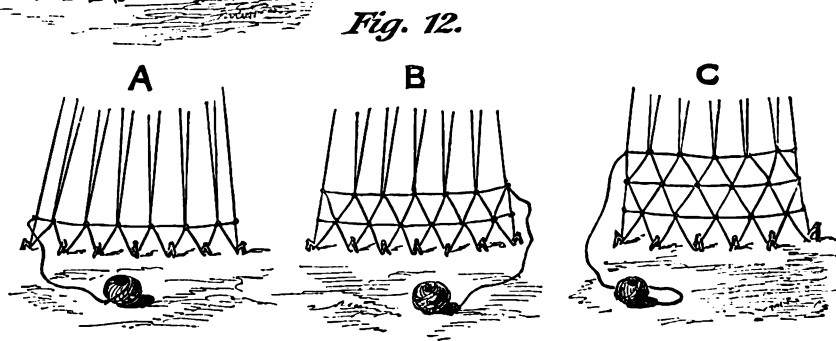
time, and extending strings to the ground; forking all these strings into the two last intervals, at each side of the door (see dotted lines, Fig. 15).

For the square room (Fig. 16), in placing the pebble markers, begin at the two back corners, *x* and *z*, Fig. 7, and arrange the pebbles proportionately in *x, C, z*, by altering their distances apart, if necessary, but not by altering the corners; then place them from *x* and *z*, along the two sides, 6 inches apart, not caring as to the distance of the last ones from the main building walls.

The strings of the back wall of the square room, Fig. 17, all pass over the bough above at *G* (Fig. 16 or 18), between the tacks. Tie your string there, extend it down to *u*, Fig. 17, then up, then to *v*, then up, then to *x*, and so on. When the back wall is done and the string has been finally put over the bough, carry it along the bough 6 inches and tie, then down to the first pebble of one side, then up, then down on the other side, and so proceed (Fig. 18 or 16), as was done in the part last made of the small circular room, until this square room is finished.

If you wish a square room, and have no bough suitable for a ridge-pole, you can doubtless stretch a hempen cord or rope from *R* to some bough, or wall, or post, so as to answer for one. It improves the house greatly to break, in some such way, the sameness of its architecture.

When the whole house is made, and the dia-



the hempen cord and tie it to the cord at a point *u*, six inches from *T* (see Fig. 13). Then extend it down to the next pebble on one side, *g* (Fig. 14), fork it in, and carry it back over the hempen cord at the same point, *u*, to the corresponding pebble, *u*, on the other side; then carry it up and tie it at the same point, *u*. If this puzzles you, have some one show you how to tie it so as to hold in place the two double strings which meet here. Then go six inches further out along the hempen cord to *m*, and tie; and then down—and so on till all the pebble places are used up. Continue going out along the hempen cord six inches at a

time, and extending strings to the ground; forking all these strings into the two last intervals, at each side of the door (see dotted lines, Fig. 15). monds tied, one stout string very tightly drawn should be put at the sides of each door, passing, crossed like the others, over the bough above, between the tacks, and fastened very firmly in the ground, as close to the original side strings as possible. Rope would be even better than string, especially for the front door; or perhaps two fishing rods, if you do not mind the expense. To these new lintels tie or secure the original sides of the doors, in some neat way, (*e. g.* Fig. 19.) Finally, lace a string across the top of each door (as a shoe is laced) for a short distance (see Fig. 19), making the door six and a half feet high.

Fig. 13.

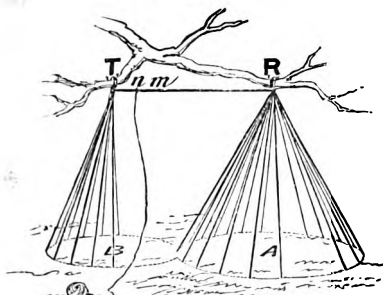


Fig. 14.

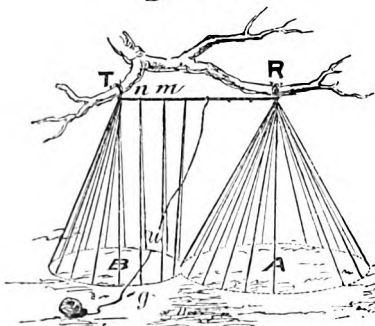


Fig. 15.

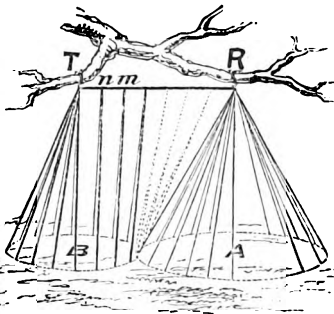
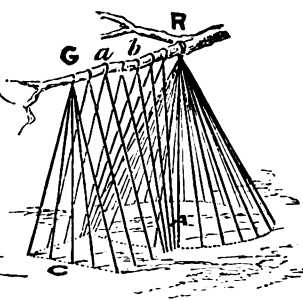


Fig. 16.



Now, if you have some morning-glory vines ready, transplant them into the vine-beds.

There are three ways in which you can raise your vines:

1st—To plant them some time beforehand in a box in the house, for transplanting.

2d—To plant them as early as possible out-of-doors for transplanting.

3d—To plant them in their permanent places in the vine-beds.

The first would be the best way for all the vines, if you could raise so many in the house, but you will need about three hundred and sixty. Raise as many as you can in this way. The third way would be next best, if your vine-beds are ready at early corn-planting time. The second will probably be your main dependence. Proceed as follows:

Dig up a soft, rich patch of ground, and plant your seeds in rows (for ease in transplanting) three or four inches apart, the seeds being about an inch apart in the rows, and an inch deep in the ground. (You can put them closer if your patch is small, but do not if you can help it.) You may find it best to use all three methods; but whatever you do, raise a good many by the second, to supply deficiencies and accidents as the season goes on.

Do not transplant vines into the vine-beds till the string-work is entirely done. They are much better off where they are, and would be dreadfully in your

way while you are at work on the walls; but seeds, if any are to be planted in the vine-beds, should, as I said, be planted as soon as the beds are ready, if it is not too early in the season.

Plant either seeds or plants two inches apart, along all the long bed, near the inner edge, and lengthwise of each of the four small beds near the edges toward the main building. Or it may be better to plant them in two rows, four inches apart (see Fig. 20), so as to give more room to each one. In transplanting, do not expect absolute accuracy in the positions of the plants; the main thing is

to put in the delicate plants safely. If one turns out to be five inches from the last, try to put the next one 3 inches from it, so as to make the right number of vines for the wall. A crookedness of line in the outer row of plants will show more than any other unevenness, but nothing of this sort matters much compared with setting them out safely.

Fig. 17.

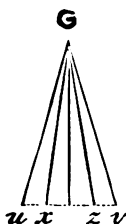
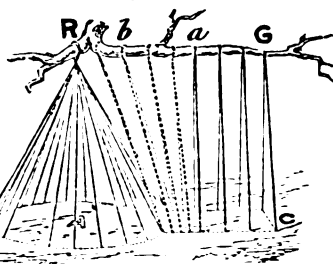


Fig. 18.



If your plants for transplanting vary in size and promise, put the best ones at somewhat regular intervals. If you plant some seeds and some plants in the vine-bed, plant the inner row (Fig. 20) in seeds and the outer row in plants, each at its proper season. Use your judgment, however, and try to make the vines equally thick and good around all parts of the walls. If you have a good place and no empty place for it, pull up a puny

one and substitute the strong one for it. If any plants die, try to replace them. Slips of honeysuckle may also be planted if you hope to make in time a permanent house.

diamond of the string-work of the wall kept uncovered in training the vines would be better (see page 543). You can mark it off at first by a red thread wrapped around the outer string (see Fig. 21).

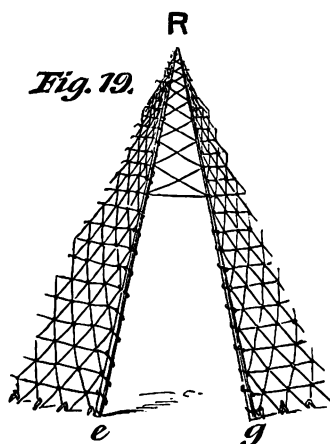


Fig. 21.

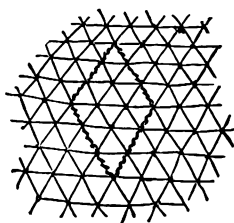
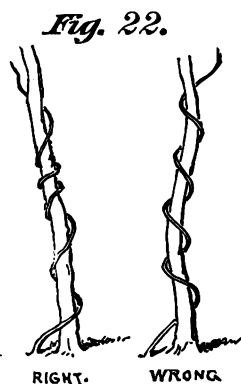


Fig. 20.



In transplanting, take up the plants with as much earth as you can around the roots, and press the earth close and hard around them after they are planted.

Whatever you plant, be they seeds or vines, water when planted and also late every afternoon, unless it rains, especially for the first week or two. If you have no watering-pot take a tin can and punch a number of holes in the bottom of it with a small nail, and pour on the water through this till the plants grow strong enough to stand rougher treatment; or pay the tinman ten

cents for a watering-pot nozzle to fit on the spout of some old leaky coffee-pot. Leaking will not matter much, but if the holes are too large, stop them up with pieces of string pulled through, or with lumps of warm wax pressed on inside.

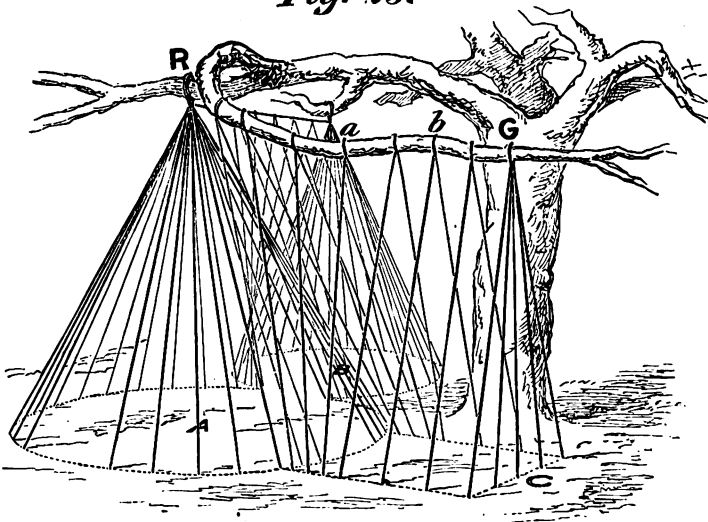
Our house had elaborate plans for a window: a pane of glass figured with white paint; but a large

Our small rooms had no windows; we wished them as shady as possible.

As the vines grow, train them carefully every day; tying them when twining will not answer. Twine them always in the same direction in which

you find them growing (see Fig. 22). Vines resist being twined in a direction different from their natural one, so decidedly as even to untwine themselves and start afresh. Aim to twine them smoothly up the sides of the doors, and to cover the walls with them, leaving the window uncovered and neatly shaped out in the midst of the

Fig. 23.



green leaves. If one part of the wall seems to be getting thicker than another, train one or two of its vines smoothly across into the thin place, and sometimes even backward and forward over it, if it is very thin and no vines are coming up from below to cover it. When you first change the position of a vine, the leaves may look upside down and

crooked, but they will come right very soon. If a spray or a leaf continues withered for two or three days, for any other cause than lack of watering, cut it off; it only does harm.

You will need a great many seeds. Remember that there are white, purple, crimson, and pink morning-glories, and try to choose your colors. If half at least are white, the house will look brighter. Don't trouble yourselves to keep the plants of different colors separate for transplanting, but mix the seeds, in about the proportion you fancy. Chance patches all of one color here and there on the walls will do no harm.

I have made these directions precise, knowing that thus your difficulties may be lessened; but of course a hundred irregularities might occur, and many certainly will, unless you are too old and wise to need a play-house; but the fun will be all the same, and only very sharp eyes can see the defects, under the vines.

The seats in our house were logs, except a borrowed chair or two on occasions. A rustic table

was to be our crowning ornament, but proved to be beyond our skill. There were also to be *portières* in the small doors. Four yards of red calico known as turkey-red would make two "gorgeous" curtains.

We like, even now, to recall the delight of our house of string; and we enjoyed every minute of its building. The grown people surely should favor such an enterprise as this, and be willing to help it along and give the needed explanations now and then, for it is no mean summer school for practical mathematics and engineering, with many other useful lessons thrown in.

A grave old gentleman, who was visiting the family, in wandering round the grounds early one morning, came across our completed structure, before the vines had grown much, standing fresh and white in the dew, like a great fantastic cobweb. He went into such raptures over the "Fairy Palace" that we were covered with confusion and blushes, while he made the whole tableful go out on a pilgrimage to see it.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SING a song of April, sing —
 April is the Baby Spring! —
 Crying, pouting, — see him frown;
 See the tear-drops trickle down
 Till his little sister, *May*,
 Tripping up so blithe and gay,
 Shakes her daisies in his face,
 Fills with sunshine all the place,
 Ticks him with rustling grasses,
 As she, softly laughing, passes —
 Shakes him, saying, "Little brother,
 You must now your sobbing smother;
 You must brush your tears away.
 Come and play, come and play!
 Come and dance with sister May.
 Chase away the rainy weather;
 Come and let us play together!"

This is the way matters seem to Maria J. Hammond of Baltimore, — who wrote the lines for you, my chicks, — and I do believe she knows. Somehow, the moment folks begin to feel and write poetry, they get behind the almanac and into the heart of things.

A POLITE MULE.

DEAR JACK: Once, when I was sent to the ice-house to get some ice, I saw two mules that belonged to a man who also was getting ice. These mules were hitched to the fence near a low apple-tree, and the mule that was nearest the tree put his head through the fence and managed to get an apple into his mouth. But he did not eat it right up, as many boys and girls would, — no! he held that apple in his teeth and drew his head back again through the fence, and then actually let the other mule take a bite of the fruit! I saw

this myself, and it was real nice to see the satisfied air of the generous mule as he ate the rest of his apple. Your little friend,
 FRANK D. P.

A CANNIBAL DAISY-BUG.

ORANGE, Jan. 20, 1885.

DEAR JACK: You ask in the January number if any one has seen a cannibal ant. I have seen a cannibal daisy-bug in the act of eating his companion. I took two of the tiny bugs (about the size of the point of a pin) that are found in great numbers on the common field-daisy, and put them under my microscope. In doing so, I accidentally killed one, and presently I saw the living one begin to eat the dead one. He seemed to suck the juices from the body, because the parts became transparent; and he would shake it as a dog shakes a rat.

I should like to belong to the Agassiz Association, but there is no Chapter near me, I think.

Your constant reader,
 FRED. K. W.

Why not start a Chapter yourself, Master Fred.?

FIFTEEN OWNERS WANTED.

(An offer from Deacon Green.)

MY good friend, Mr. Dan Beard, bids me show you these fifteen feet, so to speak. He drew every one of them; and now who can name the animals to which they belong? One of them, the dear Little School-ma'am says, cannot be called a foot — but I hold that it belongs to an animal, all the same.

And now Deacon Green sends you this message: He says that the boy or girl who sends him the best set of answers in point of correctness, neatness, brevity, yet naming the owners of these fifteen feet, hoofs, and what-not, shall have a prize!

The prize is to be ST. NICHOLAS sent for one year, with Deacon Green's compliments, either to that clever boy or girl or to any friend that clever he or she may name.

Also, he will send, as second and third prizes, a box of PROTEAN CARDS (OR BOX OF FIFTY GAMES) for the second best, and the STRATFORD GAME OF CHARACTERS AND QUOTATIONS for the third best list.

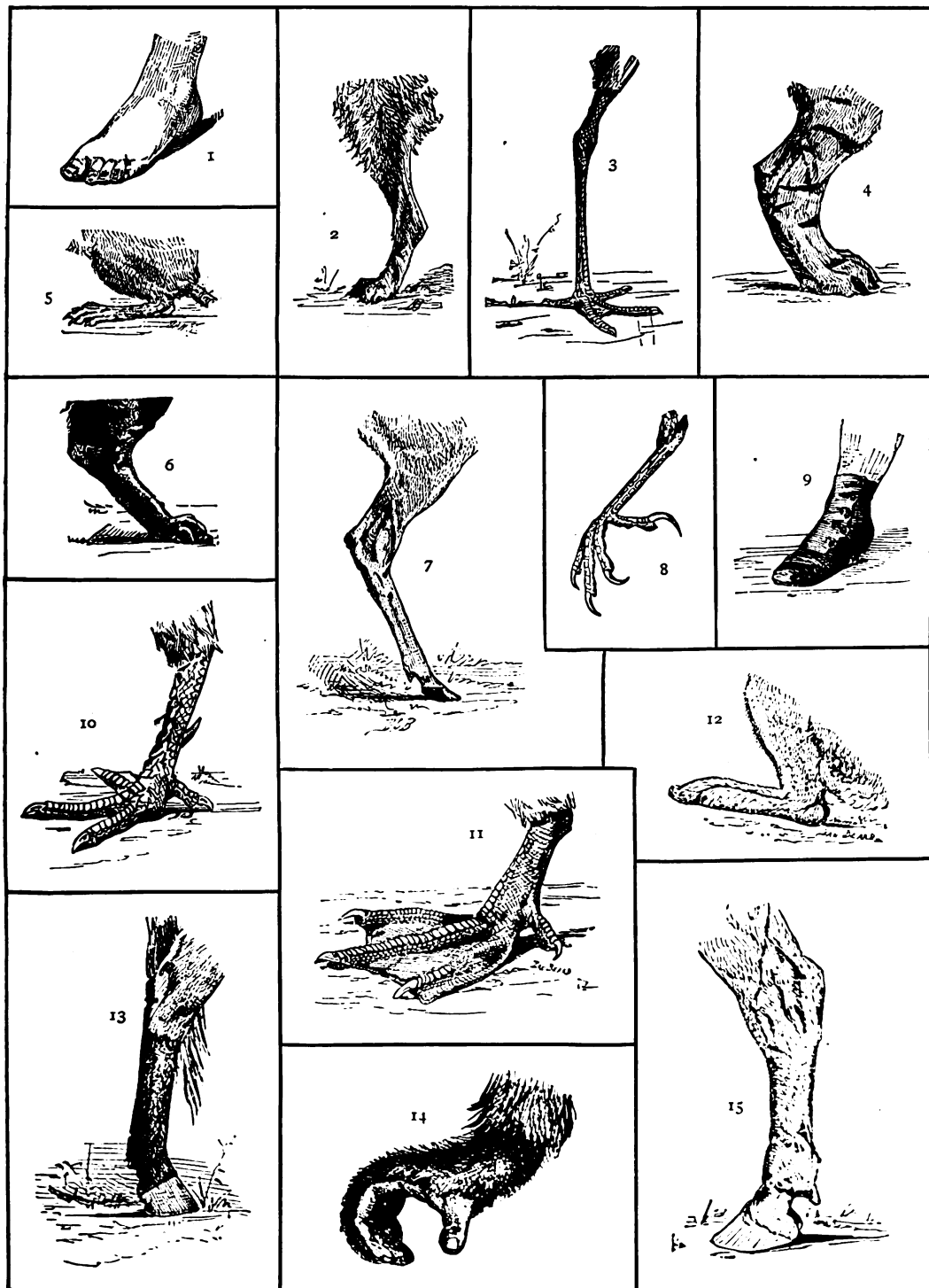
Don't write letters this time. Send, each, a neat list addressed to Silas Green, care of The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York; and let your list be in this fashion (though of course I shall not name them correctly):

- Number 1, Horse,
- " 2, Camel,
- " 3, Rat,
- " 4, Elephant,

and so on to number 15. If you can not name all the fifteen animals, name as many as you can.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

MANY of my young folk have knocked at that Golden-Gate question, and more are knocking. Next month your Jack will open it.



TO WHAT ANIMALS DO THESE BELONG?

HELEN'S FRIENDS.

BY HELEN C. STOCKTON. [AGED 8.]



WHY, Pussy-cat mew,
 How do you do? [going to?
 And where is the place you are
 "I am going upstairs,
 To say my prayers,
 And when I get through,
 I'll come back to you,
 To you, to you."

Oh, Doggie, bow-wow,
 Come, tell me now,
 Where did you hide
 That bone, that bone?
 "By the garden-gate,
 And when it is late,
 I'll eat it alone, alone, alone!"

Dear Birdie pe-weet,
 With voice so sweet,
 Where did you learn
 Your song, your song?
 "Out in the green wood,
 And if you are good,
 I'll take you along, along, along!"

You dear little Mouse,
 Where is your house?
 I'm coming to see you
 Some day, some day.
 "By the closet door,
 You knew it before,
 I wish you to stay away, away;
 I wish you to stay away!"

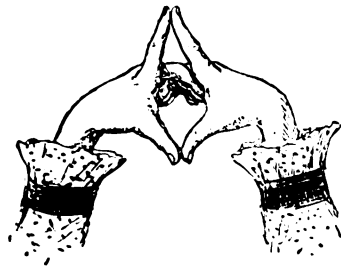
A FINGER PLAY.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.



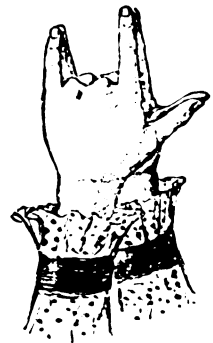
TURN the small hands palm side up,
Lock the fingers stiff as storks;
And, now, what shall we call them, pet?
Why, these are mamma's knives and forks!

Now turn them over, keep them tight,
And drop the wrists, my little Mabel;
Ah, now we have a surface flat,
Which surely must be papa's table!



Now point the two forefingers,—so!
And join the thumbs, my little lass;
What shall we call this oval shape?
I think 't is grandma's looking-glass!

Now point the little fingers, too,
And let the hands rock to and fro;
Ah, here 's a cradle all complete
In which to put our Baby Bo!



EDITORIAL NOTES.

MRS. PIATT'S charming poem, "In Primrose Time," which appears on page 497 of this number, with its sympathetic glimpses of early spring in Ireland, will be appreciated by all the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS. It will show, moreover, that to all classes in that green island across the sea, as also, we hope, to ST. NICHOLAS readers everywhere, the sweet yellow flower of the British Isles, that is so welcome a spring visitor, means much more than it did to that all too practical Mr. Peter Bell in Wordsworth's well-known poem:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Mr. J. J. Piatt sends a letter to the Editor, accompanying Mrs. Piatt's poem, written from Queenstown, the Irish port which all the Atlantic steamers first "speak" on their eastward-bound trips, and the town to which the verses refer. In this he says: "The leaves of the primrose are soft, somewhat flannel-like in texture, and of a

pale-green color (they resemble mullein leaves in texture and color); the flower is of a delicate light yellow. The primrose has always, I suppose, been a favorite early spring flower here. One day last spring it was used all over Great Britain to commemorate the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death. I saw many ladies and gentlemen wearing it on the streets in Cork upon that day, and it was reported that so great was the demand for the flower in London that many orders for supplies were sent to France and Belgium."

Mrs. Piatt's verses, of course, have no reference to any political sentiment associated with the primrose, but only to the "era of good feeling" it seems to bring in, and the delightful new heaven and earth of spring.

As announced last month, we print in this number the story—"Myself, or Another?"—which won the first prize in the recent competition for the best story for girls written by a girl. The story which won the second prize will appear in our next issue.

THE LETTER-BOX.

GREEN COVE SPRING, Florida.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have rheumatism, and have come to Florida from Nova Scotia for the sulphur baths. The water is quite warm, and rushes into the pool from a natural spring at the rate of three thousand gallons a minute. Green Cove is situated on the west bank of the St. John River, the Indian name for which is Welaka, meaning "River of Lakes." A few weeks ago I went up the Ocklawaha River; the name means "crooked waters." The day was not very bright, and we did not see any alligators or snakes, but saw lots of mistletoe, holly, sweet bay trees in bloom, and air plants. In the evening we passed through the cypress gates, where the river is only twenty-three feet wide, just one foot wider than the boat, and the trees meeting overhead form an arch. We reached Silver Spring in the morning; it is seventy feet deep, and you can see down to the bottom, it is so clear. I enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Your faithful little reader, BEATRICE E. K.

SAN MARCOS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just begun to take you and just think you are too good for anything; my father and mother gave you to me for a birthday gift. We live near the San Marcos River; the river is a wonderful one; it is formed from springs that gush out of the rocks and form a river; it is a beautiful river; the water is very clear; you can see the fish and turtles in the water. We always start a rabbit when we are out walking; the woods are very pretty; they are full of pretty birds and mosses. I have just caught a pretty red bird. I am a Galveston boy; we came up here on account of my father's poor health.

Yours truly,

LLOYD COLEMAN Y.

HOUSTON, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but I was afraid I could not write a nice enough letter. But now I thought I would not wait any longer, for I wanted to tell you something so much. That is, that I have every volume of ST. NICHOLAS nicely bound, from the very first volume up to the present time. Some of them were printed before I was born, as I am only ten years old; but after I began taking it, some kind friends gave me the other books. My little sister loves you, too. I belong to such a nice little club, which I thought I would tell you about, for perhaps some of the little readers would like to hear about it. We call it "The History Club." Every week some girls and boys meet together at a lady's house, and she reads or tells us of some historical characters. Just now she is reading us "Tales of a Grandfather," by Scott. When she gets through we all have a good time playing.

One who loves you dearly,

MARGUERITE U.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, January 7, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were all very much pleased to see our letter in your magazine for last March, and we all thank you very much for the kind notice you put in about it.

It is more than a year since we last wrote to you, and since then we were all obliged to leave Bourke, on account of the drought; for eighteen months there was no rain, and as we lived nearly five miles from the township, we had to cart all the water from the river (Darling), as our own dam had dried up.

Father was obliged to turn out twenty valuable horses on the common to take their chance, as they could get water at the river, though the grass was all withered up. We think the poor beasts must have died, as we never heard any more about them. There was a perfect plague of flies, which stung our eyes and made them very sore. We thought our little baby brother would have lost his sight altogether, as his eyes were stung by a fly which poisoned the lids. After suffering a great deal of pain he is quite well now.

Perhaps you would like to hear about our journey down. We started on a Monday in February, Father driving us in a large buggy with four horses. We drove all day long, only resting for dinner. All the roads were covered with dead animals, horses, cattle, sheep, kangaroos, and once we saw a dead emu. From time to time we saw flocks of thin kangaroos and emus. Men were kept at the dams on purpose to remove the sheep as they died on going down to drink, the poor things were so weak. We saw numbers of the dead and dying on the margins of the dams. One man told us that often they had found as many as twenty sheep in the dam after one night, and they dragged them out of the water and burnt them. On many stations they chopped down trees for the poor animals to eat. It was very hot and dusty driving, and often we drove all day without seeing one house. We drove till Thursday, and about noon reached Nyngan, where the Sydney Railway now extends. At half-past one we started in the train and traveled all night, and got to Sydney at seven o'clock on Friday morning. We were all very glad our journey was over. I must tell you that before we left Bourke our pet white cat (which we mentioned in our last letter) was drowned in the well. Father got him out at last, but he had been in the water too long before we knew of it, and was quite dead. We were all so sorry as we were very fond of him.

Our kind grandmama still sends us your magazine. The heat in Bourke was very great—120° in the shade, and we were all very glad to get away.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, we must say good-bye, wishing you a happy New Year. We remain, your loving readers,
BUTTERCUP, DAISY, and VIOLET.

We are glad to hear again from these three young friends, though this second letter shows that even far-off Australia is not out of the reach of misfortune and suffering. Many of our readers will remember with pleasure the interesting letter which "Buttercup, Daisy, and Violet" sent us eighteen months ago, and which was printed in the Letter-Box for March, 1884.

CHICAGO, ILL., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and I have taken you for about six years, and I don't remember ever having read such a funny story as "Davy and the Goblin." Mamma, my sister, and myself pretty near killed ourselves laughing. Sometimes we laughed till we cried.

Hoping you may live forever.

Your little friend,

SUSIE T. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you that we have had orange trees in blossom ever since Christmas day, and now the trees are full—all of them. The perfume from the trees is sickening. There has been ice here but twice this winter. I saw some—a very thin coating—early, two mornings in succession, in my duck-rough, that being the only water that had any ice. No one else has seen any here but myself. Last winter (for you know it was severe North) there was plenty of ice here—the edge of the river was frozen, and thousands of oranges were also lost by the freeze. This winter we have had no such cold, but it has been cool ever since Christmas,—not one warm Florida day a month, and very wet.

But while you at the North are snow and ice bound, we have orange trees in blossom, violets, roses, jasmine (the woods are full of them, beautiful yellow flowers, climbing over tree and shrub), and other flowers continually blossoming.

Your admiring little friend,

F. C. S.

WINDSOR TERRACE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in a little place called Windsor Terrace, between Prospect Park and Greenwood Cemetery.

We went skating this afternoon, and had a splendid time. We have not far to go, only a block, then through a hole in the fence. There is a seat on the lake where we sit to put on our skates. We are each eleven years old. We shall look for our letter in the next ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant readers,

"ROSE and VIOLET."

LONDON, 29 WALWORTH ROAD, Jan., 1885.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and my home is near New York. I left America last May, and crossed the big ocean alone to meet my Papa in Liverpool. There was another little girl in the saloon cabin, and we had nice times together. She went to Paris and I went to London. I am going home in May. I have been to St. Paul's, seen the Tower of London, Madam Tussaud's Wax-works, and we went to Westminster Abbey. I have been in London six months, and never missed getting ST. NICHOLAS. I would like all the little boys and girls to see all the pretty sights I have seen—the Lord Mayor's show, and the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, and the pleasant days I have spent in the Zoological Gardens. I hope you will print this letter, for I shall look for it when my brother sends ST. NICHOLAS to me from New York. I hope ST. NICHOLAS will last till I am a grown-up woman, for I love it so much.

Your little friend,

CLARA V. J. F.

SUFFERN, N. Y., March, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot let this month pass without writing to you. I like your stories very much and I am trying to learn to read as quickly as I can, so as to be able to read the stories to myself. I am sorry the snow is going, as we cannot have any more sleighing.

Your loving reader,

M. V. S.

BALTIMORE, MD.

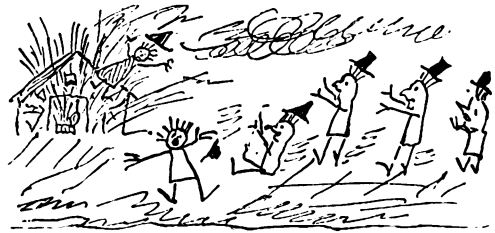
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you as long as I can remember. I believe Mamma took it before I was born; and ever since I could read you, I have been devoted to you. Some friends and I have a club in which we read aloud Dickens' works, and we meet every Saturday. We have no badge, but we call ourselves, "The Dickens Club." I have been reading Dickens all this winter; also two of Sir Walter Scott's novels. From yours truly,

L. D. D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our folks have been amusing themselves this winter by a funny little game; and we think that perhaps some of your other readers might enjoy it too, if they knew it. Each player draws a little picture representing a certain subject and then passes his picture to the next player without letting him or her know what the subject was that he meant to represent. The player receiving the picture writes below it his idea of its meaning, then he folds over the edge to cover what he has written, and passes it to the next player, who does the same, and so on, until the paper containing the drawing and the titles written beneath it returns to the player who made the drawing. Then the artist reads first the real title or sub-

ject of his drawing, and then the titles which the other players have given it. We send you a few of the drawings made by our home folks, which will explain the game to you better than we can. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS, from your loving friends,
GUSSIE, BENNIE and "SKYE."

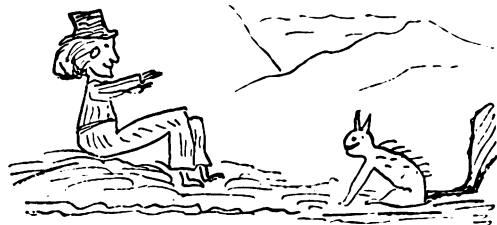


[Subject which the artist really intended to illustrate: *The discovery of gunpowder.*]

The title which Uncle John gave to the picture: "Celebration in honor of the boat-race."

Mamma's title: "Frightful explosion of gas."

Big brother Jack's title: "The effect of Gussie's piano playing."



[Subject which the artist really intended to illustrate: *Whittington and his cat.*]

The title which Papa gave to the picture: "French cook trying to carry out the first direction in the receipt for making jugged hare; —'First catch your hare,' the hare, at the moment of portrayal, having obviously scored a point."

Uncle John's title: "The Lord League defying the British Lion."

Mamma's title: "Wonderful discovery of a new member of the cat family."



[Subject which the artist really intended to illustrate: *The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold.*]

The title which Mamma gave to the picture: "A scene on the Nile. A native watching a crocodile trap from the banks of the river."

Big brother Jack's title: "Pharaoh, having occasion to cross the Nile, makes a short detour to avoid crocodiles."

Uncle John's title: "An Egyptian keeper going to the Nile to feed his pet crocodile, and baby hippopotami."

NEW-YORK CITY, January, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, seven years old. I have a robin, whom we caught a year ago last spring. He was very young, and had fallen out of a tree. We had to feed him on bread and milk with a stick, and he has traveled with us to different places. He plays marbles and tag with me, and scolds me if I rub my fingers on his cage. Yesterday I took all the perches out of his cage to wash them, and he scolded so and made such a noise

that I had to put them back. He has a very fine voice, and sings a great deal. Last spring he got out of his cage, and flew way down the street, but he came back to us, and then again in the summer he got away and returned.

I have a canary, a kitten, and a mocking-bird, but I like my robin best. His name is Rob Roy. By and by I will write you another letter. I am your little friend, J. LEGGETT P.

JUNCTION CITY, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ogden's monument is the center of the United States, just above Fort Riley, and I live within three miles of it, at Junction City. Fort Riley is a six-company post, but it only has three companies of colored soldiers now. It is arranged very nicely. Some nights when we look over the reservation, the grass is on fire and looks very pretty. In the summer we drive over to the fort and see the dress-parade and hear the band play. I like the story about Kansas, in the January number, very much. One of my uncles lives within three miles of Fort Harker. I have seen the sunflowers so high and thick that you cannot see through, nor over them. Junction City is a pretty large town of about 3500 people. We have a nice opera house, which is lighted with gas and warmed with a furnace. We all had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year and hope you had the same.

Yours, truly,

BERTHA R.

MADISON, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live far out in the country, and our nearest neighbor lives a quarter of a mile away. I live on a large Southern plantation. Our house is called Annandale, and is very large; it has galleries all around it, both up stairs and down.

I wonder what some of your readers will say when I tell you that we gathered from our flower garden a beautiful bouquet of roses on the 17th of December, and among them were some lovely Marshal Niel buds.

My brother and I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since the first number was published. I was a tiny girl then, too small to enjoy it, but since I have grown larger I have read all the back numbers. We have them all bound. I have a good many pets, one of which is a little colt named "Rob Roy," who is very gentle, and when I hold the baby on his back he will trot all around the yard.

We live seven miles from the post-office, and of course my brother and I are always very anxious to read the ST. NICHOLAS as soon as it comes; little Maimie is also very fond of having the pictures shown to her.

Hoping that I have not tired the readers with this letter,

I am ever your devoted reader, HELEN J. HARRIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your interesting pages again and again, and as I am going to get another bound volume of you this year, I thought I would like to tell you about a little pet I have. I am eleven years old, and live in San Francisco. I have been in the country for over six months, and am afraid I shall fall behind in my studies when I go to school after the holidays, but I am going to try to keep up. I have a pretty little Italian hound, named Gyp, a little bigger than a large cat. I am very fond of him, and he returns my affection, following me wherever I go, if I will allow him. One Sunday he followed me to church (the little country church not far from our hotel), and just as the clergyman was going to give out the text for the sermon, I saw the little black form of my pet marching up the aisle. You can imagine how mortified I was when he deliberately walked up in the chancel and stood beside the preacher, looking all over the church. Suddenly he espied Mamma and myself, and instantly rushed down to us. Oh! I wished the floor would open and let me down under it when I was obliged to take the culprit down, with a hundred eyes upon me. I took him home, and then came back to the church; and though Gyp tried many times after to follow me to church, he was always successfully stopped before he reached the church door. Perhaps this seems an almost incredible story, but "naughty little Gypie" is sitting now in the yard, and his little mistress is really writing you this letter, and we will both thank you very much if you will publish this in your "Letter-box." Your devoted little reader, GRACE.

We must heartily thank the young friends whose names appear in the following list, for their kind letters, which we have not room to print: Lizzie D. L., Lula Brown, Susie and Beckie Cadwallader, A. P. Thomson, Fannie Mason, Grace Gaffney, Frances Bartow, M. L. Nolan, Margaret McNamara, Mabel Burnett, Maud M. M., Laurie, Claudine Bishop, Venice James, Jenny R. K., Beatrice M., Arthur N. Starin, E. and J., Gertie C. R., Lucy Warren, Arthur L. Samuels, Eva Brantly, Melville F., Mary P. B., A. W. R., A. B. Linch, Blanche Owen, Bel M. P., Angelica G., May F. T., Harold Smith, Eddie Billheimer, Nina and May, J. N. D., Margaret M., Altie and Neva Foster, Charlie Hodel, Walter S. H., Fannie Shumway, Alice Threy, L., X. Y. Z., "Three Girls of Sunny Kansas," Alex. Douglas, Mabel Connor, Mabel Claire, Jessie C. Russell, Nellie M. H., Sallie N. Cleghorn, Carl G., Bessie B. R., George A. Acken, Godfrey Pretz, K. A. W., Bettie Moremen, Annie Louise Denison, Ella Maude F., Mamie and Renate Ruehrmund, Edith L. Fawcett, Lily Wells, Bessie and Nellie, Daisy Pocy.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FIFTIETH REPORT.

"PAPA," said a little three-year-old a few days since, "let baby smell the yellow daffodil. Now let him listen to it with his ear."

"Does the daffodil say anything to you, darling?" the father asked.

"Yes, Papa, it says 'The Spring is coming!'"

And now, not the yellow daffodil alone, but the coltsfoot shining in its sunny corner by the brook, the arbutus peeping from the edge of each lichen-covered rock; the furry-stemmed hepaticus, and the glorious company of apple-blossoms, all are singing to us, "The Spring has come."

Each year we listen more eagerly for the first song of the blue-bird, and we even share the woodman's pleasure in noting the first comfortable voyage of the noisy crow, as he floats through the hazy air croaking in hoarse good nature his early prophecy of spring.

Now all the Agassiz Association is out-of-doors. Field-meetings and excursions are the order of the month, and on April 28, when the birthday of Louis Agassiz shall come again, nearly every Chapter will observe that Tuesday in the wood or by the shore.

FOR OUR CHEMISTS.

THE successful study of Botany and Mineralogy requires some familiarity with the elements and their compounds, and is greatly facilitated by an acquaintance with Chemistry, so that the assist-

ance of the gentlemen whose addresses were given last month will doubtless be sought not only by those who are exclusively devoted to Chemistry, but also by those who feel the need of some chemical knowledge to aid them in their work with minerals and plants. We are glad, therefore, to add to the list then given the name of another friend, who writes as follows:

PINE KNOLL, March 2, 1885.

H. H. BALLARD:

MY DEAR SIR: I have been watching the work of the Agassiz Association with a great deal of interest. In the Forty-sixth report, I see that a chemist is asked for. Although chemistry is not my special study, I will gladly render any assistance needed to those who are studying that branch. I am pleased to see there is an interest manifested in that science, and will endeavor to answer all puzzling questions, and also give advice as to the best methods of studying its mysteries to those who will send their letters to me, with stamps for reply. I will also exchange specimens of birds, rocks, shells, plants, etc., etc., from this section of Massachusetts for curiosities from other parts of the country, and give any other aid I can to those who are making a study of Natural History.

Yours truly,

ANDREW NICHOLS, JR.

P. O. Address: Asylum Station, Essex Co., Mass.

IN looking over the files of ST. NICHOLAS, we notice, what from the nature of the case has been unavoidable, that there are still very many Chapters reports of which have never been quoted in the Maga-

zine. We have kept a careful record of these, and shall give each its turn as rapidly as possible, always preferring, however, such reports as are clearly written, well expressed, interesting, suggestive, and short.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

668, *Brooklyn (I)*, has been troubled by two unruly members, and asks what to do about it. Probably most Chapters have had more or less trouble at times from this source. It is generally the result of thoughtlessness rather than of perversity, and if the troubled will have large patience, and if the troublers will stop to think what serious injury they are doing to their Chapter by their inattention, most of the annoyance will cease. In case there should be any member who refuses to conform to the rules, after kind expostulation, his name may be sent to us by the Secretary of the Chapter, or he may be expelled at once. Four earnest members make a better Chapter than six, two of whom are not interested workers. This is a painful subject, and we trust we shall not be compelled to revert to it.

765, *Detroit (G)*. The principal of our school is coming to our next meeting, and we hope to get the teachers interested.—William Warner Bishop, Sec.

(The shoe is usually supposed to be on the other foot!)

618, *Central Village, Conn.* We cleared \$30 from a loan exhibition. With the money we bought seven or eight books, a polyopticon, and a small cabinet. While taking a tramp, we discovered silver indications and garnets.—J. E. Shelden, Sec.

336, *Auburn, N. Y. (B)*, has made a scrap-box. "We made a box so large that twelve cigar boxes fitted in it nicely. We then printed labels, and set apart each box for a different study. We have a room of our own, to which mail may be addressed—13 Aurelius Avenue.—Elmer Kelland, Sec.

670, *Wright's Grove, Ill. (B)*. Last December the drawing-teacher of the Lakeview High School joined us, and since then we have progressed splendidly. For each meeting one writes a sketch of the life of some eminent scientist, while the rest gather notes on his life, and other scientific subjects.—Myron H. M. Hunt, Sec.

355, *N. Adams (A)*. We are feeling very much encouraged. Since our last report we have obtained twenty-four new members. Two have left, so we are thirty-one. Encouraging, is it not? It takes too much time for each member to answer questions, as we have been doing this winter, so we have gone back to the old way of having a few questions and a few essays. We expect to do good work this spring. Four of the new members are teachers. The rest are nearly all from the first year class in the High School, so that we can have a large society when our class is graduated next June.—M. Louise Radlo, Sec.

453, *Oswego, N. Y. (A)*. Our Chapter has increased from five members to twelve. Our meetings are very interesting. Our most interesting question was "To which kingdom does chalk belong?" No. 1 said that chalk, being composed of the shells of animals, belonged to the animal kingdom. No. 2 said that chalk was composed of the shells, and not of the animals, and shells being composed of lime made it belong to the mineral kingdom. No. 1 then said that as shells were composed of lime, and lime was formed of the decomposed parts of animals, shells and chalk belonged to the animal kingdom. Well, sir, here I saw they were drifting too deeply into science, and I advised that the question be carried over, which it was, and if you can help us out of it you will do us a great favor, as we have never been able to decide the matter satisfactorily. At one of our meetings a lilac twig was shown covered with pyramidal eggs. These grew into little gray caterpillars, of course very minute, as the shape of the egg could only be seen by the use of the microscope.—W. A. Burr, Sec.

[It is customary in the game of twenty questions to regard as belonging to the animal kingdom all animal products, such as silk, ivory, bone, coral, etc., so long as they retain their natural structure. If bones are burned, the bone-ash is considered mineral. The disintegration of the animal structure of limestone is so complete that we unhesitatingly place it among minerals. In coral, the structure is so well preserved that we should call it animal. Chalk is between the two, but had better be classed as mineral. The exact truth is, that it is a mineral substance that has been shaped by animal life, and afterward partially disintegrated. The same principle will help you decide whether coal is vegetable or mineral. What shall we say of honey?]

357, *Baltimore (E)*. We feel quite encouraged by the result of the past month. The members take more interest and enter on their various duties with more zeal than ever.—Edward McBowell, Sec.

FROM JAPAN.

We must make a little parenthesis in our regular reports for this interesting letter from Kyoto, Japan:

DEAR MR. BALLARD: My object in writing you, is to try to form a Chapter of the A. A. among the dozen or fifteen boys and girls of the American professors in the Anglo-Japanese school in this city. There is nothing I so much regret in my early education as I do the lack of any incentive or training in using my eyes; and feeling this lack, I mean to try to save as many boys and girls as I can from a similar failure. Now, will it be possible for us to be recognized? I will add that the ST. NICHOLAS is taken by several of the families here. With the best of wishes.—C. M. Cady.

549, *Linlithgow, Scotland*. This Chapter since its formation has done good work. Our papers and the reports of our excursions are bound up in a volume. Correspondence is invited.—Wm. Wardrop, Gowan Cottage.

713, *Old Chatham, N. Y.* We now number 25, and are taking a course in Botany. Will some one name this bird?—Length, 7 inches; wing, 4 inches; bill, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch; tarsus, 1 inch; back and upper part of head, ashy blue, flecked with dirty brown and gray; wing feathers, grayish black, with upper edge reddish brown; under part of tail, ashy gray; sides of neck and breast, white, flecked with brown; bill sharp and conical.—R. W. Morey, Sec.

NOT FOR CHILDREN ONLY.

[To illustrate the interest taken in our Society by "children of a larger growth," and one of the fields of usefulness opening to us, we give entire the following letter, one of many of similar tenor, withholding only the writer's name.]

DEAR SIR: I am glad to be able to tell you that I have, with several others, met this afternoon to form a Chapter of the Agassiz Association. And I hope it will succeed. I have for ten years had a kindergarten and school here, and some of my earliest pupils are now big boys and girls, 12 and 14 years old, and I do not wish their love and interest to drift away from me as they pass on to other schools. I have been wondering how I could hold them together, and keep up intercourse with them that would have an interest beyond the mere feeling of old affection and childish association. And when I saw your hand-book advertised in the *Nation*, a couple of months ago, I sent to you for a copy, and saw it was the very thing I needed, if I could carry it out. At first I shrank from the amount of work it implied (for I am not very strong, and have a very heavy load on my shoulders already, my mother being a great invalid, and thereby giving me all the housekeeping cares, besides carrying on my school). I showed the book to one of my boys, and he seized upon the idea with such delight I could not find it in my heart to hesitate any longer. So we have been talking about it to others, and interesting them, and finally this afternoon some of us met and formed our Chapter. I had the nucleus of a collection of curiosities in a box of "rubbish" which had been given to me at various times, and we have already had some very nice and attractive curiosities given to us. I have always been particularly fond of botany, and every spring I have the children who are old enough read Gray's *How Plants Grow*, and *How Plants Behave*, for reading books, and we analyze flowers afterward. And through the summer botany is my chief delight. I attend most of the free Saturday exhibitions of the Horticultural Society in Boston, and last season I studied ferns, and collected a great many of the common northern varieties. I think, from my own strong leaning in that direction, and the equally strong interest of another member who intends to join us, that botany will be one of our leading interests. In addition to the boys and girls from 8 to 14 years old, we will have several grown-up members, who have expressed a strong interest and a desire to join us. We do not wish to form a large Chapter at first, and yet it is hard to limit it. We would rather admit younger members very gradually, and as they are fitted to do real work. I can do a great deal of preparatory work in school—object lessons, etc., with the younger ones,—and the kindergarten is an excellent training for such an after interest.

Very sincerely yours,

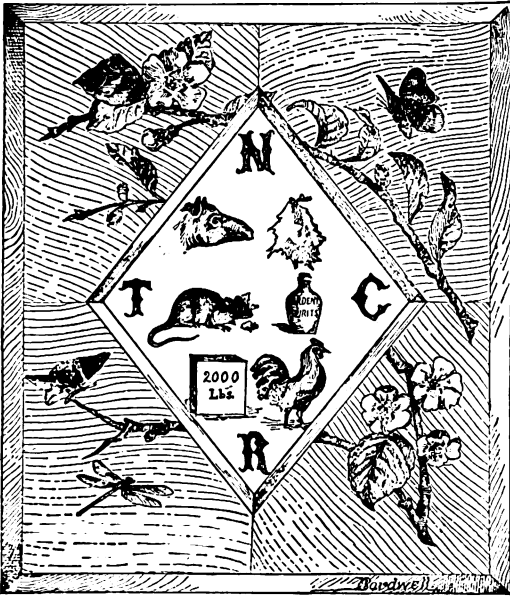
272, *Weston, N. Y.* Our collection of insects at the annual county fair.—W. Evans, Sec.

720, *Boston (F)*; 333, *San Francisco (E)*; 54, *Santa Rosa (A)*; 64, *Gilbertville, N. Y.*; 703, *Chicago (I)*; 711, *Glen Falls, N. Y.*; 730, *Concord Falls, Iowa*; 733, *Springfield, Mass.*; 430, *Wilmington, Del.*; 334, *Litt. Island, Conn.*; 712, *Baltimore (J)*; 21, *Nashua (A)*; 203, *Framingham, Mass.*; 610, *Racine, Wis. (B)*; 483, *Albany, N. Y.*; 527, *San Francisco (G)*; 451, *Rochester, Ind.*; 738, *Mt. Gilboa, Ohio*; 575, *Spencer, Mass.*; and 680, *Proctor, Illinois (E)*, all send excellent and encouraging reports of progress. They are all, however, so nearly alike that it would be monotonous to reproduce them side by side. Here is one which in the main represents them all.

"Progressing splendidly. Have added two new members. Have bought a microscope, an added several new books to our library. We enjoy the reports in the ST. NICHOLAS very much. Enthusiasm increasing. Have procured a room in which to hold our meetings. We have a fair collection, and it is increasing."

[We hope this uniformity of successful endeavor and kindly feeling of interest will remain unbroken.]

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE DIAMOND.



ARRANGE the names of the ten objects pictured above, in such a way that they will form a double diamond, which is a diamond that forms new words when read across and up and down.

SYNCOBATATIONS AND BEHEADINGS.

The syncopated and beheaded letters will name a famous warrior and orator of ancient times.

1. Behead an infraction of law, and leave hoofrost.
2. Syncopate a European country, and leave to draw out into threads.
3. Synco-

pate a grain, and leave that which. 4. Behead a country of Europe, and leave to torment. 5. Syncopate vapor, and leave a stalk. 6. Syncopate a fruit, and leave to gaze.

H. F. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in spoke but not in hub;
My second in pail but not in tub;
My third is in can but not in will;
My fourth is in slope but not in hill;
My fifth is in cry but not in call;
My whole is a flower beloved by all.

"MONA."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC AND DIAGONALS.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. When rightly guessed, the initials will spell a landed estate, and the finals a residence. The diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, spell a mass of floating ice; the diagonals, from the lower left-hand corner to the upper right-hand corner, will spell a common lepidopterous insect.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of food. 2. The part between tenor and soprano. 3. Space. 4. Produced.

"JOHNNY DUCK."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A fen. 2. A variety of quartz. 3. A fast horse. 4. A horse. 5. Numbers of animals.

II. 1. To efface. 2. A black bird. 3. To turn aside. 4. To wait on. 5. To record.

PAUL REESE.

INVERTED PYRAMID.

ACROSS: 1. A state carriage. 2. To draw out. 3. A fermented beverage. 4. In creature.

DOWNWARDS: 1. In creature. 2. A pronoun. 3. A girl's name. 4. Regulation. 5. To frost. 6. A diphthong. 7. In creature.

GOLDWIN G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

SHAKESPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

When proud-pier'd April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

Sonnet XCIVIII.

MONUMENT PUZZLE. Central letters. Israel Putnam. Cross-words: 1. 2. aSp. 3. uRn. 4. pAw. 5. tEn. 6. aLe. 7. aPe. 8. cUb. 9. aTe. 10. faNcy. 11. clAms. 12. raIMent.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Compatriot. 2. Overreach (Sir Giles). 3. Meconate. 4. Procure. 5. Arnuts. 6. Tears. 7. Rate. 8. Ice. 9. Oh. 10. T.

INVERTED PYRAMID. Across: 1. Parasitic. 2. Tirades. 3. Paled. 4. Baa. 5. M.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Feb. 3. Fumed. 4. Tempted. 5. Betty. 6. Dey. 7. D.

ANAGRAMMATICAL SPELLING-LESSON. 1. Eleemosynary. 2. Alleviate. 3. Debilitated. 4. Participation. 5. Scintillation.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before MARCH 20, from "The Carters"—S. R. T.—Arthur Gride—"Hill Top"—"Clifford and Coco"—"Pepper and Maria"—"P. K. Boo"—"Tiny Puss, Mit, and Muff"—"Pernie"—Harry M. Wheelock—Mamie Hitchcock—Helen J. Sproat—Maggie and May Turrill—Dycie—"R. E. Gents"—Trebtor Treblig—Clara and Mamma—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before MARCH 20, from M. S. Keeler, 2—Jennie Short, 6—James McDonald, 1—Susie Hubbel, 2—Juliet Breck, 3—J. and A. Logan, 1—Alice R. Douglass, 1—Mary A. Tilden, 9—Lucy M. Bradley, 9—Herbert L. Chapin, 3—R. O. Haubold, 1—Emily A. Whiston, 2—Willie E. Dow, 4—Percy A. Varian, 6—John, Kate, and James, 1—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 9—A. D. Baker, 1—Peggy and Polly, 8—"Chickie," 2—Hallie Couch, 8—Jessie Lanahan, 2—Lottie Tuttle, 9—"We, Us, and Co.," 2—Edward C. Hall, 1—Lawrence Veiller, 1—Florence and May, 6—Ada M., 6—W. S. Symington, Jr., 1—Lou H., 5—Charlie Parsons, 1—Paul Reese, 9—Robt. M. Jones, 1—"Goose," 1—Godfrey Pretz, 1—D. C., 2—John Morton, 1—Jennie F. Balch, 6—Annie Lehow, 1—Judith, 10—"Tweedledee," 5—"Lynx," 1—Genie and Meg, 3—M. Emmeline Stearns, 1—Anna Calkins, 2—Genevra, 1—Ellie K. Talboys, 9—Daisy Dunham, 2—Madcap Fane, 1—Reggie and Nellie, 8—E. L. Hunnewell, 7—"Tweedledum," 3—Grace and Alice Galway, 5—Fanny, May, and D., 5—"Betsey Bobbett," 3—"Pike Bustow," 1—John V. Arrighi, 1—Lulu Weir, 4—Bayard Sweeney, 1—Lillie Parmenter, 7—E. Muriel Grundy, 10—Jessie R. Mackeever, 6—George Habenicht, 2—Willie C. Serrell and friends, 9—Fred and Will Kraus, 1—"Chimpanzee," 4—Lulu M. Race, 6—Laura Gordon, 3—"Puz," 10—Edythia M. D., 8—"Geranium and Rosebud," 5—Gertrude and Josie, 3—"Edipus," 10—"Arthur Pendenis," 6—"We Girls," 7—H. B. Saunders, 2—Fannie and Sophy, 1—"Locust Dale Folks," 5—Willie Sheraton, 4—"Pinkie," 7—"Schneider and Snickelfritz," 4—Mertice and Ina, 6—"Shumway Hen and Chickens," 10—Jennie Dupuis and Edith Young, 8—Herbert Gaytes, 7—Arthur L. Mudge, 1—Chauncey G. Wellington, 1—Arthur C. Anderson, 1—Eleanor, Maude, and Louise Peart, 6—Geo. C. Beebe and John C. Winne, 4—Appleton H., 8—B. Y., of Omaha, 9—Emily Danzel, 1—May Fisher, 1—Woodbury G. Frost, 2—Georgia and Grace, 9.



Our artist, who goes out sketching every Saturday, has succeeded in hiring “a bright, active boy” to come for an hour, on that day, to clean the Studio.

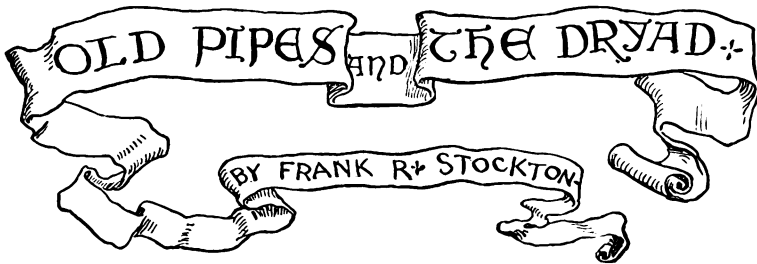
ST. NICHOLAS.

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A MOUNTAIN brook ran through a little village. Over the brook there was a narrow bridge, and from the bridge a foot-path led out from the village and up the hill-side, to the cottage of Old Pipes and his mother. For many, many years, Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village—the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his good instrument; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin

and weak, and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before, but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use, so they paid him his little salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and a girl.

Old Pipes's mother was, of course, a great deal older than he was, and was as deaf as a gate,—posts, latch, hinges, and all,—and she never knew that the sound of her son's pipe did not spread over all the mountain-side, and echo back strong and clear from the opposite hills. She was very fond of Old Pipes, and proud of his piping; and as he was so much younger than she was, she never thought of him as being very old. She cooked for him, and made his bed, and mended his clothes; and they lived very comfortably on his little salary.

One afternoon, at the end of the month, as soon as Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive the money for his month's work. The path seemed a great deal steeper and more difficult than it used to be; and for some time Old Pipes had been thinking that it must have been

washed by the rain and greatly damaged. He remembered it as a path that was quite easy to traverse either up or down. But Old Pipes had been a very active man, and as his mother was so much older than he was, he never thought of himself as aged and infirm.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook, and gone a short distance up the hill-side, he became very tired, and had to sit down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired to-night, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite cheerfully; and one boy took him by the right hand, and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily, and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the three children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far to-day after the cows, the sheep, and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth, and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes.

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had wandered far."

"How long have you been doing this?" asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth more vigorously than before, but the boy went on.

"I think it is about a year now," he said, "since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes; and since then we've been driv-

ing them down. But we are rested now, and will go home. Good-night, sir."

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments, and then he went into his cottage.

"Mother," he shouted; "did you hear what those children said?"

"Children!" exclaimed the old woman; "I did not hear them. I did not know there were any children here."

Then Old Pipes told his mother, shouting very loudly to make her hear, how the two boys and the girl had helped him up the hill, and what he had heard about his piping and the cattle.

"They can't hear you?" cried his mother.

"Why, what's the matter with the cattle?"

"Ah, me!" said Old Pipes; "I don't believe there's anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain, if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received to-day."

"Nonsense!" cried his mother. "I'm sure you've piped as well as you could, and no more can be expected. And what are we to do without the money?"

"I don't know," said Old Pipes; "but I'm going down to the village to pay it back."

The sun had now set; but the moon was shining very brightly on the hill-side, and Old Pipes could see his way very well. He did not take the same path by which he had gone before, but followed another, which led among the trees upon the hill-side, and, though longer, was not so steep.

Before he had gone half-way, the old man became very tired, and sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great sycamore-tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice distinctly said:

"Let me out! let me out!"

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired, and sprang to his feet. "This must be a Dryad-tree!" he exclaimed. "If it is, I'll let her out."

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a Dryad-tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hill-sides and the mountains, and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summer-time, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in, and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I can see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he perceived a piece of bark

standing out from the tree, which appeared to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing on the scene before her,—the tranquil valley, the hills, the forest, and the mountain-side, all lying in the soft clear light of the moon. “Oh, lovely! lovely!” she exclaimed. “How long it is since I have seen anything like this!” And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said: “How good of you to let me out! I am so happy and so thankful, that I must kiss you, you dear old man!” And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and kissed him on both cheeks. “You don’t know,” she then went on to say, “how doleful it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don’t mind it in the winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is dreadful not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it’s ever so long since I’ve been let out. People so seldom come this way; and when they do come at the right time they either don’t hear me, or they are frightened, and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out, and now I shall not have to go back till winter has come, and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious! What can I do for you, to show you how grateful I am?”

“I am very glad,” said Old Pipes, “that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy; but I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad. But if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village.”

“To the village!” exclaimed the Dryad. “Why, I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor.”

“Well, then,” said Old Pipes, “I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes can not receive pay for services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me, when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night; but now that I know it, I can not keep the money, and so I send it back.” And, handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good-night, and turned toward his cottage.

“Good-night,” said the Dryad. “And I thank you over, and over, and over again, you good old man!”

Old Pipes walked toward his home, very glad to be saved the fatigue of going all the way down to the village and back again. “To be sure,” he

said to himself, “this path does not seem at all steep, and I can walk along it very easily; but it would have tired me dreadfully to come up all the way from the village, especially as I could not have expected those children to help me again.” When he reached home, his mother was surprised to see him returning so soon.

“What!” she exclaimed; “have you already come back? What did the Chief Villager say? Did he take the money?”

Old Pipes was just about to tell her that he had sent the money to the village by a Dryad, when he suddenly reflected that his mother would be sure to disapprove such a proceeding, and so he merely said he had sent it by a person whom he had met.

“And how do you know that the person will ever take it to the Chief Villager?” cried his mother. “You will lose it, and the villagers will never get it. Oh, Pipes! Pipes! when will you be old enough to have ordinary common sense?”

Old Pipes considered that as he was already seventy years of age he could scarcely expect to grow any wiser, but he made no remark on this subject; and, saying that he doubted not that the money would go safely to its destination, he sat down to his supper. His mother scolded him roundly, but he did not mind it; and after supper he went out and sat on a rustic chair in front of the cottage to look at the moonlit village, and to wonder whether or not the Chief Villager really received the money. While he was doing these two things, he went fast asleep.

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she did not go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand, and thought about what she had heard. “This is a good and honest old man,” she said; “and it is a shame that he should lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don’t believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him.” She did not start immediately, because there were so many beautiful things to look at; but after a while she went up to the cottage, and, finding Old Pipes asleep in his chair, she slipped the little bag into his coat-pocket, and silently sped away.

The next day, Old Pipes told his mother that he would go up the mountain and cut some wood. He had a right to get wood from the mountain, but for a long time he had been content to pick up the dead branches which lay about his cottage. To-day, however, he felt so strong and vigorous that he thought he would go and cut some fuel that would be better than this. He worked all the morning, and when he came back he did not feel

at all tired, and he had a very good appetite for his dinner.

Now, Old Pipes knew a good deal about Dryads, but there was one thing which, although he had heard, he had forgotten. This was, that a kiss from a Dryad made a person ten years younger. The people thereabouts knew this, and they were very careful not to let any child of ten years, or younger, go into the woods where the Dryads were supposed to be; for, if they should chance to be kissed by one of these tree-nymphs, they would be set back so far that they would cease to exist. A story was told in the village that a very bad boy of eleven once ran away into the woods, and had an adventure of this kind; and when his mother found him he was a little baby of one year old. Taking advantage of her opportunity, she brought him up more carefully than she had done before; and he grew to be a very good boy indeed.

Now, Old Pipes had been kissed twice by the Dryad, once on each cheek, and he therefore felt as vigorous and active as when he was a hale man of fifty. His mother noticed how much work he was doing, and told him that he need n't try in that way to make up for the loss of his piping wages; for he would only tire himself out, and get sick. But her son answered that he had not felt so well for years, and that he was quite able to work.

In the course of the afternoon, Old Pipes, for the first time that day, put his hand in his coat-pocket, and there, to his amazement, he found the little bag of money. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "I am stupid, indeed! I really thought that I had seen a Dryad; but when I sat down by that big sycamore-tree I must have gone to sleep and dreamed it all; and then I came home thinking I had given the money to a Dryad, when it was in my pocket all the time. But the Chief Villager shall have the money. I shall not take it to him to-day, but to-morrow I wish to go to the village to see some of my old friends; and then I shall give up the money."

Toward the close of the afternoon, Old Pipes, as had been his custom for so many years, took his pipes from the shelf on which they lay, and went out to the rock in front of the cottage.

"What are you going to do?" cried his mother. "If you will not consent to be paid, why do you pipe?"

"I am going to pipe for my own pleasure," said her son. "I am used to it, and I do not wish to give it up. It does not matter now whether the cattle hear me or not, and I am sure that my piping will injure no one."

When the good man began to play upon his favorite instrument he was astonished at the sound that came from it. The beautiful notes of the

pipes sounded clear and strong down into the valley, and spread over the hills, and up the sides of the mountain beyond, while, after a little interval, an echo came back from the rocky hill on the other side of the valley.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "what has happened to my pipes? They must have been stopped up of late, but now they are as clear and good as ever."

Again the merry notes went sounding far and wide. The cattle on the mountain heard them, and those that were old enough remembered how these notes had called them from their pastures every evening, and so they started down the mountain-side, the others following.

The merry notes were heard in the village below, and the people were much astonished thereby. "Why, who can be blowing the pipes of Old Pipes?" they said. But, as they all were very busy, no one went up to see. One thing, however, was plain enough: the cattle were coming down the mountain. And so the two boys and the girl did not have to go after them, and had an hour for play, for which they were very glad.

The next morning Old Pipes started down to the village with his money, and on the way he met the Dryad. "Oh, ho!" he cried, "is that you? Why, I thought my letting you out of the tree was nothing but a dream."

"A dream!" cried the Dryad; "if you only knew how happy you have made me, you would not think it merely a dream. And has it not benefited you? Do you not feel happier? Yesterday I heard you playing beautifully on your pipes."

"Yes, yes," cried he. "I did not understand it before, but I see it all now. I have really grown younger. I thank you, I thank you, good Dryad, from the bottom of my heart. It was the finding of the money in my pocket that made me think it was a dream."

"Oh, I put it in when you were asleep," she said, laughing, "because I thought you ought to keep it. Good-bye, kind, honest man. May you live long, and be as happy as I am now."

Old Pipes was greatly delighted when he understood that he was really a younger man; but that made no difference about the money, and he kept on his way to the village. As soon as he reached it, he was eagerly questioned as to who had been playing his pipes the evening before, and when the people heard that it was himself, they were very much surprised. Thereupon, Old Pipes told what had happened to him, and then there was greater wonder, with hearty congratulations and handshakes; for Old Pipes was liked by every one. The Chief Villager refused to take his money, and, although Old Pipes said that he had not earned it,

every one present insisted that, as he would now play on his pipes as before, he should lose nothing, because, for a time, he was unable to perform his duty.

So Old Pipes was obliged to keep his money, and after an hour or two spent in conversation with his friends, he returned to his cottage.

There was one individual, however, who was not at all pleased with what had happened to Old Pipes. This was an Echo-dwarf, who lived on the hills on the other side of the valley, and whose duty it was to echo back the notes of the pipes whenever they could be heard. There were a great many other Echo-dwarfs on these hills, some of whom echoed back the songs of maidens, some the shouts of children, and others the music that was often heard in the village. But there was only one who could send back the strong notes of the pipes of Old Pipes, and this had been his only duty for many years. But when the old man grew feeble, and the notes of his pipes could not be heard on the opposite hills, this Echo-dwarf had nothing to do, and he spent his time in delightful idleness; and he slept so much and grew so fat that it made his companions laugh to see him walk.

On the afternoon on which, after so long an interval, the sound of the pipes was heard on the echo hills, this dwarf was fast asleep behind a rock. As soon as the first notes reached them, some of his companions ran to wake him. Rolling to his feet, he echoed back the merry tune of Old Pipes. Naturally, he was very much annoyed and indignant at being thus obliged to give up his life of comfortable leisure, and he hoped very much that this pipe-playing would not occur again. The next afternoon he was awake and listening, and, sure enough, at the usual hour, along came the notes of the pipes as clear and strong as they ever had been; and he was obliged to work as long as Old Pipes played. The Echo-dwarf was very angry. He had supposed, of course, that the pipe-playing had ceased forever, and he felt that he had a right to be indignant at being thus deceived. He was so much disturbed that he made up his mind to go and try to find out whether this was to be a temporary matter or not. He had plenty of time, as the pipes were played but once a day, and he set off early in the morning for the hill on which Old Pipes lived. It was hard work for the fat little fellow, and when he had crossed the valley and had gone some distance into the woods on the hill-side, he sat down to rest, and, in a few minutes, the Dryad came tripping along.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the dwarf; "what are you doing here? and how did you get out of your tree?"

"Doing!" cried the Dryad; "I am being happy; that's what I am doing. And I was let out of my tree by the good old man who plays the pipes to call the cattle down from the mountain. And it makes me happier to think that I have been of service to him. I gave him two kisses of gratitude, and now he is young enough to play his pipes as well as ever."

The Echo-dwarf arose to his feet, his face pale with passion. "Am I to believe," he said, "that you are the cause of this great evil that has come upon me? and that you are the wicked creature who has again started this old man upon his career of pipe-playing? What have I ever done to you that you should have condemned me for years and years to echo back the notes of those wretched pipes?"

At this the Dryad laughed loudly.

"What a funny little fellow you are!" she said. "Any one would think you had been condemned to toil from morning till night; while what you really have to do is merely to imitate for half an hour every day the merry notes of Old Pipes's piping. Fie upon you, Echo-dwarf! You are lazy and selfish; and that is what is the matter with you. Instead of grumbling at being obliged to do a little wholesome work, which is less, I am sure, than that of any other echo-dwarf upon the rocky hill-side, you should rejoice at the good fortune of the old man who has regained so much of his strength and vigor. Go home and learn to be just and generous; and then, perhaps, you may be happy. Good-bye."

"Insolent creature!" shouted the dwarf, as he shook his fat little fist at her. "I'll make you suffer for this. You shall find out what it is to heap injury and insult upon one like me, and to snatch from him the repose that he has earned by long years of toil." And, shaking his head savagely, he hurried back to the rocky hill-side.

Every afternoon the merry notes of the pipes of Old Pipes sounded down into the valley and over the hills and up the mountain-side; and every afternoon when he had echoed them back, the little dwarf grew more and more angry with the Dryad. Each day, from early morning till it was time for him to go back to his duties upon the rocky hill-side, he searched the woods for her. He intended, if he met her, to pretend to be very sorry for what he had said, and he thought he might be able to play a trick upon her which would avenge him well. One day, while thus wandering among the trees, he met Old Pipes. The Echo-dwarf did not generally care to see or speak to ordinary people; but now he was so anxious to find the object of his search, that he stopped and asked Old Pipes if he had seen the Dryad. The piper

had not noticed the little fellow, and he looked down on him with some surprise.

"No," he said; "I have not seen her, and I have been looking everywhere for her."

"You!" cried the dwarf, "what do you wish with her?"

Old Pipes then sat down on a stone, so that he should be nearer the ear of his small companion, and he told what the Dryad had done for him.

When the Echo-dwarf heard that this was the man whose pipes he was obliged to echo back every day, he would have slain him on the spot had he been able; but, as he was not able, he merely ground his teeth and listened to the rest of the story.

"I am looking for the Dryad now," Old Pipes continued, "on account of my aged mother. When I was old myself, I did not notice how very old my mother was; but now it shocks me to see how feeble and decrepit her years have caused her to become; and I am looking for the Dryad to ask her to make my mother younger, as she made me."

The eyes of the Echo-dwarf glistened. Here was a man who might help him in his plans.

"Your idea is a good one," he said to Old Pipes, "and it does you honor. But you should know that a Dryad can make no person younger but one who lets her out of her tree. However, you can manage the affair very easily. All you need do is to find the Dryad, tell her what you want, and request her to step into her tree and be shut up for a short time. Then you will go and bring your mother to the tree; she will open it, and everything will be as you wish. Is not this a good plan?"

"Excellent!" cried Old Pipes; "and I will go instantly and search more diligently for the Dryad."

"Take me with you," said the Echo-dwarf. "You can easily carry me on your strong shoulders; and I shall be glad to help you in any way that I can."

"Now, then," said the little fellow to himself, as Old Pipes carried him rapidly along, "if he persuades the Dryad to get into a tree,—and she is quite foolish enough to do it,—and then goes away to bring his mother, I shall take a stone or a club and I will break off the key of that tree, so that nobody can ever turn it again. Then Mistress Dryad will see what she has brought upon herself by her behavior to me."

Before long they came to the great sycamore-tree in which the Dryad had lived, and, at a distance, they saw that beautiful creature herself coming toward them.

"How excellently well everything happens!" said the dwarf. "Put me down, and I will go. Your business with the Dryad is more important

than mine; and you need not say anything about my having suggested your plan to you. I am willing that you should have all the credit of it yourself."

Old Pipes put the Echo-dwarf upon the ground, but the little rogue did not go away. He concealed himself between some low, mossy rocks, and he was so much of their color that you would not have noticed him if you had been looking straight at him.

When the Dryad came up, Old Pipes lost no time in telling her about his mother, and what he wished her to do. At first, the Dryad answered nothing, but stood looking very sadly at Old Pipes.

"Do you really wish me to go into my tree again?" she said. "I should dreadfully dislike to do it, for I don't know what might happen. It is not at all necessary, for I could make your mother younger at any time if she would give me the opportunity. I had already thought of making you still happier in this way, and several times I have waited about your cottage, hoping to meet your aged mother, but she never comes outside, and you know a Dryad can not enter a house. I can not imagine what put this idea into your head. Did you think of it yourself?"

"No, I can not say that I did," answered Old Pipes. "A little dwarf whom I met in the woods proposed it to me."

"Oh!" cried the Dryad; "now I see through it all. It is the scheme of that vile Echo-dwarf—your enemy and mine. Where is he? I should like to see him."

"I think he has gone," said Old Pipes.

"No, he has not," said the Dryad, whose quick eyes perceived the Echo-dwarf among the rocks. "There he is. Seize him and drag him out, I beg of you."

Old Pipes perceived the dwarf as soon as he was pointed out to him, and, running to the rocks, he caught the little fellow by the arm and pulled him out.

"Now, then," cried the Dryad, who had opened the door of the great sycamore, "just stick him in there, and we will shut him up. Then I shall be safe from his mischief for the rest of the time I am free."

Old Pipes thrust the Echo-dwarf into the tree; the Dryad pushed the door shut; there was a clicking sound of bark and wood, and no one would have noticed that the big sycamore had ever had an opening in it.

"There," said the Dryad; "now we need not be afraid of him. And I assure you, my good piper, that I shall be very glad to make your mother younger as soon as I can. Will you not ask her to come out and meet me?"

"Of course I will," cried Old Pipes; "and I will do it without delay."

And then, the Dryad by his side, he hurried to his cottage. But when he mentioned the matter to his mother, the old woman became very angry indeed. She did not believe in Dryads; and, if they really did exist, she knew they must be witches and sorceresses, and she would have nothing to do with them. If her son had ever allowed himself to be kissed by one of them, he ought to be ashamed of himself. As to its doing him the least bit of good, she did not believe a word of it. He felt better than he used to feel, but that was very common. She had sometimes felt that way herself, and she forbade him ever to mention a Dryad to her again.

That afternoon, Old Pipes, feeling very sad that his plan in regard to his mother had failed, sat down upon the rock and played upon his pipes. The pleasant sounds went down the valley and up the hills and mountain, but, to the great surprise of some persons who happened to notice the fact, the notes were not echoed back from the rocky hill-side, but from the woods on the side of the valley on which Old Pipes lived. The next day many of the villagers stopped in their work to listen to the echo of the pipes coming from the woods. The sound was not as clear and strong as it used to be when it was sent back from the rocky hill-side, but it certainly came from among the trees. Such a thing as an echo changing its place in this way had never been heard of before, and nobody was able to explain how it could have happened. Old Pipes, however, knew very well that the sound came from the Echo-dwarf shut up in the great sycamore. The sides of the tree were thin, and the sound of the pipes could be heard through them, and the dwarf was obliged by the laws of his being to echo back those notes whenever they came to him. But Old Pipes thought he might get the Dryad in trouble if he let any one know that the Echo-dwarf was shut up in the tree, and so he wisely said nothing about it.

One day the two boys and the girl who had helped Old Pipes up the hill were playing in the woods. Stopping near the great sycamore-tree, they heard a sound of knocking within it, and then a voice plainly said:

"Let me out! let me out!"

For a moment the children stood still in astonishment, and then one of the boys exclaimed:

"Oh, it is a Dryad, like the one Old Pipes found! Let's let her out!"

"What are you thinking of?" cried the girl. "I am the oldest of all, and I am only thirteen. Do you wish to be turned into crawling babies? Run! run! run!"

And the two boys and the girl dashed down into the valley as fast as their legs could carry them. There was no desire in their youthful hearts to be made younger than they were. And for fear that their parents might think it well that they should commence their careers anew, they never said a word about finding the Dryad-tree.

As the summer days went on, Old Pipes's mother grew feebler and feebler. One day when her son was away, for he now frequently went into the woods to hunt or fish, or down into the valley to work, she arose from her knitting to prepare the simple dinner. But she felt so weak and tired that she was not able to do the work to which she had been so long accustomed. "Alas! alas!" she said, "the time has come when I am too old to work. My son will have to hire some one to come here and cook his meals, make his bed, and mend his clothes. Alas! alas! I had hoped that as long as I lived I should be able to do these things. But it is not so. I have grown utterly worthless, and some one else must prepare the dinner for my son. I wonder where he is." And tottering to the door, she went outside to look for him. She did not feel able to stand, and reaching the rustic chair, she sank into it, quite exhausted, and soon fell asleep.

The Dryad, who had often come to the cottage to see if she could find an opportunity of carrying out Old Pipes's affectionate design, now happened by; and seeing that the much-desired occasion had come, she stepped up quietly behind the old woman and gently kissed her on each cheek, and then as quietly disappeared.

In a few minutes the mother of Old Pipes awoke, and looking up at the sun, she exclaimed: "Why, it is almost dinner-time! My son will be here directly, and I am not ready for him." And rising to her feet, she hurried into the house, made the fire, set the meat and vegetables to cook, laid the cloth, and by the time her son arrived the meal was on the table.

"How a little sleep does refresh one," she said to herself, as she was bustling about. She was a woman of very vigorous constitution, and at seventy-five had been a great deal stronger and more active than her son was at that age. The moment Old Pipes saw his mother, he knew that the Dryad had been there; but, while he felt as happy as a king, he was too wise to say anything about her.

"It is astonishing how well I feel to-day," said his mother; "and either my hearing has improved or you speak much more plainly than you have done of late."

The summer days went on and passed away, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the air was becoming cold.

"Nature has ceased to be lovely," said the Dryad, "and the night winds chill me. It is time for me to go back into my comfortable quarters in the great sycamore. But first I must pay another visit to the cottage of Old Pipes."

She found the piper and his mother sitting side by side on the rock in front of the door. The cattle were not to go to the mountain any more that season, and he was piping them down for the last time. Loud and merrily sounded the pipes of Old Pipes, and down the mountain-side came the cattle, the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the most difficult ones among the rocks; while from the great sycamore-tree were heard the echoes of the cheerful music.

"How happy they look, sitting there together," said the Dryad; "and I don't believe it will do them a bit of harm to be still younger." And moving quietly up behind them, she first kissed Old Pipes on his cheek and then his mother.

Old Pipes, who had stopped playing, knew what it was, but he did not move, and said nothing. His mother, thinking that her son had kissed her, turned to him with a smile and kissed him in return. And then she arose and went into the cottage, a vigorous woman of sixty, followed by her son, erect and happy, and twenty years younger than herself.

The Dryad sped away to the woods, shrugging her shoulders as she felt the cool evening wind.

When she reached the great sycamore, she turned the key and opened the door. "Come out," she said to the Echo-dwarf, who sat blinking within. "Winter is coming on, and I want the comfortable shelter of my tree for myself. The cattle have come down from the mountain for the last time this year, the pipes will no longer sound, and you can go to your rocks and have a holiday until next spring."

Upon hearing these words the dwarf skipped quickly out, and the Dryad entered the tree and pulled the door shut after her. "Now, then," she said to herself, "he can break off the key if he likes. It does not matter to me. Another will grow out next spring. And although the good piper made me no promise, I know that when the warm days arrive next year, he will come and let me out again."

The Echo-dwarf did not stop to break the key of the tree. He was too happy to be released to think of anything else, and he hastened as fast as he could to his home on the rocky hill-side.

The Dryad was not mistaken when she trusted in the piper. When the warm days came again he went to the sycamore-tree to let her out. But, to his sorrow and surprise, he found the great tree lying upon the ground. A winter storm had blown it down, and it lay with its trunk shattered and split. And what became of the Dryad, no one ever knew.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY ALICE BOISE WOOD.

YONDER sleep the lilies white
Through the starlit summer night:
Fitful breezes rise and fall;
Fire-flies flash, and wild birds call.

Here the river winds along,
Deep and silent, swift and strong:
Mighty river—toward the sea
Float my fancies forth with thee!

On the sea the white ships go,
Noiseless, wingéd, to and fro:
To and fro, and o'er and o'er,
Fancies float from shore to shore.

Happy fancies they, to know
Stars that shine and winds that blow,
Ships that sail, and seas that lie
Silent 'neath a silent sky.

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER V.

It amused and interested me to see upon the children's faces such looks of eager expectancy as they impatiently devoured the midday meal. Nothing greater than a bonfire was in prospect,

and trample it down a little. It is too loose now. While we do this, Winnie and Bobsey can gather dry grass and weeds that will take fire quickly. Now, which way is the wind?"

"There is n't any wind, Papa," Merton replied. "Let us see. Put your forefingers in your



THE BRUSH-HEAP BONFIRE.

yet few costly pleasures could have afforded them more excitement. Winnie and Bobsey wished me to light the fire at once, but I said:

"No, not till Mamma and Mousie are ready to come out. You must stay and help them clear away the things. When all is ready, you two shall start the blaze."

Very soon we all were at the brush-pile, which towered above our heads, and I said:

"Merton, it will burn better if we climb over it

mouths, all of you, then hold them up and note which side feels the coolest."

"This side!" cried first one and then another.

"Yes; and this side is toward the west; therefore, Winnie, put the dry grass here on the western side of the heap, and what air is stirring will carry the blaze through the pile."

Little hands that trembled with eagerness soon held lighted matches to the dry grass; there was a yellow flicker in the sunshine, then a blaze, a

crackle, a devouring rush toward the center of the pile of flames that mounted higher and higher until, with the surrounding column of smoke, there was a conflagration which, at night, would have alarmed the country-side. The children at first gazed with awe upon the scene as they backed farther away from the increasing heat. Our beacon-fire drew Junior, who came bounding over the fences toward us; and soon he and Merton began to try how near they could dash in toward the blaze without being scorched. I soon stopped this.

"Show your courage, Merton, when there is need of it," I said. "Rash venturing is not bravery, but foolishness, and often costs people dear."

When the pile sank down into glowing embers, I turned to Bobsey, and added:

"I have let you light a fire under my direction. Never think of doing anything of the kind without my permission; for if you do, you will certainly sit in a chair, facing the wall, all day long, with nothing to cheer you but bread and water and a sound whipping. There is one thing which you children must learn from the start, and that is, you are not to play with fire except when I permit you."

At this direful threat Bobsey looked as grave as his round little face permitted, and, with the memory of his peril in the creek fresh in mind, was ready enough with the most solemn promises. A circle of unburned brush was left around the embers. This I raked in on the hot coals, and soon all was consumed, and eventually the ashes were spread far and wide.

Early the next morning, Mr. Jones arrived with his stout team, and, going twice in every furrow, he sunk his plow to the beam. We followed our neighbor for a few turns around the garden; then I went for a half-bushel of early potatoes, and Mr. Jones showed me how to cut them so as to leave at least two good "eyes" to each piece. I also varied my labor with lessons in plowing, for running in my head was an "old saw" to the effect that "He who would thrive must both hold the plow and drive."

The fine weather lasted long enough for us to plant our early potatoes in the most approved fashion, and then came a series of cold, wet days and frosty nights. Mr. Jones assured us that the vegetable seeds already in the ground would receive no harm. At such times as we could work we finished trimming and tying up the hardy raspberries, cleaning up the barn-yard, and carting all the fertilizers we could find to the land that we meant to cultivate.

One long, stormy day, I prepared an account-book. On its left-hand pages I entered the cost of the place and all expenses thus far incurred. The right-hand pages were for records of income, as yet small indeed. They consisted only of the

proceeds from the sale of the calf, the eggs that Winnie gathered, and the milk measured each day, all valued at the market price. I was resolved that there should be no blind drifting toward the breakers of failure—that at the end of the year we should know whether we had made progress, had stood still, or had gone backward. My system of keeping the accounts was so simple that I easily explained it to my wife, Merton, and Mousie; for I believed that, if they followed the effort at country living understandingly, they would be more willing to practice the self-denial necessary for success. Indeed, I had Merton write out most of the items.

My wife and Mousie also started another book of household expenses, and I assured them that, if we only kept up these records, we should always know just what our prospects were; that weeks would elapse before our place would be food-producing to any great extent; and that in the meantime we must draw chiefly on our capital in order to live.

But Winifred and I resolved to meet this necessity in no careless way, feeling that not a penny should be spent which might be saved. The fact that I had only my family to support was greatly in our favor. There was no kitchen cabinet that ate much and wasted more, to satisfy. Therefore, our revenue of eggs and milk went a great way toward meeting the problem. We made out a list of cheap, yet wholesome, articles of food, and found that we could buy oatmeal at four cents per pound, Indian meal at two and a half cents, rice at eight cents, samp at four, mackerel at nine, pork at twelve, and ham at fifteen cents. The last two articles were used sparingly, and more as relishes and for flavoring than as food. Flour happened to be cheap at the time, the best costing but seven dollars a barrel; of vegetables, we had secured abundance at slight cost; and the apples still added the wholesome element of fruit. A butcher drove his wagon to our door three times a week and, for cash, would give us, at very reasonable rates, certain cuts of beef and mutton. These my wife conjured into appetizing dishes and delicious soups. Such details may appear to some very homely, yet our health and success depended largely upon careful and thoughtful attention to just such prosaic matters. The children were growing plump and ruddy at an expense less than that which would be incurred by one or two visits from a physician in the city.

In the matter of food, I gave more thought to my wife's time and strength than to the little people's wishes. We had variety and abundance, but we did not have many dishes at any one meal.

The wash-tub I forbade utterly, and the services of a stout Irishwoman were secured for one

day in the week. Thus, by a little management, no one of us was overtaxed. Mousie began to give Winnie and Bobsey daily lessons; for we had decided that the children should not go to school until the coming autumn. Early in April, therefore, our country life was passing into a quiet routine, not burdensome, at least, within doors; and I justly felt that, if all were well in the citadel of home, the chances of outdoor campaigning were greatly improved.

In the dawn of each morning, unless it were stormy, Merton patrolled the place with his gun, looking for hawks and other creatures which at this season he was permitted to shoot; and he looked quite as serious and important as if he were sallying forth to protect us from deadlier foes. For a time he saw nothing to fire at, since he had promised me not to shoot harmless birds. He always indulged himself, however, in one shot at a mark, and was becoming sure in his aim at stationary objects. One evening, however, when we were almost ready to retire, a strange sound startled us. At first it reminded me of the half-whining bark of a young dog; but the deep, guttural trill that followed convinced me that it was a screech-owl, for I remembered having heard them when a boy.

The moment I explained that it was an owl, Merton darted for his gun.

I disliked the uncanny sounds which the bird made, and was under the impression that all owls, like hawks, should be destroyed. Therefore, I followed Merton out, hoping that he would have a successful shot at the night prowler.

The moonlight illumined everything with a soft, mild radiance; and the trees, with their tracery of bough and twig, stood out distinctly. Before we could discover the creature, it flew with noiseless wing from a maple near the door to another perch up the lane, and again uttered its weird notes.

Merton was away like a swift shadow, and, screening himself behind the fence, stole upon his game. A moment later, the report rang out in the still night. It so happened that Merton had fired just as the bird was about to fly, and had only broken a wing. The owl fell to the ground, but led the boy a wild pursuit before it was captured, and Merton's hands were bleeding when he brought the creature in. Unless prevented, it would strike savagely with its beak, and the motions of its head were as quick as lightning. It was, indeed, a strange captive, and the children looked at it in wondering and rather fearful curiosity. I granted Merton's request that he might put it in a box and keep it alive for a while.

"In the morning," I said, "we all will read about it, and can examine it more carefully."

Among my purchases was a fresh work on natural history; but our minds had been engrossed with too many practical questions to give it much attention. The next morning we consulted it, and found our captive was variously called the little red owl, the mottled owl, or the screech-owl. Then followed an account of its character and habits. So far from being an ill-boding, harmful creature, we learned that it was a useful friend upon which we had made war. We were taught that this species was a destroyer of mice, beetles, and vermin, thus rendering the agriculturist great services which, however, are so little known that the bird is everywhere hunted down without mercy or justice.

"Surely, this is not true of all owls," I said, and by reading further we learned that the barred, or hoot owl, and the great horned-owl, were deserving of a surer aim of Merton's gun. They prey not only upon useful game, but also invade the poultry-yard, the horned species being especially destructive. Instances were given in which these freebooters had killed every chicken upon a farm. As they hunt only at night, they are hard to capture. Their notes and natures are said to be in keeping with their dark deeds; for their cry is wild, harsh, and unearthly, while in temper they are cowardly, savage, and untamable.

"The moral of this owl episode," I concluded, "is that we must learn to know our neighbors, be they birds, beasts or human beings, before we judge them. This book is not only full of knowledge, but of information that is practical and useful. I move that we read up about the creatures in our vicinity. Would n't it be well, Merton, to learn *what* to shoot as well as how to shoot?"

Protecting his hands with buckskin gloves, the boy applied mutton suet to our wounded owl's wing. It was eventually healed, and the bird was given its liberty. It gradually became sprightly and tame, and sociable in the evening, and afforded the children and Junior much amusement.

By the seventh of April there was a prospect of warmer and more settled weather, and Mr. Jones told us to lose no time in uncovering our Antwerp raspberries. They had been bent down close to the ground the previous winter and covered with earth. To remove this, without breaking the canes, required careful and skillful work. We soon acquired the knack, however, of pushing and throwing aside the soil, then lifting the canes gently through what remained and shaking them clear. "Be careful to level the ground evenly," said Jones, "for it wont do at all to leave hummocks of dirt around the hills." And we followed his instructions.

The canes were left until a heavy shower of rain washed them clean; then Winnie and Bobsey tied

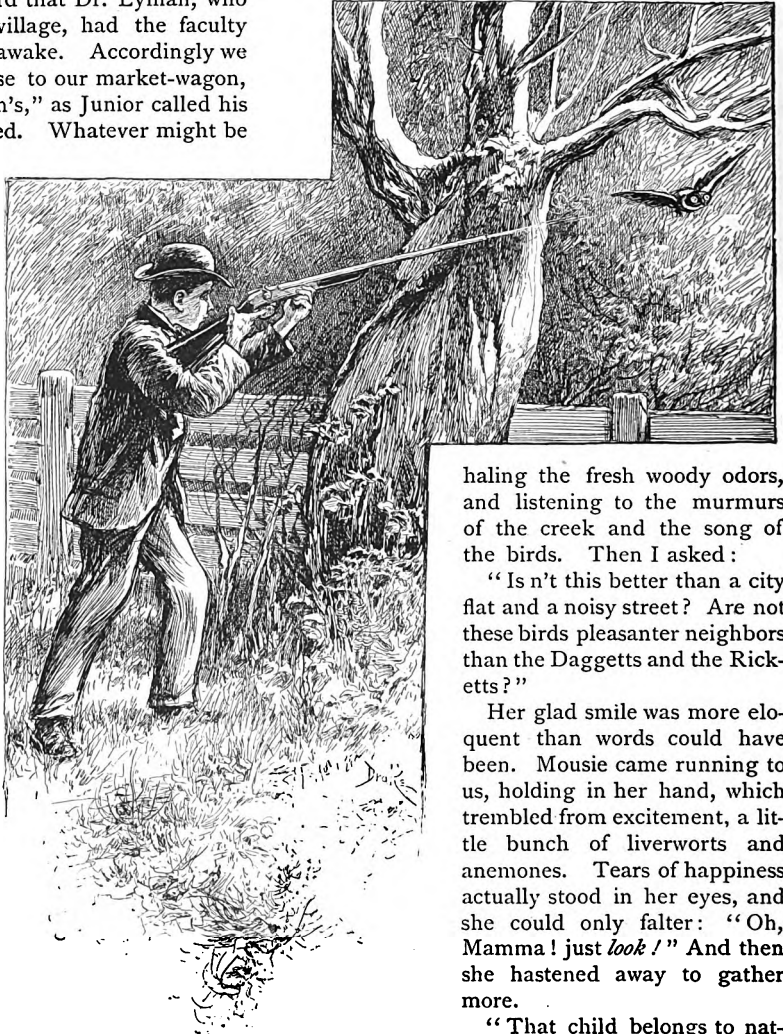
them up. We gave steady and careful attention to the Antwerps, since they would be our main dependence for income. I also raked in a liberal dressing of wood ashes around the hills of one row through the field, intending to note its effect.

Hitherto the Sundays had been stormy and the roads bad, and we had given the days to rest and family sociability. But, at last, there came a mild, sunny morning, and we resolved to find a church-home. I had heard that Dr. Lyman, who preached in the nearest village, had the faculty of keeping young people awake. Accordingly we harnessed the old bay horse to our market-wagon, donned our "go-to-meetin's," as Junior called his Sunday clothes, and started. Whatever might be the result of the sermon, the drive promised to do us good. The tender young grass by the roadside, and the swelling buds of trees, gave forth delicious odors; a spring haze softened the outline of the mountains, and made them almost as beautiful as if clothed with foliage; robins, song-sparrows, and other birds were so tuneful that Mousie said she wished they might form the choir at the church. Indeed, the glad spirit of Spring was abroad, and it found its way into our hearts. We soon learned that it entered largely also into Dr. Lyman's sermon. We were not treated as strangers and intruders, but welcomed and shown to a pew in a way that made us at home. I discovered that I, too, would be kept awake and given much to think about. We remained until

Sunday-school, which followed the service, was over, and then went home, feeling that life, both here and hereafter, was something to be thankful for. After dinner, without even taking the precaution of locking the door, we all strolled down the lane and the steeply sloping meadow to our

wood-lot and the banks of the Moodna Creek. My wife had never seen this portion of our place before, and she was delighted with its wild beauty and seclusion.

Junior soon joined us, and led the children to a sunny bank, from which soon came shouts of joy over the first wild-flowers of the season. I seated my wife on a rock, and we sat there quietly for a time, in-



MERTON BRINGS DOWN THE SCREECH-OWL.

haling the fresh woody odors, and listening to the murmurs of the creek and the song of the birds. Then I asked:

"Is n't this better than a city flat and a noisy street? Are not these birds pleasanter neighbors than the Daggetts and the Ricketts?"

Her glad smile was more eloquent than words could have been. Mousie came running to us, holding in her hand, which trembled from excitement, a little bunch of liverworts and anemones. Tears of happiness actually stood in her eyes, and she could only falter: "Oh, Mamma! just look!" And then she hastened away to gather more.

"That child belongs to nature," I said, "and she would always be an exile in the city."

How greatly she has improved in health already!"

The air grew damp and chill early, and we soon returned to the house. Monday, another fair day, found us again absorbed in our busy life, each one having good work to do. After it was safe to uncover the raspberries, Merton and I had not lost a moment

in the task. At the time of which I write, we put in stakes where they were missing, obtaining not a few of them from the wood-lot. We also made our second planting of potatoes and other hardy vegetables in the garden. The plants in the kitchen window were thriving, and during mild, still days we carried them to a sheltered place without, that they might become hardier and inured to the open air.

Winnie already had three hens sitting on their nests full of eggs, and she was counting the days until the three weeks should expire, when the little chicks would break their shells. One of the hens proved a fickle biddy, and left her nest, much to the child's anger and disgust. But the others were faithful, and one morning Winnie came bounding in, saying she had heard the first "peep." I told her to be patient and leave the brood until the following day, since I had read that the chicks were all stronger for not being taken from the nest too soon. She had treated the mother hens so kindly that they were tame, and permitted her to throw out the empty shells, and exult over each new-comer into its short-lived existence.

Our radishes had come up nicely; but no sooner had the first green leaves expanded than myriads of little flea-like beetles devoured them. A timely article in my horticultural paper explained that if little chickens were allowed to run in the garden they would soon destroy these and other insects. Accordingly, I improvised a coop by laying down a barrel near the radishes and by driving stakes in front of it to imprison the hen, which otherwise, with the best intentions, would have scratched up all my sprouting seeds. Hither we brought her the following day, with her downy brood of twelve, and they soon began to make themselves useful. Winnie fed them with Indian-meal and mashed potatoes, and watched over them with more than their mother's solicitude, while Merton renewed his vigilance against hawks and other enemies.

With the chicks to watch, and wild-flowers to gather, the tying up of raspberries became weary prose to Winnie and Bobsey; but I kept them at it during most of the forenoon of every pleasant day, and if they performed their task carelessly, I made them do it over. I knew that the time was coming when many kinds of work would cease to be play, to us all, and that we might as well face the fact first as last. After the morning duties were over and the afternoon lessons learned, there was plenty of time for play, and the two little people enjoyed it all the more.

Merton, also, had two afternoons in the week, and he and Junior began to bring home strings of little sunfish and winfish. Boys often become disgusted with country life because it is made hard and monotonous for them.

From the first, I had often thought that strawberries should form one of our chief crops. They promised well for several reasons, the main one being that they would afford a light and useful form of labor for all the children. Even Bobsey could pick the fruit almost as well as any of us, for he had no long back to ache in getting down to it. The crop, also, could be gathered and sold before the raspberry season began, and this was an important fact. We would also have another and earlier source of income. I had read a great deal about the cultivation of the strawberry, and I had visited a Maizeville neighbor who grew them on a large scale, and had obtained his views. To make my knowledge more complete, I wrote to my Washington Market friend, Mr. Bogart, and his prompt letter in reply was encouraging.

"Don't go into too many kinds," he advised; "and don't set too much ground. A few crates of fine berries will pay you better than bushels of small, soft, worthless trash. Steer clear of high-priced novelties and fancy sorts, and begin with only those known to pay well in your region. Try Wilsons (they're good to sell, if not to eat) and Duchess for early, and the Sharpless and Champion for late. Set the last two kinds out side by side, for the Champions won't bear alone. A customer of mine cultivates only these four sorts. He gives them high culture, and gets big crops and big berries, which pay big money. When you want crates, I can furnish them, and take my pay out of the sales of your fruit. Don't spend much money for plants. Buy a few of each kind, and set them in moist ground and let them run. By winter you will have enough plants to cover your farm."

I found that I could buy these standard varieties in the vicinity; and having made the lower part of the garden very rich, I procured, one cloudy day, two hundred plants of each kind and set them in rows, six feet apart, so that by a little watchfulness I could keep them separate. I obtained my whole stock for five dollars; therefore, even counting the value of time and everything, the cost of entering on strawberry culture was very slight indeed. A rainy night followed, and every plant started vigorously.

In spite of occasional frosts and cold rains, the days grew longer and warmer.

I proposed to extend my fruit area gradually, fearing, with good reason, that much hired help would leave small profits.

That very afternoon Mr. Jones, with his sharp steel plow, began turning over clean, deep, even furrows, for we had selected a plot for corn and potatoes, in view of the fact that it was not stony, as was the case with other portions of our little farm. When, at last, the ground was plowed, he

said: "We'd better get the potato ground ready and the rows furrowed out right off. Early plantin' is the best. How much will ye give to 'em?"

"Half the plot," I said.

"Why, Mr. Durham, that's a big plantin' for potatoes."

"Well, I've a plan about that. I think I can put Early Rose potatoes in now, and harvest them in July or early August; and then, if the books are right, I can set strong plants on enriched ground early in August and get a good crop next June. I shall have my young plants growing right here in my own garden. Merton and I can take them up in the cool of the evening and in wet weather, and they wont know they've been moved. I propose to get these early potatoes out of the ground as soon as possible, even if I have to sell part of them before they are fully ripe; then have the ground plowed deep and marked out for strawberries, put all the fertilizers I can scrape together in the rows, and set the plants as fast as possible. I've read again and again that many growers regard this method as one of the best."

Planting an acre of potatoes was no slight task for us, even after the ground was plowed and harrowed, and the furrows for the rows were marked out. I also had to make a half day's journey to the city of Newtown to buy more seed. But for a few days we worked like beavers. Even Winnie helped Merton to drop the seed; and in the evening we had regular potato-cutting "bees," Junior coming over to aid us, and my wife and Mousie helping too. Songs and stories enlivened these evening hours of labor. Indeed, my wife and Mousie performed, during the day, a large part of this task, and they soon learned to cut the tubers skillfully. I have since known this work to be done so carelessly that some pieces were cut without a single eye upon them. Of course, in such cases there is nothing to grow.

One Saturday night, the last of April, we exulted over the fact that our acre was planted and the seed well covered.

Many of the trees about the house, meanwhile, had clothed themselves with fragrant promises of fruit. All, especially Mousie, had been observant of the beautiful changes, and, busy as we had been, she, Winnie, and Bobsey had been given time to keep our table well supplied with wild flowers. Now that they had come in abundance, they seemed as essential as our daily food. To a limited extent I permitted blooming sprays to be taken from the fruit-trees, thinking, with Mousie, that cherry blossoms were "almost as sweet as cherries." Thus Nature graced our frugal board, and suggested that, as she accompanied her useful work with beauty and fragrance, so we also could

lift our toilsome lives above the coarse and sordid phase too common in country homes.

In early May the grass was growing lush and strong, and Brindle was driven down the lane to the meadow, full of thickets, which bordered on the creek. Here she could supply herself with food and water until the late autumn.

With the first days of the month we planted, on a part of the garden slope, where the soil was dry and warm, very early, dwarf sweet corn, a second early variety, Burr's Mammoth, and Stowell's Evergreen.

"When this planting is up a few inches high," I said, "we will make another; for, by so doing, my garden-book says, we may have this delicious vegetable till frost comes."

After reading and some inquiry during the winter I had decided to buy only McLean's gem peas for seed. This low-growing kind required no brush and, therefore, far less labor. We also planted early dwarf wax-beans, covering the seed, as directed, only two inches deep. It was my ambition to raise a large crop of Lima beans, having read that few vegetables yielded more food to a small area than they. So, armed with an axe and hatchet, Merton and I went into some young growth on the edge of our wood-lot and cut thirty poles, lopping off the branches so as to leave little crotches on which the vines could rest as a support. Having sharpened these poles we set them firmly in the garden. My book said that, if the earth were cold, wet, or heavy, the beans would decay instead of coming up. The tenth of the month being fine and promising, I pressed the eye or germ side of the beans into the soil and covered them only one inch deep. In the evening we set out our cabbage and cauliflower plants where they should be allowed to mature. The tomato plants, which were more tender than their other companions, had been started in the kitchen window, and I set them out about four inches apart in a sheltered place. We could thus cover them at night and protect them a little from the midday sun for a week or two longer.

Nor were Mousie's flowering-plants forgotten. She had watched over them from the seed with tireless care, and now we made a bed and helped the happy child to put her beloved little nurslings in the open ground where they were to bloom.

The next morning Merton and I began our great undertaking — the planting of the other acre of ground, next to the potatoes, with field corn. Mr. Jones had harrowed it comparatively smooth. I had a light plow with which to mark out the furrows four feet apart each way. At the intersection of these furrows the seed was to be dropped.

We kept to work manfully, although the day was warm, and by noon the plot was furrowed one

way. After dinner we took an hour's partial rest in shelling our corn, and then started in again, and in the same manner began furrowing at right angles with the first rows. Merton dropped the corn after we had run half a dozen furrows. The hills were thus about four feet apart each way.

"Drop five kernels," I said; for Mr. Jones had told us that "four stalks were enough and that three would do," but had added, "I plant five kernels, for some of 'em don't come up, and the crows and such varmints take some of the others. And if all of 'em grow, it's easier to pull up one stalk at the first hoeing than to plant over again."

We found that putting in the corn was a lighter task than planting the potatoes, even though we did our own furrowing; and by the middle of May we were complacent over the fact that we had succeeded with our general spring work far better than we had hoped, remembering that we were novices who had to take much counsel from books and from our kind, practical neighbor.

The foliage of the trees was now out in all its delicately shaded greenery, and midday often gave us a foretaste of summer heat. The slight blaze kindled in the old fire-place, after supper,

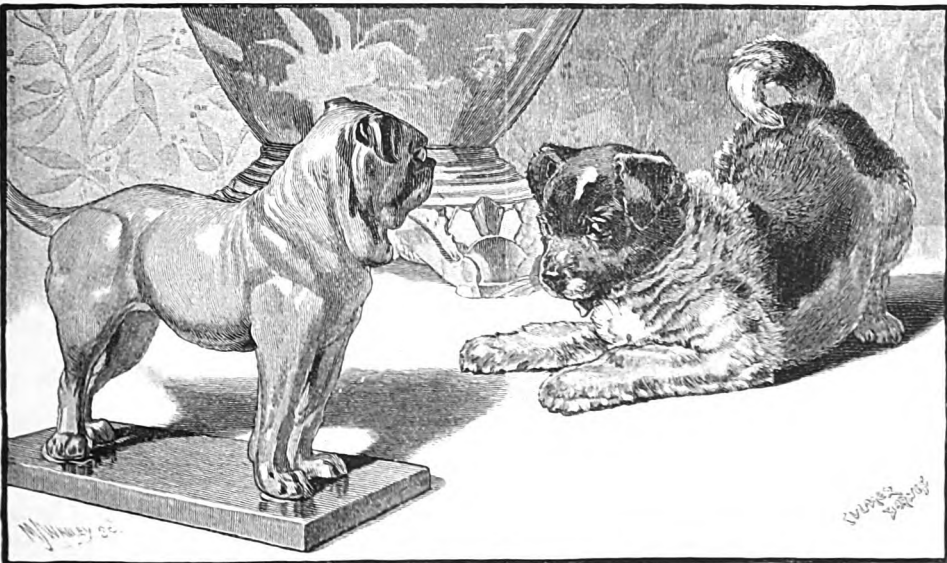
was more for the sake of good cheer than needed warmth, and at last it was dispensed with. Thrushes and other birds of richer and fuller song had come, and morning and evening we left the door open that we might enjoy the varied melody.

Our first plantings of potatoes and early vegetables were now up nicely, and a new phase of labor—that of cultivation—began. New broods of chickens were coming off, and Winnie had many families to look after. Nevertheless, although there was much to attend to, the season was bringing a brief breathing-spell, and I resolved to take advantage of it. So I said one Friday evening: "If to-morrow is fair, we'll take a vacation. What do you say to a day's fishing and sailing on the river?" A jubilant shout greeted this proposal, and when it had subsided, Mousie asked, "Can Junior go with us?"

"Certainly," I replied; "I'll go over right after supper, and make sure that his father consents."

Mr. Jones said "Yes," and Merton and Junior were soon busy with their preparations, which were continued until the long twilight deepened into dusk.

(To be continued.)



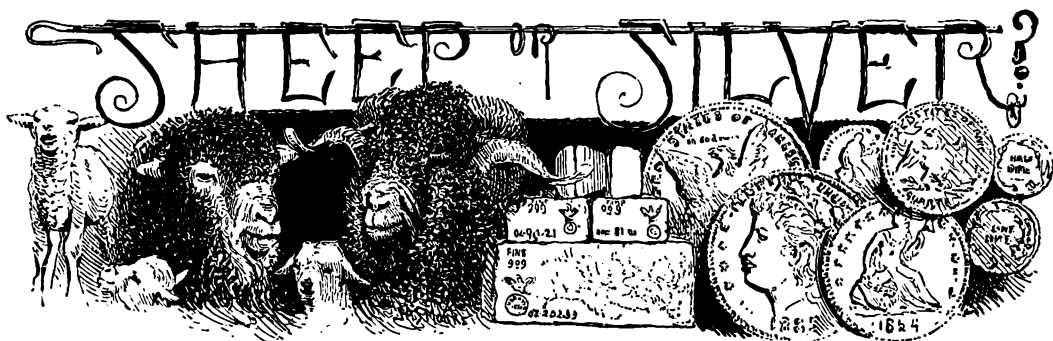
"HULLO, OLD STIFF-LEGS! COME DOWN OFF O' THAT, AND PLAY!"

Grandpa's Old Slipper And Baby's New Shoe



Grandpa's old slipper and baby's new shoe
Tripping lovingly onward together,
Keeping time,
To the rhyme
Of the sea and the birds,
And a chime of the bells in the heather.





BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRIERSONS.

"YOU do not mean to say that Waldo and Ruthven are twins? It is impossible."

"Yes, sir; twin brothers. Are they more unlike than are their sisters, Hessie and Bessie? They are twins, also."

"Well, all I can say is, that I should never have believed it. What can poor Mrs. Frierson do with such a boy as Waldo? Ruthven is all right. You would think he was a grown man. But of all the wild, harum-scarum, rattle-brained boys I ever knew, Waldo Frierson is the worst. He is so bright and handsome a fellow, too. Ruthven will be a great help to his mother. And as for the girls—well, she can depend upon Bessie, but I am not so sure of Hessie; she is too much like her brother Waldo."

This was about the way people talked when the great calamity befell the Friersons. How that befell can be told in a few words. Years before, when living at the East, Mr. and Mrs. Frierson, then altogether too young and too poor to think of such a thing (so every one said), had fallen so much in love with each other as to rush into what was well considered "a very imprudent marriage." Being young and loving, they laughed at the gloomy forebodings of their friends, and went to work with a will, the young husband being half lawyer, half farmer, while his happy little wife economized and kept house with an energy which it did one good to see.

But "No, Bessie, we can't win the fight here," the husband was at length compelled to say to his wife, when Waldo and Ruthven were still babies. "There is but one thing to do. We must go West. The farm your grandfather left you in Texas is our best chance. As soon as you are strong enough, we will sell out here and emigrate. What do you say?"

As the young couple had but one heart between them, so they were always of but one mind. In fact, it was the wife who had long urged the Texas plan upon her husband, for she was, as every one acknowledged, the wiser of the two.

Thus it came to pass that by the time their boys were twelve years old, and their twin girls about two years younger, they had made for themselves a very comfortable home on the Texan farm. It was styled Manchac Springs, and was some twelve miles west of Austin, the capital of Texas, and on the road to San Marcos, New Braunfels, and San Antonio—a road which crossed the vast prairies that stretched away to the Rio Grande and Mexico. The house was a handsome one, upon an eminence well wooded with live-oaks, while the spring was a wonder to all who saw it, gushing out from beneath the hill, pure and abundant. By hard work, slow and steady increase, under the wise suggestion of the wife and the persistent energy of her husband, the horses, cows, sheep, and poultry had so thriven that the household were really very comfortable. "And the best of it is, our boys and girls have had such an out-of-door training in this glorious climate, that they can not fail to be strong and happy," the husband said one day.

"No, dear," his wife replied, "the very best thing of all is, that our breaking away from the East and our removal here have enabled us, their parents, to do so much more for them than we could have done had we remained where we were. If we can but continue to have the same peaceful, quiet life——" and here she stopped, with a little sigh, as if she feared something, she hardly knew what.

So the years passed pleasantly and happily, until the date of the opening of our story. Spring had begun early that year, and never had the prospects of a fine crop seemed so certain, when suddenly the grasshoppers smote the whole

region like an invading host. Then followed drought, until the soil seemed burnt to ashes. The spring ceased flowing. Scores of the cattle choked themselves to death striving, in their hunger for something green, to feed upon the thorny cactus. The sheep disappeared as into thin air. The best horses were stolen by men who had been rendered desperate by the hard times.

One has not the heart to tell all the disasters which befell them.

"It only needed *this*!" Mr. Frierson said, tossing a letter into his wife's lap as he entered the house one hot day in August. A glance at the letter told her of fresh calamity. Her brother Cyrus had failed in business, having made too hasty ventures. This meant ruin for the Friersons, because her husband had helped her brother by becoming responsible for a large amount of money which this failure would now compel him to pay. And she had hardly finished reading the letter when she saw her husband fall back upon the floor. A sunstroke had given the last blow to a man whose health, never very strong, had been steadily undermined by a slow succession of disasters.

For a time it seemed as if the widow would never recover from the shock of her husband's death, attended and followed by so many trials. But gradually her strength returned, and she grew able to take up her life again. By an admirable law of the State, the homestead could not be seized from her and her children; that and her two boys and her two girls were literally all that remained. "It is dreadful, dreadful," Waldo said to his brother every day. "It shatters all of our plans. For oh, *how* I had hoped! —"

The brothers were sixteen years old by this time. Waldo had long set his heart upon going to college. He had been at school in Austin, working hard to fit himself for Harvard. He was so bright, so ambitious, so eager to succeed, that his teachers prophesied brilliant things for him in college and in his after life. His father had been compelled to drop the law and give himself up wholly to the farm since he came to Texas, but he had not lost his old liking for the profession. Over and over again, when sitting out on the porch of an evening, he had told Waldo the story of his own youthful expectations.

"I had it all arranged," he would say to his favorite son, who would sit at his feet, listening eagerly, "to make a great name at the bar. Then I should do one of two things: either remain a lawyer and make a large fortune, or go into politics, and be sent to the legislature or to congress. People used to say I made splendid speeches, Waldo, my boy. Oh, well, I must live that life in you. Study hard; sweep everything before you when

you go to college. Then come back to Austin. I know a lawyer who will take you into his office. In a new State like this, you are certain to make a grand success. You are far ahead of what I was at your age, my son."

Mrs. Frierson remonstrated with her too-sanguine husband. "Waldo is over-ambitious as it is," she said; "you are but adding flame to fire. And you forget Ruthven."

"No, I don't, Bessie," answered Mr. Frierson. "But Ruthven is different. Sober old chap that he is, all he cares for is to be educated as a machinist, and a machinist he shall be. As soon as he is old enough, and we can afford it, he shall go to the Institute of Technology in Boston. And with Ruthven in Boston, and Waldo at Harvard, I shall have nothing left to wish for, unless it be to have them graduated and back here again, making fame and fortune for themselves!"

Neither of the parents had any fears as to Ruthven, but they always agreed that Waldo would make the more striking success of the two, *if—if—!* The boy was so full of his fun, so daring when it came to breaking a horse or roping a wild cow, so mischievous and fitful in his ways, that there was no telling what he might do.

But when the father, crushed beneath his quick-coming calamities, so suddenly died, all this planning seemed to have taken place ages before; and Waldo, when he saw his long and eagerly cherished hopes in life so quickly and so utterly overthrown, changed from a gay and talkative boy, and became as miserable as a broken-down old man of seventy. He would wander off across the prairie after supper, and, flinging himself on the ground, would lie there in the dark and weep and rave.

"I am almost afraid he cares more for the ruin of his hopes," his widowed mother said at last to her other son, "than he does for the death of his father."

"No, it is only for a little while," Ruthven replied. "Waldo is not selfish at heart. He is dreadfully cut up just now. But you will be astonished to see with what enthusiasm he will go into whatever he may determine to do. His suffering, like his enjoyment, always runs to extremes."

"He is your dear father over again," exclaimed his mother, who could only yield her hand to that of her son, while her eyes filled with tears. She needed to say no more. Ruthven understood her. From the beginning of their misfortunes, he had grown, it seemed, almost into a man, and all the more so since the death of his father. He did not say much, and he seemed never to leave his mother's side; yet, whenever needed, he would be here and there over the whole place, seeing to everything, attending, as the months rolled by,

to all the perplexing matters which had to be arranged; grave, quiet, efficient, never thinking of himself. Often, when his mother would lie at midnight weeping in her bed, she would be aware of some one kneeling by her side, whispering comfort to her. She did not need to be told it was Ruthven.

There was almost as great a difference between Mrs. Frierson's two daughters as between their brothers. Hessie was black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, always having more to say, and upon every subject, than is common even to healthful and light-hearted girls; singing to herself, whistling, for that matter, like a blackbird. Bessie was of a heavier frame; her head set more solidly upon her shoulders; her eyes were gray and serious; she had less to say than Hessie. In a word, she was the counterpart of Ruthven, fully as valuable in her way, her mother's trusted housekeeper.

"And yet, is it not strange!" Mrs. Frierson often thought to herself. "One would think that Bessie would be devoted to Ruthven, whereas Waldo is her idol; while laughing, mischief-loving Hessie thinks there never was a son or brother like Ruthven."

As the sad months went slowly by, Mrs. Frierson gradually rallied her strength and could look more calmly at the family fortunes.

"It is very plain," Ruthven said to his mother, brother, and sisters, one morning after breakfast, "that we must look our position squarely in the face. We are deeply in debt. It is impossible to go on as we now are. A new course must be entered upon, if we are to better ourselves. The boys and girls of the family are brave and strong. There is but one desire among us. We must select wisely and deliberately what is best to be done, and do it. Now, what shall that be? Who can tell us?"

It seemed to be the oddest chance in the world; but just as he asked the question, the man of all men whom they least expected to see walked into the room,—the man to whom so much of their trouble was due,—their mother's only brother, Uncle Cyrus!

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE CYRUS AND THE PRINCE.

THE family group that fronted this unexpected visitor was a striking one.

In her favorite chair sat Mrs. Frierson, with her hair grown whiter by her recent sorrow, but with a new purity and refinement quite in keeping with it, which hushed her children into a deeper love and veneration for her. Hessie and Bessie had risen and stood a little behind their mother, one on either side. Hessie was a head taller than Bessie, slight of frame, quick-motioned,

with always an abundance to talk about or to laugh over, forever on her feet, eager to please those she liked, and by far the livelier and prettier of the two. Sober Bessie, not so agile, all the more home-like for her freckles and her motherly and domestic ways, seemed to be two years the older, and to be closely in accord with her mother in all her thoughts and ways. Ruthven was still seated at the breakfast-table, in what had been his father's chair; without a word said, he had taken the place of his father in that as in everything, so far as was possible to a son not yet seventeen years old. Waldo was on his feet and, in reply to Ruthven, was about to give his ideas of what everybody ought to do. He had no hesitation as to that; and he was very eager and enthusiastic in what he had to propose.

It was as earnest and united a family group as one could wish to see; but in an instant the same group was as disturbed as if Uncle Cyrus had been a live coal dropped into gunpowder. After a moment of blank astonishment at sight of him, Waldo sprang forward, red with anger, his hands clenched threateningly; even Ruthven became ashen, and compressed his lips; while the girls started forward to place themselves between their mother and this uncle whom they had at one time loved, but whom they could not forgive for all the loss and trouble his rash ventures had brought upon them. Certain it was, that their losses through him had been the finishing stroke of the many disasters that had caused their father's death and beggared them all.

Judged by his looks, he seemed fortunate enough. Not as tall as Waldo, he was almost as broad as both the boys rolled into one. He was robust and ruddy. Except a pair of side-whiskers, as red and bushy as his hair, he was closely shaven; well-featured and fair, you could not have desired to see a face more open and cheery. Any one would have taken him for a very prosperous and popular banker; and a smile came to one's face at the mere sight of him, so happy and free from care did he seem. For a moment only, as he stood in the door-way, his face flushed and grew pale. He knew the misery he had wrought—he could not help seeing in what light he was regarded.

Mrs. Frierson, though still pale and trembling, was the first to regain her composure, and sat awaiting in silence what her brother might have to say.

"My dear Bessie ——" he began, and hesitated.

It required a strong will to do so when thus addressed, but Mrs. Frierson looked steadily at him. And, at the same time, she seemed to hush and control her children by the simple raising of her hand.

"Please hear me," said their visitor, in the deep silence which fell upon them. "Do you think that

I do not know all the dreadful work I have done? No more intending to do it, Bessie, than a baby — no more intending it — no more intending it!" he repeated, wiping his forehead with his white handkerchief. Somehow, there was the sincerity, too, of a child in what he said. "Yes, Heaven

visitor did not take his pleading eyes from hers as he spoke. "Here I am, not an old man,— young, strong, willing to work, eager to do all I can. Yes, and I can do more for you than you think I can. I know things you do not. I have a plan — a splendid plan —"



"‘PLEASE HEAR ME,’ SAID THEIR VISITOR."

knows how sorry I am — Heaven knows! Can you not see what I am here for? You have known me always, Bessie; you will understand what I suffer in coming here —"

"What do you come for?" Waldo broke out, refusing to look at his mother, his face flushed.

"You know why I am here, Bessie!" — the

"That is what you told my poor father!" cried Waldo. "You had plans, great plans, glorious plans! It was impossible for you to fail! All you needed was a little money —"

"I know it, I know it!" Tears gathered in the uncle's eyes; his voice was pitiful to hear. "But why should I force myself on you? How easily I

could have kept myself far away! I can do you no further harm. Bear with me for a little while. I come only to do what I can to right things; and I *can* right them!"

"You can not bring my husband back," said his sister, with sad calmness.

"Oh, Mother! please, Mother!" It was Waldo who made the exclamation, his face dreadful to see, his lips drawn.

Uncle Cyrus did not take his eyes from the mother's. There was an almost infantile sincerity in the man, a pitiful pathos which not even Waldo could wholly resist. Ruthven was studying his uncle's face steadily, sternly. "Oh, if I only could make you believe in me!" he almost sobbed. "I *have* a plan to help you,—but I can't say anything about that now. You would not understand, would not trust——" Suddenly he grew grave and calm. "Believe me, Bessie," he said, "I can be of great help to you. Only try me."

"Why can you not go off somewhere and make some money, and send it back to us to help make up? Why do you wish to be *with* us? Why did you not *write* to Mother?" And yet Ruthven felt, as he angrily spoke, that—foolish, almost babyish for a man of forty, as was the course of the uncle—it was entirely characteristic of him. No other man would have come so unexpectedly upon them after all that had happened; but Uncle Cyrus's was a queer nature.

It was the first time Ruthven had spoken, but his uncle did not look from the mother to the son.

"I follow my heart," he said. "And I have reasons which some day you will be able to understand. *Can't* you comprehend that a man who has done the mischief I have done to those he loves, has to do something to atone for it? Do you suppose," he flashed out, with an angry glance at his nephews, "that a man of my age would bring himself to go down on his knees, to beg, to entreat, if I did not have good reason for doing so?"

It was an hour before they arrived at any result.

Mrs. Frierson was more perplexed when she went to her room that night than she had ever been before. When their visitor had gone to his room, she and her children talked over again the uncle's story—his earlier life, and how he had ruined them. There had been a time when the children had loved and believed in him almost as much as in their own parents. Their long affection for him before the mischief was done, the undoubted earnestness and sincerity of the man, their pressing need of one older than themselves—these all had a certain influence in his favor; and, in a few weeks, good-natured and now energetic Uncle Cyrus had tacitly assumed his position as a member of the household.

Ruthven did not work harder than he. Up as early in the morning as any one, the uncle fed the horses, turned the cows into the prairie, attended to hauling the wood, and did a dozen things before the welcome summons to breakfast came. For the present, Mrs. Frierson kept no servants. The family did not care to hire any help except a Swede occasionally to help in an emergency.

The girls could never get used to seeing their uncle milk the cows. Such a thing was not done by men in the South, but Uncle Cyrus, like his brother, was from the East, and he took a certain odd pleasure in doing again what he once had done when a boy. What made his dairy-man proclivities seem still more out of place was that, after a day of hard work, Uncle Cyrus was wont to slip upstairs, take a bath, and come down to supper dressed in his best; for he loved to loll back in an easy-chair in the hall or on the porch, listening to the playing and singing of his nieces, after the evening meal.

"Who would think that Uncle had been showing us how to break young steers all day?" Waldo whispered to Hessie, one evening. "There he sits in his clean linen and broadcloth, doing nothing, exactly like a bank president at home."

"But he is n't exactly what he used to be before all this happened," Hessie remarked. "He holds himself aloof from us sometimes."

"I am quite sure," Waldo replied, "that he has an idea of some kind that he is n't quite ready to tell us about yet. Like Bessie and yourself, and Mother, too, Ruthven and I are not as free with him as we used to be before Father died—how can we be? But, Hessie, I am coming, I'm afraid, to like him better than before. I've half a notion what his idea is, and it's *grand*!"

"Hark, Waldo! Who's there?"

There was a halloo at the gate opening on the white limestone highway, for it was now after dark. Waldo, silencing the dogs, went to see who it was, and came back with a tall man whom, as he loomed up through the night, Hessie knew to be Prince Braunfels. A live German prince in so thoroughly democratic a part of the world as Texas may seem almost an improbability. Yet such was the fact.

Not very long after Mr. Frierson had settled in Texas, a young prince from one of the smaller German principalities had bought a tract of land in the valley of the Guadalupe, and had emigrated thither with a colony of his subjects. The Prince had a dozen other names besides Braunfels, but that was as much of a name as a busy people generally could find time to apply to the settlement he made. Business at the Austin Land Office called the Prince very often to the capital, and he had long since grown into the habit of

stopping for the night at the comfortable house at Manchac Springs. Living as the Prince did, among his ignorant colonists, he became singularly fond of Mr. Frierson, who was almost the only educated gentleman within a very large extent of territory. Many an enormous meerschaum of tobacco had the good Prince smoked in the company of his American friend, upon whose hospitable veranda he often sat talking, in his broken English, far into the night.

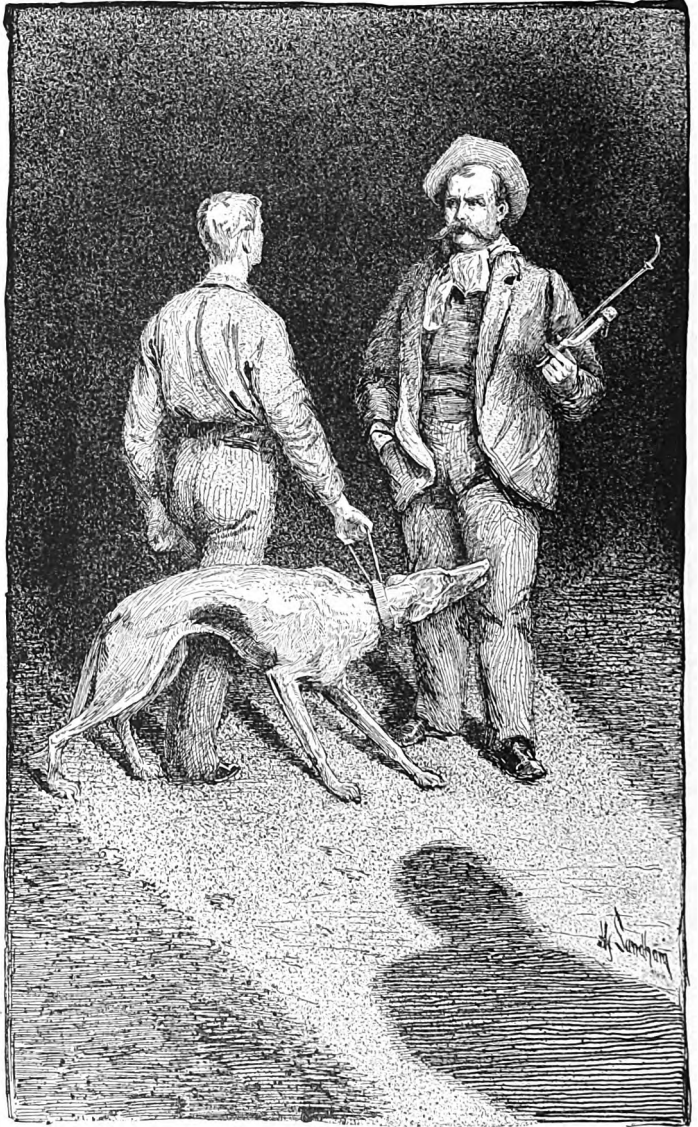
Rough, and often overbearing with others, the Prince had always cherished a great liking for the wife and children of his friend. He had attended the funeral of Mr. Frierson, had seemed to be deeply touched at the bereavement of the family, and had always, when passing, dropped in for an hour and often for the night.

"I wants to see your goot Mutter," he had told Waldo, as they now walked to the house. "I haf bizness mit her. How you vas grown! You know I go back to Schermany; no? My foolish peoples—Oh, I tole your good Fader about it long times ago!—mine peoples is got too big for dere Prince. Dey haf become A-mer-ri-cans! Dey don't take off dere hats ven I rides by. Am I become A-mer-ri-can? No, mine poy! I go back to civilization! It is bizness I haf mit your Mutter. Tell your brudder to come in, too. Not your uncle—*no!* no uncle; not von leetle finger of *him*."

"Somehow," the mother said to her children at supper the next evening, "if we do our duty and put our trust in God, we may be sure that he will take care of us. Who would have dreamed of Prince Braunfels's proposition last night? Yet I can already see that what he proposes fits perfectly into our purpose to help us forward."

"And so, too, I hope," suggested Uncle Cyrus, modestly, "you will find it will be with *my* plan; when I am ready, that is, to suggest it. It wont interfere with the other."

Looking up, the mother saw how Waldo's face kindled with sudden light as his uncle spoke, and her heart sank as she recognized a likeness



PRINCE BRAUNFELS VISITS THE FRIERSONS.

between uncle and nephew that she had not observed before. Then her eyes sought Ruthven's, as he at that moment looked at her; and mother and son understood each other perfectly.

And now, what was the business which had brought the German Prince? Upon that turned the future of every one there.

(To be continued.)

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

III.—HAYDN.

OF all musicians who have been creators in their art, none were more original than Haydn. Unable to obtain any instruction in musical composition, he was almost entirely self-taught. This, which to an ordinary person would have been a serious drawback, proved highly favorable to Haydn's success. Thrown upon his own resources, he made his own style and wrought very great changes in instrumental music.

Joseph Haydn was born in the little village of Rohrau, Austria, on March 31, 1732. His father was a wheelwright, and Haydn's early days were passed in a peasant's cottage. His parents were simple, industrious people, who were determined that their children should, above all else, be industrious. The father had a tenor voice, often accompanying himself on the harp, though playing entirely by ear, and the family, after the German fashion, devoted their evenings to music. Soon Joseph astonished his parents by the accuracy with which he sang everything that he heard. Having seen the schoolmaster play the violin, it was his delight to imitate him with two pieces of wood for violin and bow. A cousin named Frankh was so delighted with one of the child's performances that he offered to give him a musical education. At first it was doubtful if the offer would be accepted, as the mother wished her son to be a priest or, at least, a schoolmaster. Finally, his father, who felt that he himself might have made a musician, determined that the child's talent should be cultivated; so to Hamburg little Haydn went, and found in Frankh an excellent though a severe teacher. Haydn said afterward, "At this time of my life, I got more flogging than food." He was, however, always grateful to his master for his severity, as it taught him to be a close student. Haydn now studied the violin and vocal music. "When I was six years old," he says, "I stood up like a man and sang masses in the church choir, and could play a little on the clavier and violin." The child was not old enough to take care of himself, and in after life he told how it distressed him at this time to find his clothes torn and soiled, and not know how to improve their appearance. There is a story that one day a drummer was wanted in a certain procession, and that though Haydn had received no instruction on this instrument, his master gave him

a few hints and forced him to join the band. The child was too small to carry the drum, so it was borne on the shoulders of a boy who marched in front of him, and an amusing sight the pair must have been. Haydn afterward became a fine performer on the drum, and it always remained one of his favorite instruments.

In 1740 he was made chorister at St. Stephen's, Vienna, which was a rare piece of fortune. He now learned singing, the clavier, and the violin from the best masters, besides some Latin, ciphering, and writing. He worked hard to improve his advantages, and he has said that from that time he did not pass even a day without practicing from sixteen to eighteen hours. He now began to be anxious to compose, and though he received no instruction in this important branch of music, he covered every sheet of paper he could find. "It must be all right," he would say, "if the paper is nice and full." One day he showed a composition to his master, who laughed at it, telling the boy he must study harmony. Haydn was too poor to pay a teacher, but he was not dismayed; he bought a second-hand book on composition, and in his cheerless attic, without fire, shivering and sleepy, he toiled over it till he mastered it.

Young Haydn's voice now began to change, and his prospects grew very black. One day his love of fun led him to clip the queue, or pigtail,—in which fashion the hair was then worn,—of one of his school-mates. The master threatened to flog the culprit, but Haydn preferred to leave. Thrust homeless upon the world, he was obliged to earn his own living. Friends advanced him money for his rent, and he received his food in exchange for lessons on the pianoforte. He now devoted himself to study and practice, paying especial attention to Emmanuel Bach. In after life, Bach declared that Haydn alone understood his works.

In 1761, Haydn was appointed capellmeister* to Prince Esterhazy, a wealthy Austrian noble. His patron owned a beautiful country-seat, which, in addition to its natural beauties, included two theaters for musical rehearsals, and so lovely was the spot that the Prince arrived there early in spring and staid until the end of autumn. It made the members of the orchestra very unhappy to be so long away from their families, and Haydn, who had plenty of leisure for composition and musicians enough to perform his works, was the only happy

* A capellmeister was the conductor of the private orchestra of a court or church.

one. He loved and sympathized with the men, and at last he wrote for them his "Farewell Symphony." They were very home-sick, and, as the Prince showed no signs of leaving, Haydn hit upon this novel plan to make him return. In this Farewell symphony the instruments, one by one, cease playing. At its performance in the Prince's theater, as soon as a musician stopped, he left the stage. The Prince showed his appreciation of the music and the joke by returning to Vienna and allowing the musicians to return to their homes.

In 1790 the Prince died, and Haydn determined to visit London. He spent his last day in Vienna with Mozart, whom he dearly loved, and to whom he was the truest of friends. Haydn was now nearly sixty. His face, though stern in repose, softened and mellowed in conversation, and his dark-gray eyes had a kindly glance for all. "Any one can see by the look of me," he used to say, "that I am a good-natured fellow." His manner was quiet and earnest, and, though a modest man, he was very sensitive, and enjoyed praise and honor.

Haydn made two trips to London, where he was very warmly received. There he wrote his "Surprise Symphony," so called because a number of soft passages are followed by a sudden explosive sound from the drums, which startles one unacquainted with the composition, which Haydn intended as a joke. When he returned to Austria he received a surprise of a far different kind. Some friends took him to Rohrau, where, to his astonishment, he saw a monument and bust of himself next to his birthplace. On entering the house his feelings so overcame him that he wept, and kissed the threshold. Pointing to the little bench by the stove, he said that there his musical education had begun.

When in London, Haydn heard the English national anthem, "God Save the King." He loved his country, and wished that his countrymen, too, might be able to express their patriotism in song. Accordingly, he wrote the "Emperor's Hymn," which always remained his favorite composition.

During his London visit he also attended a concert where Handel's music was sung. When the "Hallelujah Chorus" was given, Haydn broke down and wept like a child. He then determined to write an oratorio, and after his return home, began his oratorio of the "Creation." He labored over it, and poured the greatest enthusiasm into it. He says: "I knelt down every day and prayed God to strengthen me for my work." He was so modest, that, though he felt the value of the

"Creation," he did not dare to think the public would, and said, on handing it to the publisher: "As for myself, now an old man, I only wish and hope that the critics may not handle my 'Creation' with too great severity." While people were still singing its melodies, Haydn reluctantly consented to write the oratorio of the "Seasons." Although at the time both oratorios were admired, the "Creation" is now by far the more popular of the two. Haydn overtaxed himself in writing the "Seasons," and his health was never good afterward.

The last years of his life were cheered by the kindness of friends and the attentions of artists, who loved to honor the great master. After a long retirement, he appeared once more in public at a performance of the "Creation." He was carried to the hall in a chair, but the excitement was too much for him; he became more and more agitated as the performance progressed, and it was found necessary to take him home. People thronged around his chair anxious for a word or look, Beethoven, who kissed him, being among the number. Five days before he died, Haydn was borne to the piano, when he played his "Emperor's Hymn" three times over. The end came on May 31, 1809.

Haydn was a man who made the most of his gifts. He was never satisfied, and always strove to reach a higher ideal. He once said: "I have only just learned in my old age to use the wind-instruments, and now that I do understand them I must leave the world." He composed so much that one would think he wrote quickly, but such was not the case. When an idea occurred to him, he would note it in a little book that he always carried with him, and afterward he would work it over with the greatest care. He felt his genius was a gift from God which he must use for the good of others. "God has given me talent," he said, "and I thank him for it. I think I have done my duty and have been of use in my generation." In writing for the pianoforte, he paid great attention to the melody, which renders his works equally interesting to young and old. They are always fresh and cheerful, and are often founded on some little romance or incident. Haydn did so much for musical composition, especially the symphony, and was so genial and kind to his fellow-musicians, and so fond of children, that in his later years he was always called "Papa Haydn." The name is still frequently used in referring to him. An account of one of Haydn's charming "Children's Symphonies" has already been given to the readers of this magazine, in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874.

THE TRUANT KEYS.

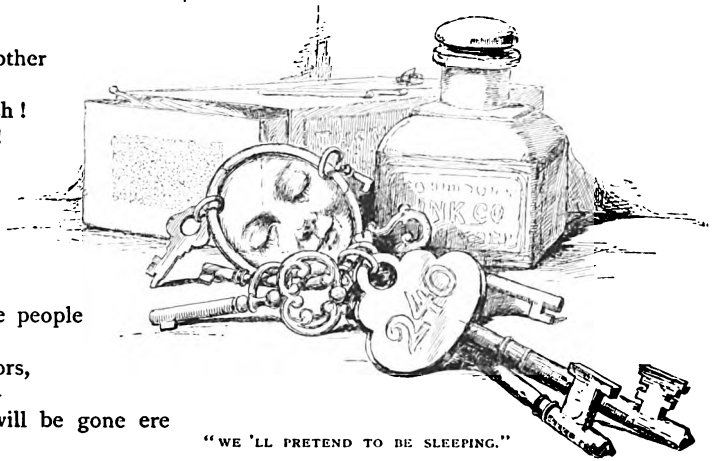
BY SARAH A. PEPLE.

YES, we are the keys,
The mischievous keys,
Who love to do nothing but bother
and tease.

Now we 're off with a rush!
Don't tell on us!—Hush!
We mean to play truant as
long as we please.

Oh, wont it be fun,
When the search has
begun?
When up and down stairs all the people
will run?

They 'll rummage the floors,
The bureaus and doors,—
And their patience and breath will be gone ere
they 're done!



"WE 'LL PRETEND TO BE SLEEPING."

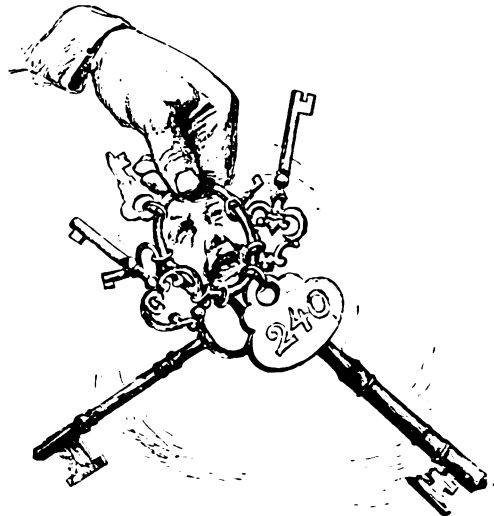
The doors all are locked,
And the closet is stocked
With jam, and with pickles and other good things;
But they can't get a bite,
Until we come to light —
Who 'll say after this, now, that keys are not kings?

They 're coming quite near us,
We fear they will hear us.
Let 's keep very quiet until they have passed.
What a row they are making!
And, oh, what a shaking
We 're certain to get when they find us at last!



"NOW WE 'RE OFF WITH A RUSH!"

Not a sound or a jingle
Shall make their ears tingle,
Or give them a clew to our snug hiding-place;
We 'll pretend to be sleeping,
While slyly we 're peeping
To see all the wrath and dismay in each face.



"AND, OH, WHAT A SHAKING!"



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

THE BUSY WORLD.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

ONE lovely summer's day the sky was blue and the sunbeams bright ; the birds were singing gayly and the bees humming loudly ; the butterflies were visiting the flowers, and the flowers were saying how glad they were to see them, and everything was just as it should be on a lovely summer's day, when suddenly the breeze, which had been whispering soft and low at early morn, grew angry,—no one ever knew why,—and, swelling into a boisterous wind, hurried the birds back to their nests, drove the frightened insects into places of shelter, puffed rudely in the faces of the lilies until they hung their sweet heads and were ready to cry, and then flew up, up, up to the sky, where it met some dark clouds, which it sent skurrying across the sun, and at last down came a heavy shower.

Well, when the breeze first changed its low murmur to a growl, the insects who were in the flower-garden fled to the grape-arbor and sheltered themselves beneath the spreading branches and broad leaves of the friendly grape-vines.

Here, for a moment or two, they all remained motionless and quiet—with the exception of a tiny Midge that could n't have kept still to have saved its life, and who whirled, and whirled, and whirled about in the air ; and then an old Wasp, who had alighted on a dead, dry branch, began sawing off some of the fibers of the wood with her sharp teeth.

The Midge stopped whirling.

"Why do you eat wood, Wasp?" she asked.

"I'm not eating it," answered the Wasp, who, however, by this time was certainly chewing it.

"What *are* you doing, then, if I may be so bold?" said the curious Midget.

"Making paper," was the reply.

"Making paper?" repeated the Midge. "How strange!"

"Not at all," said the Wasp. "Our family were the first paper-makers in the world."

"What for?" said the Midge.

"We build our nests of it," answered the Wasp.

"Oh! you build your nests of it? Dear, dear, is n't that queer?" and the Midge began to whirl around again.

Just then a large and handsome Bee, tired of being idle so long, spread its wings and hovered over some scarlet honeysuckles that had climbed up among the grape-vines.

"What are *you* going to do, Bee?" asked the Midge, pausing once more in her airy dance.

"Gather honey," replied the Bee.

"That 's jolly," said Midget. "I think, for myself, I'd like that better than paper-making."

"Our family," continued the Bee, "were the first, and, what 's more, are still the *only* honey-makers in the wide, wide world."

"How fortunate!" said the Midge.

"Extremely fortunate," said a rasping voice from the very top of the arbor, and, looking up, Midget and her companions beheld a brown-coated insect who, although shorter and stouter, strongly resembled the busy Bee, and who, comfortably stowed away between two bunches of young grapes, looked down upon them.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed myself as much as I have this last half-hour," he went on. "It has done my heart good to watch such cheerful industry. Not a moment has been lost since we were driven in here by the wind and rain. Idlers would have slept or gossiped till the storm had passed, but we, my friends, it appears, improve each cloudy as well as each shiny hour. The Wasp prepared for the building of the nest from which the dear young Wasplings are to take their first peep at life. The Bee gathered honey, and now only waits the sunshine to carry it to the hive. The tiny Midge scarce paused in the practicing of her steps, and when she did pause, it was to seek for useful knowledge. Now, all this is very, very pleasant, to be sure, and with what satisfaction we can all fly to the flower-garden again when the shower is over. Ah! there is a sunbeam. Let us go, happy in the thought that we have not wasted one precious minute while obliged to tarry here."

"We," repeated the Honey-Bee, with a scornful hum.

"Who is he?" whispered the Wasp.

"He never did an hour's work in his life," said the Bee, indignantly. "He has always been taken care of by the other bees. He 's eaten our honey and never helped us make it. He was driven from our house this very morning because we found it impossible to stand him any longer."

"But who is he?" again asked the Wasp.

"The biggest drone in the hive," answered the Bee, as she flew away.

FROM ZÜRICH TOWN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

In the dark, dull day, through Zürich Town

Glided the train from the station out,

The while from the window, up and down,

An eager traveler peered about.

Red-tiled roofs with their gables quaint,

Misty mountains, all dim and gray,

Glimpse of the lake's rare color faint,

Came and went as we steamed away.

Under the eaves at a casement queer,

Swung like a door, was a pleasant sight,

For a little Swiss maid, fair and dear,

Was scrubbing the small panes smooth and bright.

And with what purpose and cheer scrubbed she,

Turning the window this way and that,

Pushing it backward and forward, to see,

As perched on the low, broad sill she sat.

Little she knew, as, with such a will,

Toiling she put forth her cheerful might,

How a stranger admired her homely skill,

And her pretty self, as she passed from sight.

Now, when I remember quaint Zürich town,

There comes, like a picture before my eyes,

With her yellow hair and her homespun gown,

That little maid and her labor wise.

And, somehow, I think she will keep as clear

The window whence her soul must see

Life's various weather for many a year,

And watch with patience what there may be.

And if only the glass of the mind is clear,

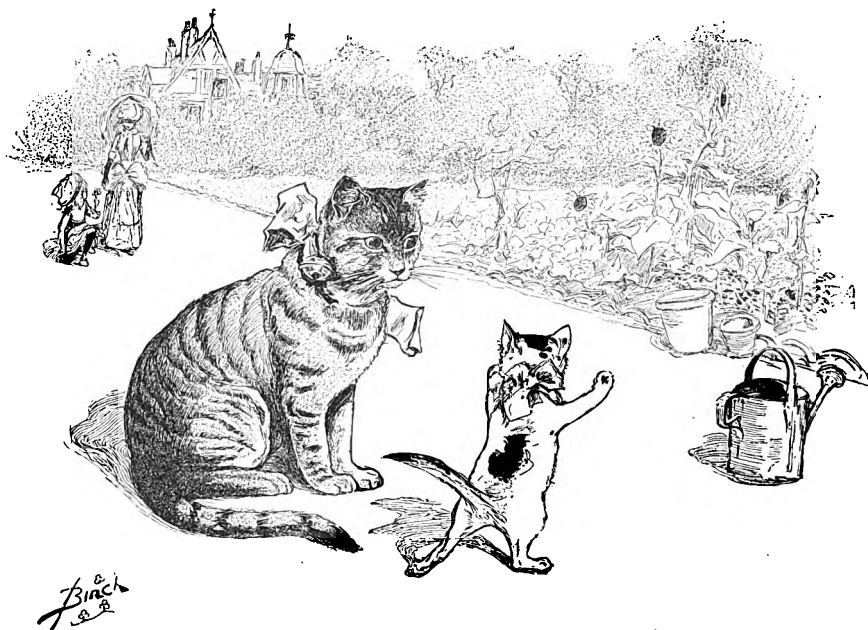
She will see it is Light that casts the shade,

And pain less bitter, and joy more keen

By her cheerful spirit be surely made.

THE ÆSTHETES.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



I.

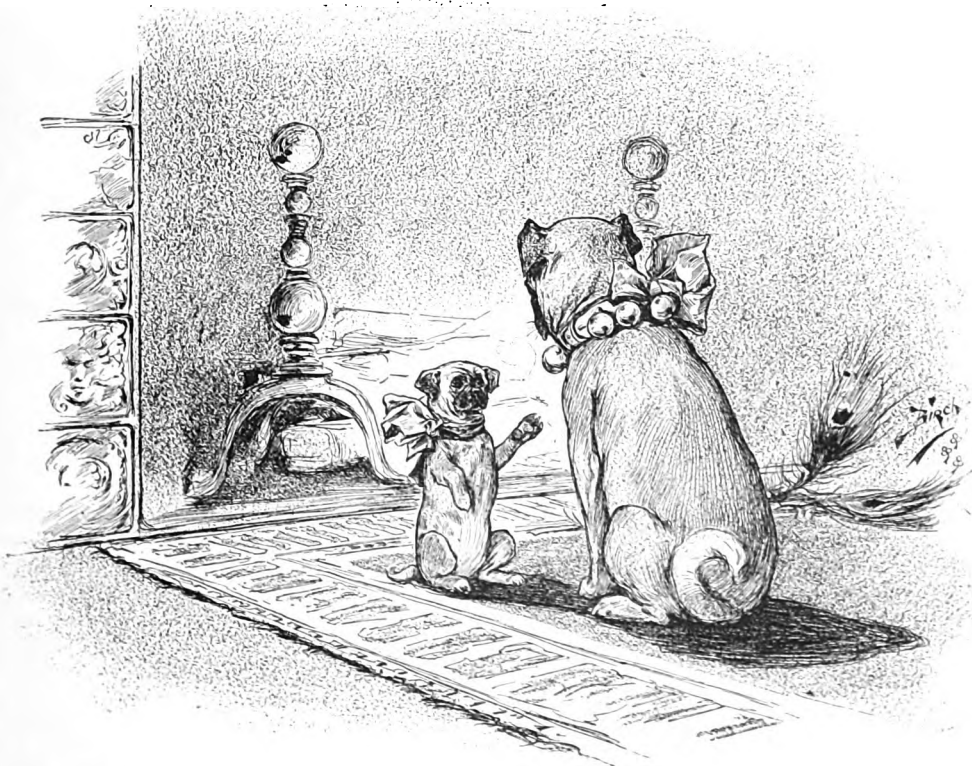
THE wild young kitten aroused the cat,
 As dozing at ease in the path she sat.
 "Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I have just now seen
 A flower that suggested an Orient queen!
 'T is yonder by the nasturtion-vine —
 Barbaric and tropic and leonine —
 (I am not quite clear what these terms may mean,
 But they 've something to do with the flower I 've seen!)
 And the aim in life of a high-souled cat
 Is to gaze forever on flowers like that!"

To the wild young kitten replied the cat,
 As blinking her eyes in the sun she sat:
 "I should hope I had known how sunflowers grow,
 I—could n't—count—*how*—many years ago!
 But they never caused in my well-poised mind
 Ideas of a dubious, dangerous kind!
 And your time henceforth—it's your Ma's advice—
 Will be spent in maturing your views on Mice!"

II.

The wild young puppy disturbed the pug,
 As she drowsed in peace on the Persian rug.
 "Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I have just now seen
 A plume that suggested a rainbow's sheen!
 With a gorgeous eye of a dye divine,—
 Blue-green, iridescent, and berylline—
 (I am not quite clear what these terms may mean,
 But they've something to do with the thing I've seen!)
 And the only joy of a cultured pug
 Is to gaze on such in a graceful jug!"

To the wild young puppy replied the pug,
 Composing herself on the Persian rug:
 "I would blush with shame through my dusky tan
 If I raved at a piece of a peacock fan!
 'T would never have raised in my sober mind
 Ideas of a doubtful, delirious kind!
 I will see that henceforth your attention goes
 To perfecting the snub of your small black nose!"



HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

KIT was by this time well on his way to Peaceville; and two hours later he might have been seen walking rapidly into the village, with his coat on his arm.

He was not on the road by which he had either entered or left Peaceville the day before, and on overtaking a little, bent old man, he inquired the way to the fair-grounds.

"The second turn to the left brings you in sight of the big ox-yoke," said the little, bent old man, whose gait was slow, and who was very deaf.

Kit hurried on, shifting the coat he carried from one tired arm to the other, and was just turning the corner indicated, when the little old man, now some distance in the rear, called to him.

"What is it?" cried Kit, turning and gazing.

The little old man made an odd gesture, and came trudging on, with his head down again, at a snail's pace, as it seemed to the hurrying Christopher.

"What do you want?" called the boy again, at the top of his voice.

But the little, bent old man neither answered nor looked up; he probably did not hear.

"He thinks I may take the wrong turn," thought the boy. "But I can't wait for him to come up, and I have n't time to go back."

When the little, bent old man did finally look up, he was surprised to find that the boy had vanished.

"Could n't he wait a minute?" he said, clinching his right hand and shaking it emphatically, while leaning with his left on a stout cane. "Well! it is of no consequence, I suppose."

Anxious, and not very hopeful, Kit came in sight of the great ox-yoke over the fair-ground entrance, which he seemed to have seen in some past stage of existence, — so long ago, and so like a dream, appeared his unlucky adventures of the day before. Had he really encountered Branlow and discovered Dandy Jim within that thronged inclosure?

He had, of course, no expectation of finding them there now; and remembering how he had let them slip through his hands when every circumstance was in his favor, he thought of his present quest as something very discouraging indeed.

The same gate-keeper of whom he had made

inquiries the day before was again on duty. He regarded Kit with no little surprise.

"Why!" said he, with lively interest, "you are the boy in the white cap who rode away on the Duckford horse last evening!"

"I'm the very boy," said Kit, putting on his coat. "And I want to find Mr. Knowles, the policeman."

"That will suit all 'round," said the gate-keeper; "for I've no doubt Mr. Knowles will be glad to find *you*. Knowles!" he called out.

The same officer whose acquaintance Kit had made the previous afternoon turned away from the race-course, around which the same trotters Kit had then seen (or so it seemed to him) were raising the same cloud of dust. Mr. Knowles leisurely approached the entrance, but he quickened his pace on seeing Kit, whom he likewise regarded with surprised curiosity.

"Where did you pick him up?" he said to the gate-keeper; and, quickly stepping forward, he seized Kit by the arm.

"He asked for you," said the gate-keeper.

"Asked for me? Well, what do you want of me, young man?"

Aware that he was viewed with suspicion, Kit, though prepared for the occasion, changed color, and stammered out:

"I want — I am after — that horse!"

"What horse? The one you stole, or the one you pretended was stolen, or some other?" added the officer.

"The one that was stolen —" began Kit.

"Well, I think you can tell us more about that than anybody else can! Do you know?" said Mr. Knowles, scrutinizing him sharply, "I have instructions to arrest you? You act as if you were n't aware of the fact, but you're the boy that took the Bunting horse, as sure as you live!"

"Yes, I am," said Kit. He smiled, congratulating himself on his foresight in providing proof of his innocence for this very emergency. "I took the wrong horse by mistake — as you will see, as I will show you." He fumbled in his pockets.

"I have a paper — somewhere —"

His fumbling became hurried and nervous, and he suddenly turned pale.

"Now what's your game?" said the wondering officer.

"I have a paper," poor Kit repeated, in accents of alarm and distress — "or I had it — one that

Mr. Benting gave me." He pulled his pockets inside out and stared at them in blank dismay, exclaiming, "I've lost it!"

"What sort of a paper was it?" Mr. Knowles inquired.

"A sort of certificate," replied Kit, "saying that I had returned the horse which I had taken by mistake. Mr. Benting gave it to me, so that I should n't get into trouble on that account while trying again to find my uncle's horse."

The officer smiled incredulously. "You're a very sharp boy," he said, "but not quite sharp enough. I saw through your tricks yesterday, when it was a little too late; but I think I see through this one just in time. There are no more horses for you to ride away by mistake at this cattle show, and you may as well come along with me."

"Do you think," cried the astonished Christopher, "that if I had stolen a horse here yesterday I should be back here inquiring for you to-day?"

"I should n't suppose so," replied the officer; "but you seem to have done that very thing. Though why you should ask for me—a policeman—is a riddle I can't guess."

"It was because you are a policeman, and I wished to show you that paper and get your help," protested Christopher. "The Benting boys said you could tell me if anything had been heard of the man who sold the other horse,—my uncle's horse,—the horse I am looking for; and that perhaps you would know the man who bought it. I thought you might at least direct me to the grocery where the bill of sale was made out."

"I can do that," said Knowles, "when I'm satisfied you are telling me the truth. But what were you telling me yesterday?"

"The truth," declared Christopher.

"It did n't appear so," said the unbelieving officer. "If ever I was satisfied of anything, it was that you and the rogue you are inquiring for were accomplices. He and you had been seen together, to all appearances on friendly terms; and I have positive evidence that he helped you to ride away with the Benting horse."

"He did," said Kit, once more trying to explain the complication to unbelieving ears. Again he searched his pockets and exclaimed, almost crying with vexation, "Oh, if I only had that paper! I am the most careless boy!"

"See here, my fine fellow!" remarked the astute officer, "I don't take much stock in that paper; and I believe it's my duty to hold you in custody."

By this time a small crowd had gathered about them. Just as Knowles was marching his prisoner off, up trudged the little, bent old man.

"Here, young man," he said; "is this yours?"

And his trembling fingers relaxed and disclosed a crumpled paper, which Kit snatched at eagerly.

"That's mine! that's it!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"Where did you find it, Mr. Graves?" asked the policeman, in a loud voice adapted to deaf ears.

"Back in the street, here," said the little old man. "I thought it dropped out of this boy's coat, which he had on his arm; and I called to him, but he did n't seem to know what he had lost. After I reached home, I put on my glasses and read it, and thinking it might be important, I followed him up here."

"You have done me a great favor, and I can't thank you enough for it!" said Kit with fervent gratitude.

He handed the paper to the policeman, who read as follows:

"*To all whom it may concern:*

"*This is to certify that the bearer, Christopher Downmede, of East Adam, who took my horse from the Peaceville Fair Ground yesterday, mistaking it for one belonging to his uncle, has returned it to me this day in good condition, with a satisfactory explanation of the circumstances. And I hereby cordially commend him to all good citizens generally, and especially to Mr. Knowles, the officer on duty at the cattle show, who I am sure will be serving a good cause by assisting him in his search for his uncle's missing horse.*

"*David Benting, of Duckford.*"

"This puts a new face on the matter," said the policeman. "It is lucky for you, my boy, that this paper turned up in time!"

"As I carried my coat over my arm," Kit explained, "the opening of the pocket hung down; I never thought of what was in it. I am one of those boys," he added, with a cheerful gleam overspreading his troubled face, "who can never think of more than one thing at a time!"

"There's no great harm done in this case, thanks to Mr. Graves, here," said the officer; "though if it had not been for him, I rather think I should have had to lock you up till the Bentings could be sent for, in spite of your plausible story and honest face. Now let's see what can be done for you."

CHAPTER XX.

"I WANT to find my uncle's horse,—that's the principal thing," said Christopher. "At the same time I should like to see the rogue caught who stole him." And he repeated what the Benting boys had told him.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you much more," said Mr. Knowles; "except that the horse you say belongs to your uncle was sold to a man in Southmere; I forget his name — Baggage, Bradish, or something of that sort. The rogue slipped away before we came to the conclusion that he *was* a rogue — slipped away with an honest man's money, it seems."

"I was afraid of that," said Christopher. "Who is this Mr. Baggage, or Bradish?"

"Or Bradger; that's more like it," rejoined the officer. "All I know of him is that he's a farmer

The little old man nodded and started off. Kit turned to thank the policeman for his kindness.

"That's all right," said Knowles; "though it might have been all wrong if it had n't been for that paper, which I advise you not to lose a second time, for I'm not the only officer furnished with your description and instructions to arrest you."

"That's a pleasant thing to know," laughed Kit, rather uncomfortably, as he felt for the paper in his pocket. "But I think I can take care of myself now."

He left the separating crowd at the gate, and,



"THAT'S MINE! THAT'S IT!" KIT EXCLAIMED."

over in Southmere; and, from what I can hear, he's about as thick-set and stiff-necked and unaccommodating an old codger as any you'll be apt to run against. They can tell you more about him at Hines's grocery, where the bill of sale was made out."

"That's just the place I want to find!" said Kit.

"Mr. Graves is going within a stone's-throw of it. Mr. Graves!" The officer lowered his face and raised his voice, shouting in the ear of the little old gentleman: "Will you show this boy Hines's grocery?"

guided by Mr. Graves, soon found himself at the door of Hines's grocery. Again thanking the little old man for the very great favor he had done him, he took leave of him at the door, and entered the grocery with an anxious heart. He felt certain that he was once more on the track of Dandy Jim, which horse any but the most blundering boy in the world might now reasonably expect to find.

"Is Mr. Hines in?" he asked of a smooth-faced man behind the counter.

"That's my name," the smooth-faced man replied.

Kit drew a quick breath and continued:

"Mr. Knowles, the policeman, directed me to you, Mr. Hines." Mr. Hines bowed. "I wish to make some inquiries about two men who came here last night——"

"Oh, yes! I know!" interrupted the grocer, with a smile. "That horse business. You're not the first person who has come to inquire."

"Excuse me for troubling you further," said Kit; and he proceeded to explain the object of his visit.

"I think you will have little difficulty in finding your horse," said Mr. Hines. The boy's heart bounded exultantly. "But as to getting it—that's another thing."

"You know the man who bought it—Mr. Baggage, or Braggage?" queried Kit.

"Badger is his name; Eli Badger of Southmere," replied the grocer. "I know him very well; and I forewarn you that you won't find him a very pleasant customer to deal with."

"But if I can show that he has a horse that rightfully belongs to my uncle——" began Kit.

"If you can prove that, you can eventually recover your uncle's property, no doubt. I should n't like to say that Badger is a man who would buy a horse, knowing it to be stolen; but having one in his possession, and having paid for it—well," laughed Mr. Hines, "all I can say is, I should like to see the boy of your size who could take that horse away from Eli Badger of Southmere!"

"It will do no harm to try," replied Kit. "At any rate, it will be a point gained to find the horse in his possession. You speak as if you did not consider him a very just man."

"He may be a just man in his way," said Mr. Hines. "But of all the grasping, grudging, cross-grained people that I ever had any dealings with, Eli Badger of Southmere is the worst. I pity you, youngster, if you expect to get a horse away from him!"

"If I can't, may be somebody else can," said Kit, with a troubled yet resolute face. "About how far is it to the place where he lives?"

"It's a good six miles to Southmere village, and he lives somewhere beyond that," answered Mr. Hines. "He has a small farm, and raises a great quantity of grapes."

"I must try to get there to-night," said Kit, with an anxious glance at the grocer's clock. "But first I should like to ask about the man who sold him the horse."

Having received a very good description of his friend Cassius Branlow, he went out to make further inquiries concerning that uncertain individual, at the Peaceville stove-stores.

Branlow's story of his being employed in one of them turned out, naturally, to be a little fiction devised for hoodwinking poor Kit, who found no

Peaceville dealer in hardware or tinware who had ever heard of the itinerant tinker.

Having spent more time and strength than he could well afford in making these fruitless inquiries, Kit set off at last, footsore and weary, on the road to Southmere.

Late in the afternoon he entered the village, glad to know that the man he was in search of and, probably, the horse, also, were now not far off. Eli Badger was well known to several persons of whom he had latterly inquired the way; and each had added a stroke to the not very agreeable portrait that Mr. Hines had so broadly outlined.

"Not a very obliging man," one had said, in reply to Kit's questioning.

"Grouty," said another.

"Obstinate as a pig," declared a third.

Kit was not at all ambitious to encounter the original of this picture; but the now almost absolute certainty of discovering Dandy Jim cheered him on.

At dusk, the boy in the base-ball cap that had once been white, but which was beginning to show the effects of travel on dusty roads, paused doubtfully on a corner and looked about. Kit was tired, toil-stained, and hungry. He saw a man coming out of a summer restaurant, and accosted him.

"How far is it to Eli Badger's place?" he inquired.

"Badger? Eli Badger?" The man pointed. "He lives about a mile away, on this road."

Kit gave a weary sigh, and remembered wistfully the invitation Mr. Benting had given him to visit the family on his return.

"And Duckford," he said; "how far is it to Duckford?"

"To Duckford Centre"—the man pointed in another direction—"is about five miles."

Kit stood a moment longer in painful hesitation. What was the use of his going farther that night? It was not likely that he could even get a sight of Dandy Jim before morning. To make any attempt to gain possession of him before then, or to give notice of his uncle's claim on the horse, might prove a fatal blunder; and Kit was resolved to avoid blunders in the future.

"I wish Duckford were n't quite so far away," he said to himself. "I might go over to Maple Park, and perhaps get Mr. Benting to help me about Dandy in the morning."

And before the mind's eye of the harassed and lonesome boy arose the bright image of a young girl who had befriended him when he most needed a friend.

"If I only had Dandy to ride! or if I could hop on a wagon going in that direction!" he said to himself, as he cast longing eyes up the dim

Duckford road. Then he added, "I might walk it!" But he dismissed that notion quickly from his mind, and entered the restaurant to rest his lame feet and tired limbs, and study the situation over a clam chowder.

"I'll not do anything again in a hurry, nor anything particularly foolish, if I can help it," he said to himself, as he sat down and waited for his order.

It was a great satisfaction to feel that he had traced Dandy to the hands of a responsible farmer.

"It must be Dandy, and no mistake," he reasoned, recalling all the evidence he had obtained regarding Branlow's trade, and the descriptions of the horse Eli Badger had received of him and led away. "I'm sorry for the man who has been swindled out of his money; but he might have known there was something wrong about a horse that was offered at so cheap a price."

The chowder came, and while he was cooling it he perceived by the sound of voices that three or four persons were entering the next box. They laughed boisterously, and gave their orders in a manner that enabled him to label them in a word—

"Roughs!"

There was only a low partition between the boxes; and from the open space above he could hear much of their conversation, even when they suited their tones to the discussion of a business which demanded privacy. That business he was also soon enabled to characterize by a single word—

"Roguary!"

He sipped his chowder, and pondered his own plans, giving little heed to what was going on in the adjacent box, until his attention was arrested by a distinctly pronounced name—

"Eli Badger!"

Then Kit pricked up his ears.

"You and Mack must be on the spot," one was saying, "ready to give us the signal. If everything is all right, we'll stop our team at the corner of the lane on this side."

"At half-past ten," said another.

"That's too early,—hey, boys?" suggested a third.

"We'll know by the way things look," was the reply. "If the lights in the house are out at half-past nine, half-past ten will be late enough; they'll all be asleep by that time. Badger would n't spend money to keep a dog, and we shall make precious little noise."

"It's just the night for it," said one of the other speakers. "The moon'll be well up by that time. You can't do such a job in any kind of shape without a moon."

"If nothing happens, we'll strike a bonanza

to-night," was the rejoinder. "I went by there to-day, and the trellises were jest black with grapes."

Then another: "He's leaving 'em as long as he dares to, but he won't resk 'em many nights more for fear of frost. They're ripe enough for us, anyhow. It's to-night or never."

"Mostly Concords?" asked one.

"Concords and Delawares," said another. "We'll go for the Concords. They're easy to handle; bigger clusters; you can pick two bushels of Concords while you're picking one of Delawares."

"Take both kinds," was the chuckling response. "All we can get, or our team can carry; that's my principle."

"Don't talk so loud, boys!" said a more cautious whisper; "somebody'll hear us."

"Oh, nobody's nigh," replied another suppressed voice, the owner of which put his head out of the box and gave a wary glance about the restaurant.

"But half-past ten is too early," one of the conspirators insisted. "Folks may be going by."

Eleven was finally agreed upon. Then followed a discussion of the way the booty was to be disposed of, and other details of the enterprise, in the midst of which, without waiting to hear any further particulars, Kit slipped out of his box, paid for his chowder, and left the place.

CHAPTER XXI.

HE had about made up his mind to spend the night in the village and go on to Badger's farm in the morning. But now he said to himself:

"Those scamps mean to rob his grape-vines to-night. That'll make him anything but a good-natured man to-morrow. I wish I could manage somehow to let him know of their little scheme."

How thankful he himself would have been for information which might have prevented the stealing of his uncle's horse! He thought of that, and resolved that in this case he would do as he would be done by.

"I'll go on and tell him myself. That will make an excuse for calling on him. Then I will do what seems best about speaking of Dandy."

It can not be denied that in this affair Kit's motives were mixed, as are the motives of most of us. Christopher Downimede did not by any means forget his own interests when he resolved to do Eli Badger a favor. And yet, with his strong love of justice, he felt an unselfish desire to see even the disobliging Eli protect himself from the depredations of unscrupulous marauders.

He made inquiries of two or three persons on

the road for Badger's place, and was told that he would know it by the grape-vine trellises between the lane and the house.

It was a gloomy, anxious walk, after the fatigues of the last two days. Evening had come on, and the moon had not yet risen. There were few houses on that dreary road. The fields were lonely and open; the still stars looked down upon him; noc-

"I'll make it a real triumph before I am through," thought he, as he trudged on. "And Uncle and Aunt Gray—were they talking of him and his amazing heedlessness at that moment? And the Bentings!"

"If I get Dandy," he said to himself, "I'll ride him over to Maple Park bareback after the saddle."

And his bashful, boyish heart thrilled at the anticipation of meeting a certain pair of sympathetic blue eyes.

His mind was recalled from its wanderings by the appearance of a house, set well back from the road.

"This must be Eli Badger's," he reflected. "Here is the lane, and the corner where those grape-thieves talked of stopping their horse; over there must be the trellises." But looking down upon them from the road, which was somewhat above the level of the garden, he could not make them out in the darkness. He had the idea fixed in his mind, from a description of the place some one had given him, that the lane formed the principal approach to the premises. It was open, and he walked into it, having no doubt that it would take him to the house, toward which he was



"IT WAS THE BLUNDERING CHRISTOPHER WHO HAD FALLEN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

turnal insects trilled in the wayside alders and wild cherries, the outlines of which were dimly defined against the western horizon.

He thought of his mother in that weary walk, and felt sure that she was thinking anxiously of him. Had she yet heard of his strange and ridiculous blunder in bringing home the wrong horse? Or was she even then waiting for him to come dashing in,—as he often did in the evening,—and tell her the whole story of his triumph in finding Dandy at the fair the day before?

drawn by two dimly lighted windows. He soon found, however, that he was leaving them on his right.

He supposed there must be a gate somewhere, which he had failed to find; and he walked back a little way, exploring the lane in search of it. But, as he could discover neither gate nor bars, he concluded to simplify matters by climbing the fence and crossing the yard to the house, which seemed very near.

He climbed over and was advancing carefully,

when an obstacle rose before him like another fence. This time it was a rather high obstacle; a grape-trellis, in fact. He was not sorry to make the discovery, for he was beginning to fear that he had mistaken another place for Badger's.

"Here are more trellises!" he said to himself; and he was groping to find a way around them, when a rustling noise caused him to stop in some alarm.

The gloom and strangeness of the place had excited his boyish imagination, and he was prepared for a good fright, when a dark object, in the direction of the noise, came out from the shadow of the heavily draped frames, and advanced toward him.

Not knowing whether it was man or beast, he recoiled instinctively and scrambled to the fence. Immediately the rustle became a rush, and with an appalling tramp of heavy feet, the creature plunged after him.

It was no beast,—perhaps the assertion should

be qualified by saying it was no dumb beast,—but broad-backed Eli Badger himself, who was out there, with a stout hickory stick, keeping guard over his vineyard. Vengeance for the misdeeds of many plundering youngsters animated the keen and watchful eyes, the heavily plunging legs, and the arm upraised to strike.

The arm descended, and the cudgel with it, just as poor Kit was climbing the fence.

Thwack! whack! crack! First a blow on the boy's back, then on his shoulder, then on that lamentably slight protection to his skull, the closely fitting base-ball cap; and a dark body, dreadfully limp and silent, fell prone at Eli Badger's feet.

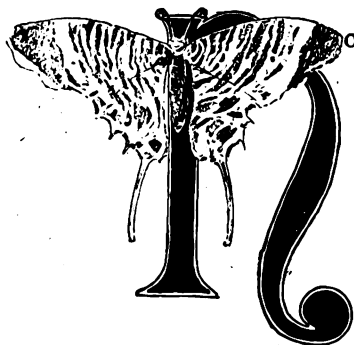
It was the blundering Christopher, who, with scarcely an outcry, had fallen at the third stroke; the case in which he carried those unlucky brains of his having proved no match for the Badger arm and club.

"I've done for him, sure as smoke!" said Eli, stooping to lift the limp form of the boy.

(To be continued.)

"PRINCESS PAPILLONES."

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.



OT very many years ago, there lived a little Indian girl named Momo. Her home was many hundreds of miles from New York, in a land where the winter-time comes when our summer does, and

where, when it does come, it rains instead of snows. At such times Momo would sit the whole day long in the door-way of her father's house, listening to the wailing of the wind and the roaring of the river as it tore great cavities in its banks, and brought tall trees tumbling headlong down to be swept away to the sea. She dared not venture out. She was so little, and the rain and wind were so strong that, if she had trusted herself to them, she too would probably have been swept away to the ocean, like a bruised

and battered leaf on the fierce tide. It was a dismal time for poor Momo, this rainy season, as it is called. Little by little the rain would eat its way through the thatch of palm branches that made a roof for the house, until the whole place was afloat and she could no more sleep in her little hammock than you could under a shower-bath. Then the store of bananas and of plantains, of parched corn, and of meat cut in long strips and dried in the sun, would give out, and they all would be hungry. Mawarri (that was the name of Momo's father) would then carry his old gun, with its barrel nearly as tall as himself, out into the storm; but more usually he would bring nothing back but himself and his long gun, for even the beasts and birds had hidden from the tempest.

But when it was not raining in Momo's country, it was very beautiful. The grass grew long and green, and the wind, as it rustled through the swaying blades, sang softly, like a nurse hushing the baby to sleep. Overhead the palm branches clashed like warriors' spears, and birds of gorgeous plumage uttered strange calls. Momo used to fancy

they were speaking to her, and she had invented quite a language of her own in which to answer them. Sometimes she sat for hours on the high bank of the river, which now went softly by, blazing in the sunlight like a stream of molten gold, and she would chatter till the noisy paroquets cocked their wise little heads to listen, and the timid humming-bird buzzed like a big bee so close to her harmless hand, that she might have grasped it if she wished.

Not that she did wish, for she had never willfully harmed a living thing. In this lonely place, with the great mountains all about, and her father away hunting the whole day long, while her mother hoed the corn-patch or searched for bananas in the canebrakes by the river, these busy creatures were the little girl's only companions, and she loved them. Even the iguanas, the great, fierce-looking lizards, with their spiny backs and snake-like tails, that were green in the grass and turned brown in the forest, feared her so little that they only blinked a sleepy eye when she passed them as they basked in the sun. The beetles drummed and the crickets chirped drowsily in the hot air, and paid no heed to her, as if they knew or had been told that she would not harm them. But most of all, she loved the butterflies.

There were legions of them about Momo's house, of all colors, forms, and sizes. Sometimes they made the air fairly glorious with their flitting tints, like the changing colors of a kaleidoscope. They came and went in unexpected fashions. Some days only white or yellow ones would be seen. Again, noble big fellows from the forest would appear, blazing with all the colors imaginable. And out of their coming and going, and all their inexplicable changes, an odd fancy brightened in the poor little Indian girl's mind.

She had never heard of fairies, but her father feared an evil spirit, a somber fiend that he believed went abroad in the darkness and the storm. At night, when a loon flew by, uttering its dismal call, Mawarri would waken with a start and say that Ukobo, the evil spirit, was on his wanderings. Now, the butterflies were bright and loved the sun. They made no melancholy noises. They had often brushed Momo's face and harmed her not, while the evil spirit, she was told, caught and devoured people. So Momo came to look upon the butterflies as good spirits, and in secret she begged them to be always kind and loving to her, as she would be to them. This supplication of a barbaric child became in time a formal prayer with her. And when she found one of her good spirits crushed and dead, she would bury it in a pleasant place where

the sun could reach it, and she would stamp down the earth above it to keep the ugly black ants at bay.

One day, strange people came to Momo's house, — not low-voiced, slow-moving, listless, smooth-faced people with brown skins, like those who came to see her father; but men so strange that she was just a little frightened at them. They had white faces, and long shaggy hair and beards. They wore coverings on their heads and queer clothing on their bodies. They carried guns, and things somewhat like guns, but smaller, in leathern belts at their waists. They looked thin and tired, and one of them was so sick he had to be helped on as he walked; yet all, sick and well, laughed and spoke with loud voices in a harsh tongue. They had some Indians with them, who carried heavy packs. Their canoes in the river were deep-laden, too. The Indians spoke to Momo's father, as did also one of the strangers, who, the little girl wonderingly noticed, could speak her language and that of his own people too. Then they made a great fire in front of the house, and cooked and ate strange things from shining boxes, and drank from bottles. Momo picked up one of the boxes which had been thrown aside when emptied, and the man who had spoken to her father noticed it and called to her in her own language:

"Come here, little one."

He was a big man, with a great shaggy red beard; but he had bright blue eyes and a pleasant voice, and Momo did not fear him. He put his arm around her as he sat on the ground, and asked her why she had picked up the box.

"Because it is pretty," she replied.

He took a great round yellow thing from his pocket and showed it to her. "Is n't that prettier?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" said Momo, "it is smaller, and it does n't shine."

They all laughed at something the man said to them, and Momo became quite indignant, for she felt that they were laughing at her. But the stranger held her fast, and the next moment a swarm of butterflies came fluttering about her head. Most of the men uttered an exclamation of admiration. If Momo had understood their language, she would have heard them say:

"Beautiful! Splendid!"

"She is a little 'Princess Papillones,'"* said the big stranger in the same tongue. "And I must add some of her subjects to my collection," he continued.

"Why not ask her to do it, Profes-or?" asked the sick man. "The butterflies don't seem to fear her, and her little hands will not do them half the harm our nets will."

* *Papillones*, the feminine of *Papillon*, the French for butterfly. which the butterfly belongs.

Papilionide is the scientific name for a class or family of insects to

"A good idea," replied the man with the red beard, and, turning to Momo, he said in her own language: "The butterflies are not afraid of you, my little one?"

"Oh, no!" said Momo.

And while the red-bearded man still held her, and she struggled with puny rage to free herself, she spoke of her good friends the butterflies, and how they watched over and protected her. The man's face changed a little as she spoke, and when she had finished he let her go. That afternoon, when one of his men caught a splendid butterfly in a fine net fastened to a staff, the Professor called out to him sharply, and the man set the insect at liberty again.

The strangers went away next morning, and the Professor called Momo to him, and hung about



"PRINCESS PAPILLONES" DEFENDS HER BUTTERFLIES.

"You could catch them easily, could you not?" he asked.

"I never tried to," answered Momo, in surprise.

"Well, I want some of them now, and for every one you bring me you shall have a box like that you have in your hand. Do you understand?"

Momo did understand, and, with the hot, red blood darkening her brown cheeks, she flung the box down, angrily, and cried:

"Let me go! You must be Ukobo himself, but you can have none of my good spirits,—no, not one!"

her neck by a fine cord the round yellow thing she had thought was not as pretty as the box. There were plenty of boxes left, too, and Momo gathered them about her and sat on the verge of the bluff. She watched the boats vanish down the river, while the butterflies fluttered about her. The man with the red beard waved his hat to her, and

his big canoe rounded the bend, leaving a ripple on the water like a rope of gold.

The rains were on, and Costa Rica, from hill-tops to low levels, was swamped. In the drowned savannah of the Estrella river-mouth the Salamanca Exploring Expedition was killing time as best it could under shelter of the Old Harbor Rancho. For a wonder, the storm lifted on the afternoon of July 29, 1873. The sun came out in a vast blaze of tropical splendor, and the wet earth began to smoke as if it were burning incense. But the brief glory of the sunlight gilded a scene of melancholy ruin on the river bank—the wreck

of many an Indian village swept away by the up-country freshets. Among some tangled grasses a portion of a thatched roof rose and fell softly on the tide. What first attracted our attention to it was a magnificent forest butterfly fluttering about it. The Professor sprang forward, eager to secure it, and then stopped short with a sudden cry.

Cradled on the sodden thatch, with a smile on her face, was the body of a little Indian girl, with a pierced ten-dollar gold piece hung about her neck.

And the butterfly, broken-winged and rain-drenched, still fluttered lamely over the still form. One of the subjects she had so bravely protected had been loyal to "Princess Papillones" to the last.

THE BUTTERFLIES.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.



LOOK at the butterflies! Purposeless things,—
How idly they float on their gossamer wings!
Over the poppies and over the grass,
Light as the down of a thistle they pass.

Where are they going, and why are they here
In the heat of the day and the noon of the year?
They flutter awhile in the brightness, and then
They are gone from our sight and they come
not again.

And we—we are wearied with fever and frost,
Whatever we do, it must be at a cost;
We hear, as we journey, the dropping of tears;
We bear on our foreheads the stamp of the years.

But look at the butterflies,—beautiful things,—
Before us and over us flashing their wings!
It may be the Maker who fashioned them thus,
Has sent the gay creatures on errands to us.

Perhaps we go slowly, when we should be swift
To follow the scent of the roses, that drift
Their pink snow about us; more oft we might play,
And yet finish our tasks by the end of the day.

Oh, blest are the eyes that are clear to behold
The wonderful glow of the butterflies' gold,
With leisure to follow their flight as they pass
So gracefully, silently, over the grass!

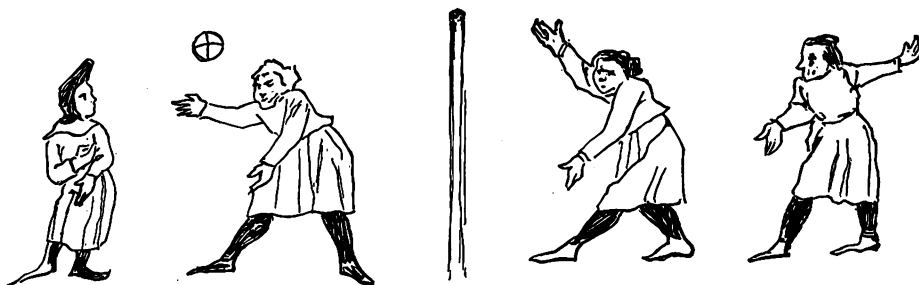
THE ROYAL GAME OF TENNIS.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.



OVER a fir-crested ridge of the Sierras, the sinking sun cast long shadows across the level sward of a little mountain "park." In the edge of the timber three or four white tents were pitched, while half a dozen mules and horses were grazing near by, and a canvas-covered wagon stood at one side, within the shelter of the trees. On the green grass certain squares were marked in broad, white

the ridge from the other side and were looking down upon the little "park," wondering what it all could mean,—the net and the queer, flannel-clad figures that flitted about, knocking white balls back and forth over the net, and calling to one another "fifteen!" "thirty!" "vantage!" and so on, till darkness compelled them to stop and enter the pleasantly lighted tents, all unaware of the bright,



COPY OF AN OLD PICTURE SHOWING AN EARLY FORM OF TENNIS, IN WHICH THE HANDS WERE USED AS BATTS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

lines, and across the squares a net was stretched between two stakes.

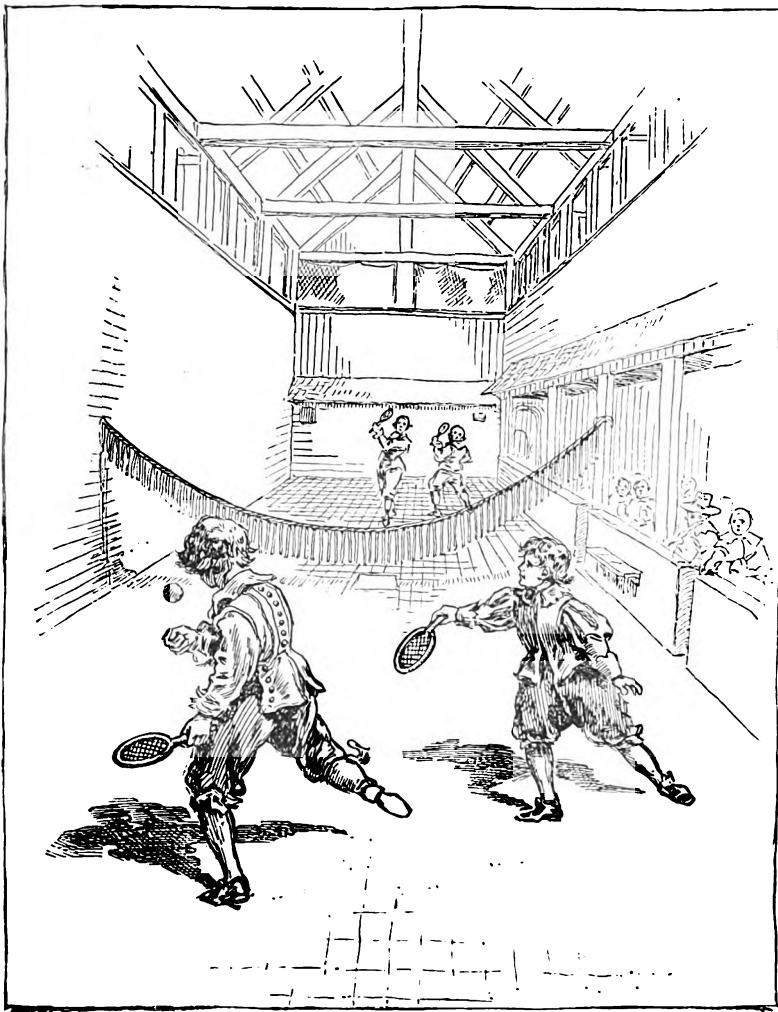
It all looked very mysterious to Spotted Crow, an Indian brave, and to his two brown-skinned sons, who, attracted by voices, had stealthily climbed

wild eyes that had been curiously watching their game.

The sun wended his way, as is his custom, across the shining Pacific and was presently looking down upon a very different scene in far-off Japan. Two

native girls in their quaint costumes were taking a promenade near a Japanese town. In the distance loomed up the snow-clad cone of Fusi-yama, the sacred mountain. The girls drew near a low house with wide verandas, which had a lawn in front; and on the lawn were similar white squares, and just such

But the sun was well used to this sort of thing. There was never a continent that he looked down upon as the round earth daily turned its different hemispheres upward for his inspection, where he did not see tennis nets and hear those familiar cries. He knew that the racket and the net were always



A TENNIS COURT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

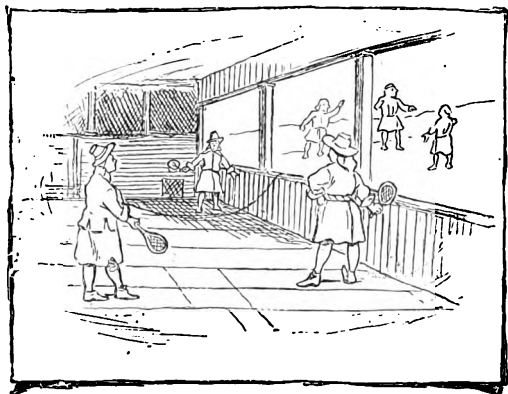
a net as Spotted Crow and his sons had marveled at a few hours before, as they peered through the tree-tops of the American mountains, six thousand miles away. The two Japanese girls stopped and looked over the hedge. Some young English folk were knocking balls to and fro over the net, and crying out, "fifteen!" "forty!" "deuce all!" "game!" and the rest, just as their American cousins had done on the other side of the wide Pacific.

in use somewhere; that the empire of lawn tennis circled the earth quite as completely as does the boasted roll of British drums.

Ages ago the sun had seen the beginnings of this game. It is not quite certain whether it was on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges, or at Nineveh; but somewhere this same sun saw a group of half-naked, bronze-limbed youngsters throwing balls or dried gourds back and forth, using their hands for bats, and doubtless having quite as

much fun, after a barbarous fashion, as we have nowadays with cork-handled Franklin rackets, regulation balls, and a set of printed rules.

Generations rolled by, however, before the pioneers of tennis had themselves carved on stone slabs, and still other ages before Gordian III. and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus * had coins struck, in honor of the Pythian Apollo, bearing devices which



TENNIS WITH A STRING INSTEAD OF A NET.

represented athletes serving and returning balls, and using their hands as rackets.

Even at that early day it was found desirable to protect the hand by means of gauntlets, but it was not until the fourteenth century, so far as can be ascertained, that bats or rackets were invented, and the game grew into something not altogether unlike that which is played to-day.

The regular tennis court of the middle ages was a very elaborate affair, with divisions and galleries and railings and "pent-house roofs," and a carefully laid stone pavement, all of which made it a very costly game to play, and only kings and the richest of the nobility could have tennis courts of their own. These courts need not be described here, but they were not unlike the lawn courts of to-day in size and shape. At first there was a line stretched across the middle; then a fringe was added to this line, and by the beginning of the last century (A. D. 1700) the net was adopted much as at present used.

The method of counting, too, was not unlike that followed in our modern lawn tennis, but it was loaded down with rules that must have made a mediæval game quite a good exercise in mental arithmetic—for the marker, at least—as the princes and lordlings, who alone played tennis in those days, did not keep their own scores, but had attendants to look after this part of the game for them.

It was, indeed, a royal game; so very royal that

Edward III. (1365) decided that no one but kings and their associates should be allowed to play it at all, and his example was followed by Henry IV., Henry VIII., and other reigning sovereigns of England and France. It kept gaining in popularity, however, and some sort of outdoor tennis was played with inflated balls very early in the history of the game.

Every little while the royal commands would be forgotten, or some convenient war would break out, and, after it was over, tennis would "bob up serenely," as a very popular amusement. Henry VIII. had the tennis fever in a violent form, and the most famous royal set ever played was that in which Henry VIII. of England and the Emperor Charles V. were matched against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenburg, while the Earl of Devonshire "stopped" (that is, picked up balls and kept count) for one side and Lord Edmund Howard did a like service for the other side. The chronicle relates that they played "XI" full games, and were "even hands" at the close, a statement which has puzzled



YOUNG PRINCE JAMES OF YORK AS A TENNIS PLAYER.
(FROM AN OLD PICTURE.)

the critics, who can only infer that the historian made a mistake of one in his figures.

At last, the kings gave up the vain attempt to

* See a description of the game of *trigon* in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1884, in the series of "Historic Boys."

keep so capital a game to themselves, and graciously vouchsafed it to their loyal subjects, simply because they could no longer prevent their playing. Of course, there still remained the difficulties arising from the great costliness of regular courts, but these could not interfere with out-of-door tennis. This was, however, a very unscientific sport, and was, of course, despised by the gentry who could afford to play the court game. In the illustration taken from an old wood-cut, some out-of-door tennis players are seen in the distance.

In fact, it was not until a very few years ago that the play-loving English public awoke to the fact that some one had reduced out-of-door tennis to a science; that something very like court tennis could be played on the lawn, under the blue sky; and that "pent-house roofs" and galleries, railings, tambours, chases, and the rest were relics of the dark ages.

Just about that time, too, England had passed through just such a roller-skating fever as we had in America last winter. And there were the empty rinks all ready to be marked off for tennis, so that during the occasional spells of bad weather with which our English cousins are afflicted, the game could be played under cover.

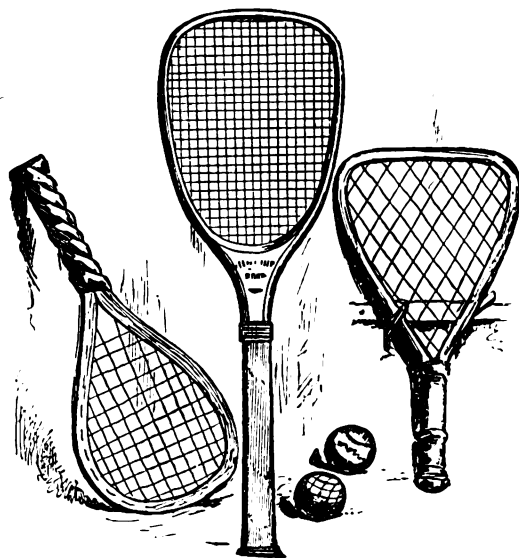
A great deal of tennis was played last winter in this country in rinks, and armories, and gymnasiums, and it is now, no doubt, fairly established among indoor winter sports, but the true Court of Prince Tennis is the smooth lawn, with its springy turf, or, where turf can not be had in full perfection, the beach, or such smooth surface as the average orchard or home-lot can afford.

The advantages of the game are that it can be played by two, three, or four persons, and keep them all on the alert from the word "Play!" As an exercise it may be as gentle or as energetic as the player chooses. It is so easily learned that even a beginner very soon cherishes hopes of success, and yet so worthy of effort that it fascinates the finest athletes. Moreover, it is not ruinously costly in outfit, and one of its best qualities is that it is very entertaining for spectators, who quickly learn enough of the game to watch its progress with interest, and are not in the least danger from iron-hard missiles, as in the case of cricket and baseball. The boy or girl who is an interested spectator will presently long to send those fascinating white balls flying over the net, and very soon Prince Tennis has another courtier in his train.

THE MODERN GAME.

THE necessary equipment includes at least four balls, a racket for each player, and a net fitted with posts and lines so that it can be set up as directed.

The rackets should be, for the use of an average player, of medium size and weight, say, thirteen ounces. The balls must be of india-rubber, not less than two and fifteen thirty-seconds inches, nor more than two and a half inches, in diameter, and weigh not less than one and fifteen sixteenths ounces, nor more than two ounces; these being the dimensions and weights prescribed by the National Lawn Tennis Association. The net is three feet wide and thirty-three feet long, with meshes of such a size that the ball can not pass through. When in position, its lower edge swings just clear of the ground in the middle and its upper edge is three feet from the ground. At the posts the upper edges are three feet six inches from the



RACKETS AND BALLS.

ground. A perfect court is an absolutely level lawn of smoothly clipped turf, seventy-eight feet long and twenty-seven feet wide; but by far the greater number of courts are somewhat short of this perfection. (See diagram on next page.)

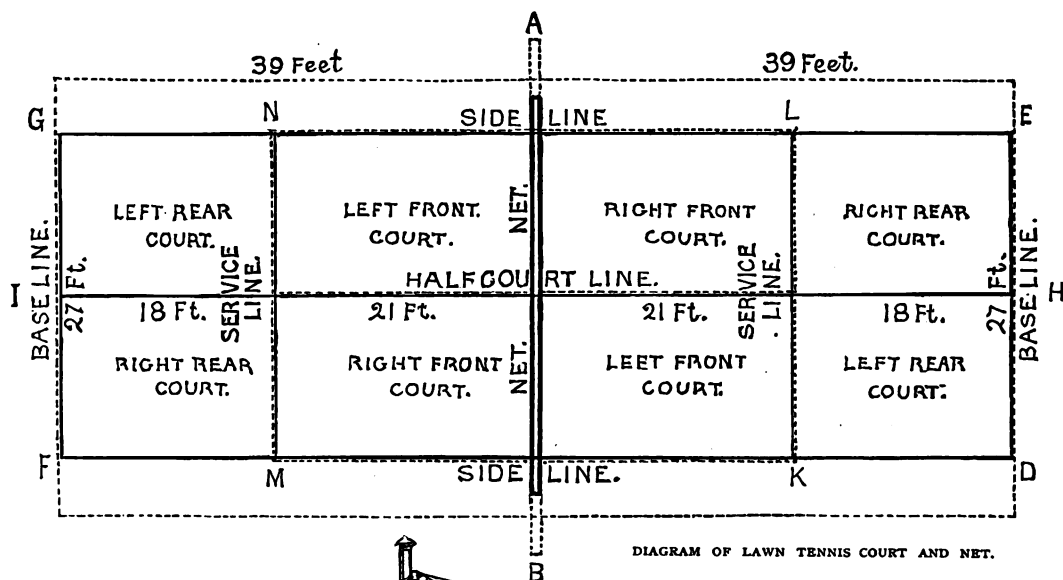
The net is stretched between the posts A and B, which are driven into the ground and held firmly upright by means of guys, as shown. Parallel with it, and thirty-nine feet distant, are drawn the base-lines D, E and F, G; and these, in turn, are connected by the side-lines D, F and E, G. Midway between the side-lines and parallel with them is the half-court-line H, I, and on each side of the net, parallel with it, and twenty-one feet distant, are the service-lines K, L and M, N. The net, it will be seen, extends three feet beyond each of the side-lines.

After the court has been accurately laid out and small stakes set up for guidance, the lines may

be marked on the grass with a paint-brush dipped in whitewash or marble-dust.*

Complete directions for playing the game can not be attempted here. The rules are published in a little pamphlet issued by the Association, and may be had of all dealers. Let us suppose, however, that the court is complete, and that two players are ready to begin a game. They stand on opposite sides of the net. The one who delivers the first stroke—this having been decided by lot—is

boundaries of the front court, diagonally opposite that from which the service is delivered. Should he not succeed in his first attempt, it is called a "fault," and he is allowed another trial. A second failure scores in favor of his opponent. Should the ball when in service strike the net in going over, it is called a "let." Such a ball may not be returned, and the server is allowed another trial. But after a ball is "in play," its touching the net does not constitute a "let."



The striker-out lets the ball take the ground before attempting to return it across the net. On its first rebound, he gives it a return strike with his racket, aiming to send it over the net somewhere within the side and base-lines of the court, and then the ball is "in play." A "liner," or ball striking one of the white lines, is considered as within the court bounded by that line.

These limitations as to the first rebound only apply to the first stroke of the server-out. After that has been delivered, the ball may be "volleyed,"—that is, struck on the "fly,"—or "half-volleyed"—taken at the first bound,—and the return is a fair one if the ball strikes the ground anywhere within the side and base-lines of the server's court.

In like manner the server makes his return, and so the ball flies to and fro over the net until one of

called the "server," and the other, the "striker-out." The server stands with one foot outside the base-line of the right-hand court, and the other foot upon or within that line. When all is ready, he strikes the ball with the racket, aiming to send it over the net and have it take ground within the

* A very excellent marking-machine may be had of the dealers, or a very satisfactory stencil-board may be made by nailing cleats across two light boards so as to leave a space of about two inches between their straight edges. These are then laid on the ground and the whitewash sprinkled between them, the stencil-board being raised and moved along from place to place until the lines are completed.

the players misses it or makes a "fault," which consists in failing to return the ball into the opposite court, whereupon the other player scores "ace"—that is, fifteen.

The server now changes to the base-line of his own left court, and serves the ball as before, but into the left front court of the striker-out. The next stroke, if won by the previous winner, raises his score to thirty, the next to forty, and the fourth is "game." But the other player may have won sundry strokes, and the two may have forty at the same time. The score in such case stands, "deuce all." The next stroke won scores "vantage" for its player—"vantage in" when in favor of the server, "vantage out" when in favor of the striker-out; but if the next falls to his opponent the score returns to "deuce," and so on, returning to "deuce," until one of the players wins two strokes in succession. This ends the first game.

The second is opened by the striker-out of the first, who becomes server, and so alternately in the successive games. A "set" consists of eleven games. Therefore, the player who first scores six games wins the set. If both players win five games, the score is called "games all," and the winner of the next game scores "vantage game." If he lose the next game thereafter, the score goes back to "games all," and so on until one or the other wins two games in succession.

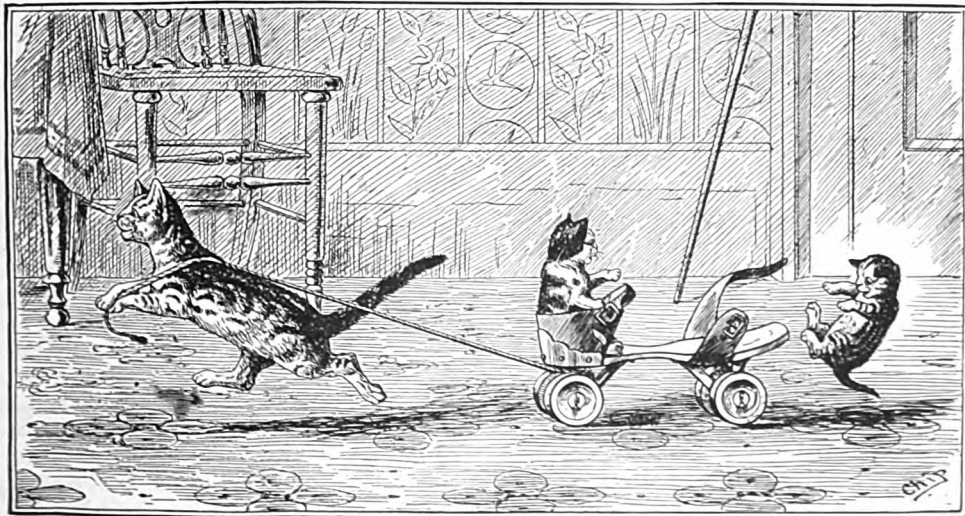
In three and four-handed tennis the court is of the same length (seventy-eight feet), but is thirty-six feet wide, and the net should, therefore, be forty-

two feet long, so as to extend beyond the side-lines, as in the case of the smaller court. The dotted lines in diagram show the plan of the large court.

The same general rules of play apply, but with a few necessary changes. Suppose, for instance, that the four distinguished personages mentioned in the famous royal game referred to, were to undertake a set at modern tennis: Charles V. and Henry VIII. against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenburg. Charles would serve the first game; Orange, the second; Henry, the third, and Brandenburg, the fourth. The two not serving or striking-out would act as "fielders," watching for unexpected strokes, or trying to make good the failures of their respective partners.

If it were a three-handed set, as, for instance, Henry against Orange and Brandenburg, then Henry would serve the first game; Orange, the second; Henry, the third, and Brandenburg, the fourth; Henry, the fifth, and so on.

There are scores of "tricks and customs" that can only be learned by experience. The ball may be tossed or sent straight and swift over the net, or "cut," that is, given a rotary motion, so that its rebound will be at a perplexing angle. Every player has individual peculiarities, and almost all have some weak point of play which the keen server or observer soon finds out. It is impossible to describe all these here; but enough has been said to enable any one to begin his tennis practice with some understanding of the fine qualities of this truly royal game.





"SUMMER 'S COMING!"

A BERRY AND FISH STORY.

BY LIZZIE CHASE DEERING.

Two little girls, with checked sun-bonnets on their heads and tin pails in their hands, were walking along the sidewalk of a certain town in Maine. One was named Lizzie Pulsifer, and the other Hannah Cooke. Lizzie was eight years old; so was Hannah. I would mention the name of the town, but they are both women now, with little girls of their own, and they might not like to be laughed at. Did I tell you it was a spring morning? Well, it was in early May. When they reached Fred Starke's house, Fred, who was out in the yard, screamed:

"Good-morning, girls! where are you going?"

"We're going blueberrying," said Hannah.

"Ha! ha! ha!" was Fred's reply. "I hope you'll get your pails full. Blueberrying! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, I think we shall," replied Lizzie. "I know where they used to be very thick."

"You do!" said Fred. "I hope they will be thick *now*. You'd better go fishing. That's what I'm going to do." And he turned away, still laughing heartily.

When they left Fred, the girls walked along quietly again until they reached the railroad.

"We shall have to walk along on the track a little way," said Hannah; "but we can watch for trains."

They walked for some time, stepping from sleeper to sleeper, until Lizzie saw smoke in the distance. Hannah said it was a train coming, and that they must hurry off the track as fast as they could. So, long before the train arrived, they had climbed a fence and were in a pretty pasture on the edge of the woods.

There they looked around for blueberries. They found plenty of lovely pink-and-white arbutus (or, as they called them, May-flowers), and great bunches of purple violets, and white houstonias with their yellow eyes, and ground-nut blossoms; and on bushes which looked, Hannah said, very much like blueberry bushes, they found pretty, white, bell-shaped flowers, just tinted with pink, but they could n't find any blueberries. They picked the young checkerberry leaves which were just peeping out of the ground; and, at last, getting bolder, they strayed a little way into the woods and gathered some lovely ferns. But not a blueberry was to be seen.

"It's queer," said Hannah. "I wonder where the blueberries are. I know this is the place where they used to be so thick, 'cause that's the very stump Mother climbed over. She could n't climb the fence anywhere else, you know, 'cause it was so high. But we'll keep on searching."

Just then the town-clock, in the distance, struck.

"Oh! it's eleven o'clock," exclaimed Hannah, who had counted each stroke aloud, "and Mother told us to be home at twelve. We shall have to start, and we have n't got a single blueberry. What do you s'pose made your Aunt Sarah laugh so, when I asked her if we could stay till we got our pails full?"

"I don't know," said Lizzie, thoughtfully; "and Fred laughed, too, when we told him we were going blueberrying. What was *he* laughing at?"

"Oh! I don't know, I'm sure," said Hannah; "he's always laughing. But I don't care. We've had a good time, any way."

They climbed the fence again, and found themselves close to the ditch by the side of the railroad. The spring rains had filled it with water. They could not resist the temptation to take off their shoes and stockings and wade in it. They were having the best time of all then, when Lizzie exclaimed:

"Hannie, we might catch some fish. See! there's one. Let's try."

"We have n't any hooks," objected Hannah.

"Well, we might hold our pails and catch some";

and Lizzie held hers against the running water, and, sure enough, she caught a little one that was coming down with the current. "Oh, Hannie! perhaps we can get enough to fry for dinner!" she cried.

She put her fish up on the bank in a safe place, and then she and Hannah went to fishing in good earnest.

It was rather slow work after that; but, when Hannah had caught three and Lizzie three, they heard the clock striking twelve.

So, with their bunches of flowers, ferns, and checkerberry leaves, and their pails of fish, they started for home. Their dresses were dragged and spattered with muddy water, and they carried their shoes and stockings in their hands. They did not dare to take time to put them on, lest the fish could not be fried for dinner.

"How many blueberries have you picked?" shouted Fred, who was on the lookout for them.

"We could n't find the place," said Hannah; "so we thought we'd go fishing, and we've had good luck. Lizzie caught three and I caught three."

"What kind are they? — trout?"

"Yes, I think so," said Hannah, as she lifted her pail-cover cautiously, for him to peep in.

Fred was well acquainted with the different kinds of fish in the neighboring streams, but, when he saw Hannah's three, he gave a roar of laughter.

"Oh, my!" he screamed. "Trout! What beauties! They'll do to go with the blueberries you did n't get. Oh, dear! that's too rich! Hurry home, girls, or you can't get 'em fried for dinner."

The girls went on, wondering what pleased Fred so much. As Lizzie went up the hill to her uncle's house, she thought she heard a loud laugh from Hannah's father. As she went in at the back door, she met her Uncle James, who was just coming out.

"I never saw such a laughing time as this is!" said Hannah to him, with a rather resentful pout. "But I don't care. We've caught some trout for dinner. There are three—one for you, one for Aunt Sarah, and a little one for me. It won't take long to fry 'em, will it?"

"No, I guess not," said Uncle James. "Let's see," and he opened the pail.

Then he laughed boisterously.

"Here, Sarah," said he, as soon as he could speak, "put on the frying-pan—Lizzie's been fishing."

Aunt Sarah took the pail and looked into it.

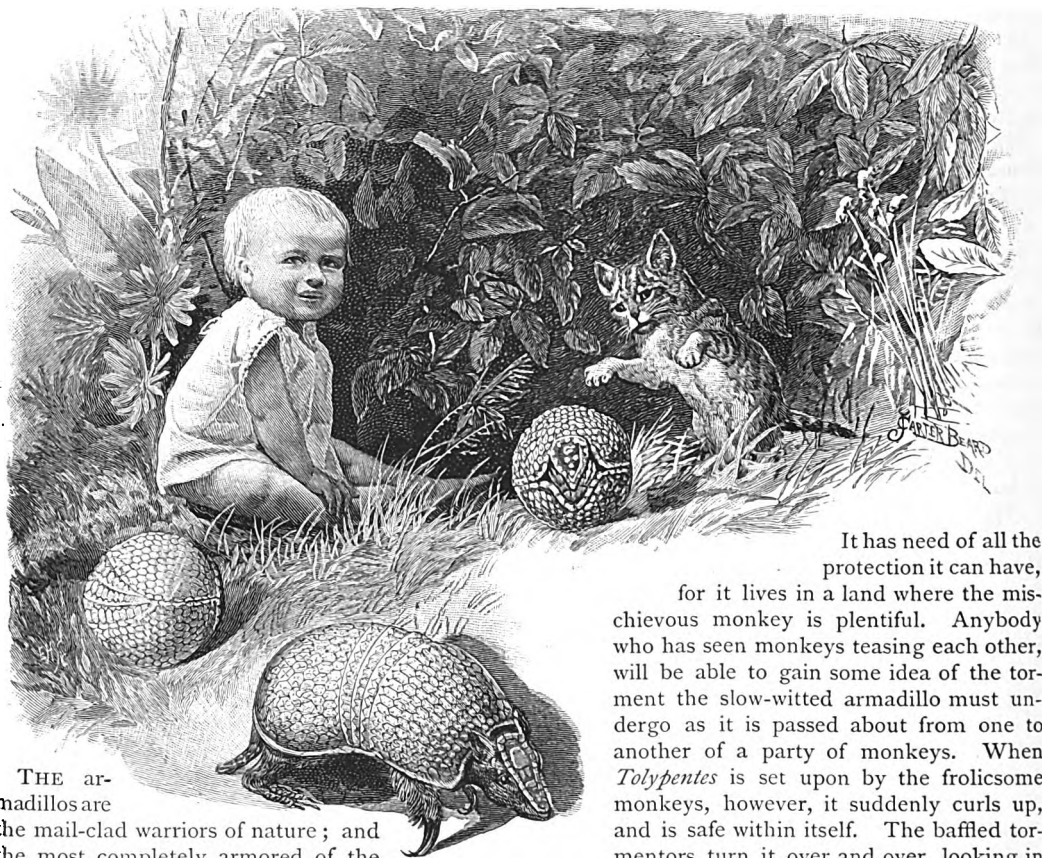
"*Polliwogs!*" said she, contemptuously.

"*POLLIWOGS?*" said Lizzie, inquiringly.

"*POLLIWOGS!*" said Uncle James, emphatically.

CASED IN ARMOR.

By JOHN R. CORVELL.



THE armadillos are the mail-clad warriors of nature; and the most completely armored of the whole odd family of armadillos is a beautifully ornamented little fellow called by the naturalists *Tolyptentes*, and, by the Brazilians, "bolita." "Bolita" means "little ball," and the armadillo was so named because it has the power of rolling itself up into the shape of a ball. Its various shields are so arranged that when the bolita rolls itself up, it makes a perfect ball of hard shell.

A traveler in Brazil tells of watching some little children at play tossing a large ball, about the size of a foot-ball. When they were tired of the game they threw the ball on the ground, and to his surprise it turned into an animal, and ran hastily away. It was one of these little armadillos.

The same traveler says that he has seen these animated balls used by a little child in playing with a kitten. The game may have annoyed the bolita, but it could not have caused it any injury, because of the perfect protection afforded by its armor.

It has need of all the protection it can have, for it lives in a land where the mischievous monkey is plentiful. Anybody who has seen monkeys teasing each other, will be able to gain some idea of the torment the slow-witted armadillo must undergo as it is passed about from one to another of a party of monkeys. When *Tolyptentes* is set upon by the frolicsome monkeys, however, it suddenly curls up, and is safe within itself. The baffled tormentors turn it over and over, looking in great astonishment for the tail they know must be there. If *Tolyptentes* had any sense of humor he would certainly laugh heartily within his shell at the chattering, grinning crowd gathered about him.

As the bolita, like the other armadillos, burrows in the earth, it has forefeet suitable for that work. Its toes are armed with long and hard claws, which enable it to dig with wonderful quickness. Instead of walking upon the flat part of its front feet, the bolita walks upon the tips of its toes, and in doing so looks comically dainty and mincing. At the same time it can move with much more swiftness than would be supposed.

The armadillos live only in South America, and are all small in size compared to the gigantic armadillo that lived ages ago. The largest now living is not more than three feet long, while that of former ages was as large as a big dining-table.

FIVE LITTLE WHITE HEADS.

BY WALTER LEARNED.

FIVE little white heads peeped out of the mold,
When the dew was damp and the night was cold;
And they crowded their way through the soil with pride.
"Hurrah! We are going to be mushrooms!" they cried.

But the sun came up, and the sun shone down,
And the little white heads were shriveled and brown;
Long were their faces, their pride had a fall—
They were nothing but toad-stools, after all.



HELEN'S PRIZE DINNER.

(A Story for Girls written by a Girl.*)

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

"OH, Helen, I have good news for you! Mother has just received a letter from your guardian, and he says he's coming to see you on Thursday."

Helen looked up from the plaque which she was painting. She did not quite agree with her cousin Bert in thinking that he brought good news. She had seen her guardian but once, and that was when he had left her with her aunt, more than a year before.

"What makes you look so frightened?" asked Bert. "One would think he was an ogre coming to devour you. I'll tell you, Helen, you might offer up that plaque that you are painting as a sacrifice to his ogreship; its beauty would surely propitiate him. Oh, how I do love the fragile and beauteous sunflower!" he added, in a lackadaisical tone, and in exact imitation of his cousin's manner.

"Go away, you horrid boy!" exclaimed Helen. "You need n't make fun of my painting; and sunflowers *are* beautiful, even if *you* don't think so."

"Dear me; is that so? Well, there's nothing

like being an artist,—is there, Helen?" said Bert. And away he went, whistling, downstairs.

Helen, meanwhile, had lapsed into a brown study, dreaming, and building air-castles, thinking that some day she would be a great artist and paint wonderful pictures. That was her ambition, and, as she was rather proud of her artistic tastes, she painted away vigorously.

Her aunt Jane, to whose care she had been left by her dead mother, worried a great deal about her. Aunt Jane was very practical, and thought Helen's ideas about art nonsensical. But as she would not force her to do what was distasteful to her, the girl was generally left her to her own devices.

Her boy cousins, however, teased her unmercifully, especially Bert, the younger, who delighted in shocking her.

"He is really dreadful!" she said once in confidence to a girl friend. "He loves onions and squashes, and all those horrid things, and he does n't know a pretty thing when he sees it. One night

he actually ate eleven biscuit for tea, and then boasted of it afterward, as if it were a thing to be proud of!"

Thursday came, and with it Helen's guardian. He arrived in the morning; and by dinner-time, Helen, whose reserve had worn off, had told him all her ambitions; that she wished to be a great artist, and to study in Europe. Her guardian, Mr. Douglas, seemed rather amused than otherwise, and at the dinner-table he suddenly turned the conversation by asking Helen if she could cook and sew, as he thought all girls should first learn the household arts.

Helen did not know what to say. She did not know a thing about housekeeping, and rather looked down upon it. Her embarrassment was further increased by Bert, who was nudging her under the table, and fairly choking with fun.

Mr. Douglas merely added that he would like to have a little talk with her on the subject after dinner. Nothing more was said about it during the meal; but Bert, at intervals, would incoherently mutter something about sunflowers, which made Helen turn very red.

After dinner, Helen and Mr. Douglas had a long talk. He did not disapprove of Helen's tastes, but he wished her to first learn that which was useful; and he therefore made a proposition which nearly took her breath away.

"I will take you to Europe," he said "and let you study art there, on one condition, and that is, that the next time I come you will have a dinner prepared for me, cooked entirely by yourself. We shall let Aunt Jane into the secret, and she will be a very good teacher in that branch of the fine arts. What do you say, little girl?" he added, with a laugh.

"But, Mr. Douglas, it is so great a reward for so little a task," said Helen.

"You will not find that it is so little a task as you think," was Mr. Douglas's reply. "Remember, everything must be exactly right, even to the seasoning; in the meanwhile, I think that, if I were you, I should paint but little, and should give my attention to this one thing."

Helen promised.

She was eager to begin her lessons, and the next day, after Mr. Douglas had gone, she went to work in earnest, much to the satisfaction of her aunt.

Bert and Rob hung about the kitchen, criticising her every effort. She did very well, however, and under her aunt's tuition she improved rapidly.

Bert was her greatest drawback; he would pretend to help her, and then would do just the opposite. One day, when the minister was coming to tea, her aunt was taken with a severe headache, and the cook took sudden leave. So Helen coaxed her aunt to let her make the cake. Bert, apparently

all ardor and devotion, begged to help her, and asked her to let him read the recipe for her, while she gathered the ingredients together.

Helen agreed to this, and Bert sat down and read off the recipe; but, oh, deplorable wickedness! he read most of the quantities wrong!

The cake was made, and it looked very tempting, indeed; but when it was cut at table, it was found to be as hard and as heavy as lead. The poor minister had indigestion for weeks, and Bert was ignominiously expelled from the kitchen.

At last, after several months, Helen received a letter from Mr. Douglas, saying that he was coming to spend a day with her, and that he hoped his "little girl" would have an excellent dinner prepared for him.

Helen was delighted. She determined to have a "course" dinner—soup, fish, a roast and vegetables, and finally dessert, with fruit and coffee.

She was very busy making her preparations, going herself to market, and giving her orders with a very important air.

Meanwhile, Bert was concocting a scheme of his own. The affair with the cake had not taught him a lesson. The spirit of mischief was strong within him. He heard that his cousin was going to prepare a dinner for her guardian, and his chief desire now was to spoil it. Helen had behaved rather coolly toward him since the cake episode; and, as he was really fond of her, this did not please him. So, before the day appointed for the dinner, he set himself to plan what he would do. "She will be so watchful that it will be hard to play the old worn-out tricks of putting salt for sugar, or sugar for salt, or of having the cream sour, or the butter bad. It really is very perplexing," he thought. "Ah, I have it! the clock;—the clock's the thing! I'll set the kitchen clock ahead when she is out of the way for a minute, and she'll be governed by it, and never notice the change; she is so absent-minded. Good idea! I'll have things overdone or underdone, to suit my fancy."

"I say, Helen! Would n't you like to have me help you?" said Bert, as he peered through the kitchen window, and saw Helen, with flushed face, vigorously beating eggs.

"No, thank you! Of course not. I am to do this all myself; and even if I were n't, I fear I should n't let *you* help me!"—this last with a decided emphasis on the "you."

Bert said nothing, but turned away, whistling, and started as if he were going down-town; but, instead, he stole around the house, and climbed upon the roof of a small shed, where he could see Helen's every movement, but where she could not see him.

How important she looked as she bustled around, tasting one thing, seasoning another!—very pretty, too, Bert thought, with a big pink gingham apron tied up close to her chin, her cheeks flushed, and her dark eyes bright with excitement.

Indeed, he almost relented, as he saw her put the meat into the oven, and heard her say, "Now, if it only turns out well, I shall be happy."

The vegetables and the pudding soon followed; and now Bert began to watch his chance to run in and set the clock ahead. He was beginning to think that the time would never come; but at last he saw his cousin drop the cabbage-leaf which she was using as a fan, and run down the cellar-stairs.

"Now's my chance," he muttered, as he slid off the roof, and hurried into the kitchen. It was but the work of a moment to put the clock ahead twenty-five minutes; and then, his cousin not appearing, he looked around to see what else he could do. A box of what looked like cayenne pepper stood on the table, and he hastily emptied about a table-spoonful of it into the soup; and then, hearing his cousin's steps on the stairs, he retreated, hoping no one had seen him. No one had. Helen had banished Aunt Jane to the parlor, Rob was down-town, and the cook was away on a holiday.

Helen emerged from the cellar and glanced at the clock. "My! How long I've been down there!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if that old clock is fast again! It's nearly time for the meat to come out! I'll just run and take a look at the table, to see if the flowers are all right. There's the door-bell. That must be Mr. Douglas. What an odd old gentleman he is, to be sure, to think of taking me to Europe just for this little job of cooking him a dinner!"

So she soliloquized, as she bustled about and made her final preparations.

"Dear me, I'm so nervous about that seasoning, for if it is n't just right, it will spoil the whole thing. I do hope the meat is as well done as it looks," she added, carefully drawing it from the oven. "Now I'll 'dish up,' as Bridget says, and I'd better call Anne to carry in the things, while I fix myself for dinner—*my* dinner," she said, gleefully, as she buttered the peas, and arranged the corn in an artistic pyramid. "There, now, Anne, all is ready, and you may ring the bell"; and away she went, singing, upstairs.

Bert, after a while, had begun to feel slightly uneasy. He did not know that a trip to Europe depended upon that dinner, but he did know that Helen had cooked it to please her guardian, and he began to think that he might have gone a little too far. "I'm always plaguing her, and now she'll dislike me worse than ever," he said. "True,

she's acted very coolly toward me lately, but I deserved it. Well, now I've done it, and I'm going to make the best of it—that's all."

"Hello, Bert, what makes you look so gloomy? How's my lady? I hope you have n't been teasing her this morning," said Rob, as he entered the door. "Really," continued he, "you tease her entirely too much. Mother thinks so. Helen is a fine girl, and I am sure she has a right to her little whims. Come along; there's the dinner-bell."

Bert arose and followed his brother. It had been long since he had felt so remorseful about anything. Helen was seated by Mr. Douglas, looking very happy, and talking to him gayly about her experiences during the last few months.

The soup was served first.

Bert, who was in a brown study, was suddenly aroused by hearing Mr. Douglas say, "The soup is excellent, my dear. It really does you great credit."

If a cannon-ball had struck Bert, he could hardly have been more surprised.

He stared at Mr. Douglas with open mouth. "Why, how can that be?" he said to himself, in a bewildered way. "I must have put nearly an ounce of red pepper into it."

Then he tasted it himself; it was excellent, and the seasoning was perfect.

Soon the meat and vegetables were brought on.

Bert watched both anxiously. But the meat was done to a turn, and, as in a dream, he heard Mr. Douglas saying that it was one of the best dinners he had ever eaten.

"I really don't understand it," thought Bert. "I set that clock ahead nearly half an hour, and the things ought all to be dreadfully underdone."

"What's the matter, Bert?" said Helen: "are you afraid to eat your dinner?"

Then he began to feel that he was hungry, and, putting aside his feelings, he did ample justice to Helen's dinner.

A very good dessert followed the dinner; but by that time Bert was rather annoyed.

"Well, that is a good joke on me," he decided; "and I've made myself miserable for nothing; bother the whole thing, anyhow!"

He kept out of the way that afternoon, but toward evening went for a walk. He went farther than he intended, and then he stopped to see a friend, and staid to supper.

It was moonlight when he came home, and as he was going through the garden he heard a voice say: "Why, Bert."

Turning around, he saw Helen, looking very pretty in the moonlight, with her white dress, and the roses at her waist.

"You bad boy, why have n't you come to con-

gratulate me? Where have you been hiding yourself?" she cried.

"Your dinner was a great success, Helen, if that is what you mean," he answered.

"No, I mean my going to Europe!" she said.

"Going to Europe? Why, what under the sun do you mean?"

"I forgot,—of course you did n't know"; and then she told him of her guardian's offer, and how the trip depended on the success of the dinner.

"Oh, Helen, I'm so sorry I did n't know that," said Bert, involuntarily.

"Why so very sorry?" queried his cousin.

"Did n't you go by the kitchen clock when you cooked the dinner this morning?" answered Bert.

"By that old thing? No, indeed, I did n't! It's almost worthless. I went by the watch Auntie gave me at Christmas time. But why do you ask?"

Bert could hardly speak for laughing; and then he told her all.

Helen gave a ringing laugh.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" she said. "To think that you could have done such a thing! But the joke was decidedly on you. I don't yet understand about that pepper, though. Where did you get it?"

"It was in a red tin box on the table, and——"

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Helen. "You dear old goose, that was a kind of preparation that comes for soups! Auntie always uses it. I was n't going to put any in, but now I see you did it for me."

"Well," said Bert, "I am very glad it ended so, and I'll never tease you again, Helen."

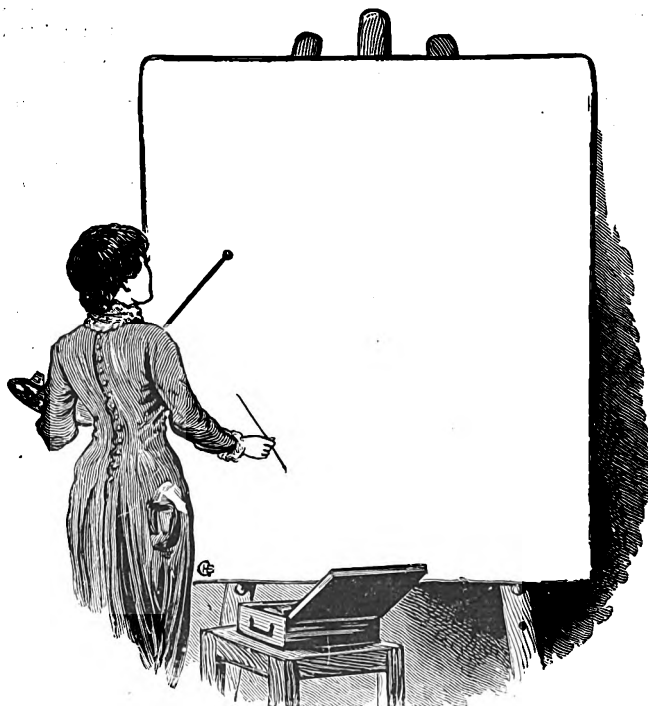
"Well, if you keep that promise, I'll never tell any one about this affair, and we'll have the joke all to ourselves. Come, let us go in now, for it is growing late."

Helen went to Europe, and studied art there for a long time. She never was called a great artist, but she was certainly a very good one.

A picture by her, exhibited at the Royal Academy, in London, represented a little girl, standing in an old-fashioned kitchen, with a flushed, important face, beating something in a bowl; while through the open window there leaned a boy with brown, sunburnt face and laughing eyes, looking in at the little maiden.

It excited much admiration, for it was beautifully done. But it was not for sale; and after it had been exhibited Helen took it away and sent it to Bert, who had become a minister, and had the charge of a large parish.

And it hangs in his study to this day.



AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE IN THE OPEN AIR.

THE first regular session of the Forty-third Congress lasted until the twenty-third day of June, 1874. Both Houses then adjourned *sine die*, and met again on the seventh of the following December for a second session. That Congress came to an end on the fourth of March, 1875, and with it, as usual, the terms of the representatives and many of the senators. A special session of the Senate was then called by President Grant. This began on the fifth of March and terminated on the twenty-fourth of that month. The first regular session of the Forty-fourth Congress began on the sixth of December, 1875, and adjourned on the fifteenth day of August, 1876. With that session I gave up my position as a page, having served through four regular and two special sessions of the Senate, extending over portions of three Congresses.

During that period, the ordinary routine of legislation went on with general smoothness; and, apart from a few novelties, we need not follow in detail the proceedings of each session. I shall therefore sum up my experiences, and treat the subject in a general way, without regard to the strict order of events.

It is scarcely necessary to state that we pages made the most of our leisure time during a session. Nearly every morning in fair weather we played match games of base-ball with the House pages, in the large plaza east of the Capitol. Frequently the stroke of twelve from the clock would stop us in the midst of a game, and we would rush into the Senate Chamber just in time to hear the words, "the Senate will come to order." We were absolutely indispensable during the morning hour, carrying up to the Clerk's desk petitions, bills, and other papers. It required a large amount of will-power for a troop of boys to leave an exciting game of ball and, within an instant, change to the hard mental work of legislation! But we did it. This shows the versatility of our talents. Frequently a senator, about to enter the Capitol, would pause for a short time to take part in our game; and it was no uncommon sight to see a dignified law-maker jumping from his feet to catch a ball flying above his head, while it was

even less uncommon to see him "muff" or miss it altogether. Still, they were merely a little out of practice,—so they said,—and they enjoyed the sport as much as we did.

On summer evenings we would frequently go boating upon the beautiful Potomac, and prove on the water as well as on the land our superiority over our rivals of the Lower House. On one occasion four of us put off in a row-boat,—a delicate outrigger,—and pulled up the Potomac as far as the rapids, and then we turned about. On the homeward trip we had a pleasant time for a while—now singing a choice selection from an opera, now quietly gliding along, with no sound but that made by our oars. But as we neared the city the other pleasure parties gradually retired, and



A CONGRESSIONAL PAGE ON DUTY.

the river was left entirely to us. Having no one else to bother, we had but one recourse for excitement—to row a race between ourselves. As we were all in the same boat, this feat may seem to the average intelligence quite impossible. But here we manifested our genius. Two of us pulled

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one way and two the other! It was an interesting tug of war. For some time the little craft remained almost motionless in the stream; but finally, as in the old-time wagers of battle, *might* prevailed, and the shoreward oars won the victory.

The House pages lost what prestige they may ever have had as oarsmen by one disaster. Not many years ago a canal flowed through the streets of Washington—(that is, if such thick and sluggish waters as it contained can be properly said to “flow”). It was a useless disfigurement to the city; but it was near the Capitol, and it served the purposes of the pages.

One morning about fifteen of the boys—all pages of the House—decided to while away an hour or two upon the “placid bosom” of this canal. Finding a rickety and abandoned raft, they boarded it and poled their way along with piratical enthusiasm. They had not gone far, when they observed the flag floating from the Capitol, announcing that the House had convened for the day. Applying their united

wretched-looking objects imaginable. Their uniforms were completely spoiled.

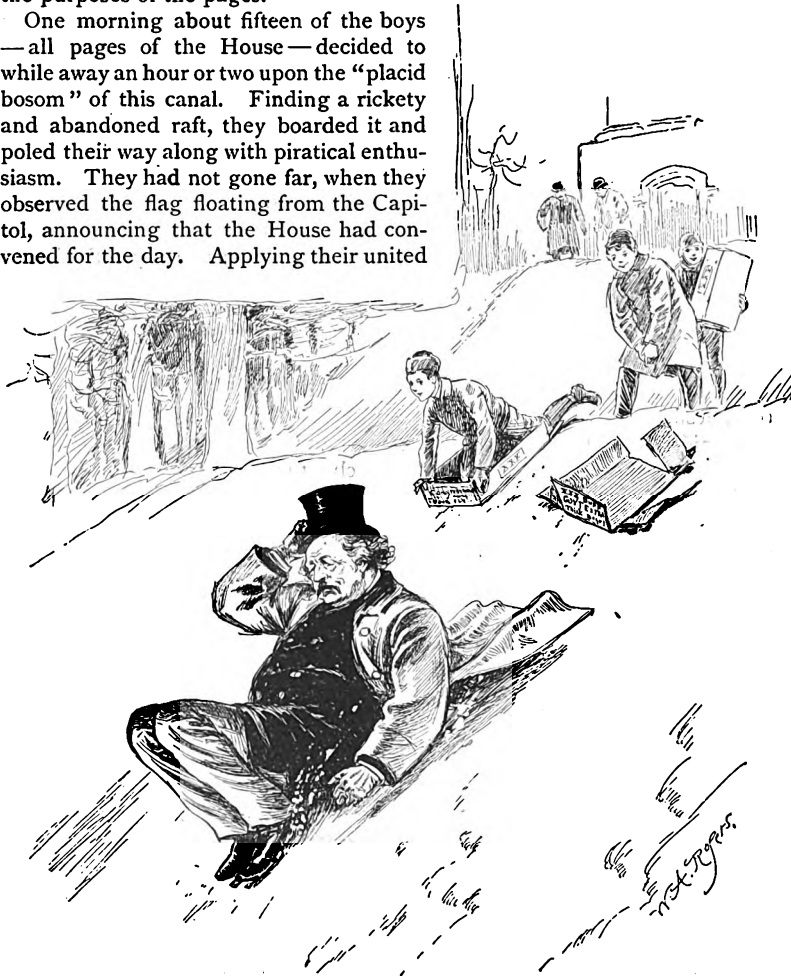
Disastrous calamities and desperate exploits were not confined, however, to the pages; and I might mention several “legends” told of certain Congressmen. But as the design of this story is not to tell you everything that everybody did, but merely to give you “samples” of Congressional life, one instance will suffice.

When I first went to Washington, the western approach to the Capitol, before the pending “improvements” were commenced, was through a fine

old park, the heavy foliage of which in spring concealed much of the Capitol from view. The approach then led up two steep parallel terraces, which extended the whole length of the building. The pages, in winter-time, took advantage of these declivities for coasting. Instead of sleds, however, they used certain large paste-board envelope-boxes, which they obtained from the folding-rooms.

One day, the terraces and park grounds were covered with a thick, hard coat of sleet; so the envelope-boxes were brought out, and the lively tobogganing began. In the midst of the sport, General Benjamin F. Butler, accompanied by a few other representatives, came along; and stopped on, the parapet to witness the fun. As he seemed to enjoy the sight, one of the pages asked him if he would take a ride. After a brief deliberation, the General remarked: “Well, I think I will.”

In a moment, a box was placed at his disposal near the edge of the parapet, or upper terrace. In this, with considerable difficulty, the portly representative ensconced himself, and soon he stated that he was “ready.” At the word, the pages gave



THE CONGRESSMAN'S TOBOGGAN BREAKS.

strength, they attempted, with one herculean shove, to send the raft to land. But, alas, their effort was too great. The raft capsized, and in an instant the shipwrecked mariners were struggling with the “waves!” When fished out, they were the most

him a vigorous shove, and down he went with lightning swiftness, to the great delight of the assembled spectators. As with increased momentum he struck the second terrace, the box parted, and, with terrific speed, he finished the trip, "*all by himself.*" And he was still going when lost in the distance of the park!

As we pages shared with the law-makers the onerous work of legislation, it was but fair that we should share the legislative pleasures. "Partakers in every peril,—in the glory we were entitled to participate." The justice of this principle was never disputed; and accordingly, whenever or wherever senatorial ceremonies or festivities were under way, we were to be found in the company of the senators.

During my last session as a Senate page, I took part in two gala frolics. Of course, you all know of the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. While the buildings were being erected, the citizens of Philadelphia invited the members of the Senate and House, together with the President, Judges of the Supreme Court, and certain other Government officials, to visit that city and see how the work was progressing. The invitation was accepted. Quite a number of pages went along, and this holiday journey did not cost any of us a cent. A special train was provided for the accommodation of the guests, and on Friday, December 17, 1875, we said *au revoir* to Washington and started on our journey to the Quaker City. We reached the station in West Philadelphia in the evening. Carriages were in waiting, and the members of the visiting party were driven to hotels, and, on the morrow, to the Exposition grounds.

Arriving at the grounds, we were shown various buildings and sights, and then taken to Horticultural Hall, where the festivities were to culminate in a grand banquet. Great preparations had been made. In the center of the large room were thirteen long tables, and all around us were exotics and choice plants and flowers. President Grant was given the seat of honor at the middle table, and the other guests were distributed about miscellaneously, we pages being placed together at one table, where we could have a good time and enjoy the feast undisturbed.

When all the guests at the other tables had done justice to the viands, the remainder of the time was devoted to speech-making. But the fact that we pages were still busily engaged in satisfying the lusty appetites of boys is my excuse for not giving you a more detailed description of the proceedings of our seniors.

Later on, we made another journey to Philadelphia. The members of Congress received an invi-

tation to attend the opening of the Exposition, and, as before, the pages went, too. On May 9, 1876, cars were placed at the senators' disposal, and most of the pages left on the early train. We had to take a roundabout journey this time by the way of York, Pennsylvania; but we enjoyed it. Whenever the cars stopped, if only for an instant, we would spring to the ground and then jump back again. I suppose many people wondered at the meaning of this. Our object, however, was to be able to say that we had honored the soil of that particular place by touching it. As we crossed the Susquehanna River, the train "*slowed-up,*" and we at once alighted upon the long bridge and began to admire the river. Some of the pages came from the rear car, and so lost in their study of the scenery did they become that they only recovered their wits in time to see the train darting through the town of Columbia, half a mile away from them. It was fortunate that it was the first section of the Congressional train. After waiting for several hours, they boarded the second section; but I think the little episode of the bridge caused them to take no further interest in the scenery during the remainder of the trip.

On the next day the great International Exhibition was to be formally opened, and the city was literally overcrowded with visitors. A large stand had been erected on the grounds, just outside the main building, and reserved for distinguished guests. To reach it the guests were obliged to enter a certain gate and pass through the main building, to the rear of the stand. After a sumptuous breakfast, one of the pages went to the entrance and told the gate-keeper that he was one of the invited guests. The official wished to see the page's invitation, but he replied that he was in the company of Senator ———, who had the invitation. As an evidence that he was not an impostor, he presented his railroad pass, which indicated who he was. But this did not satisfy the gate-keeper, however, and he would not permit the page to enter. But a page is not easily baffled. He took a carriage and rode all the way down-town to the hotel at which Senator ——— was registered, only to find that the senator was not there. Of course, it would have been useless to search for him. There was nothing for the page to do, therefore, but to return to the Exhibition. The streets were crowded with people and vehicles, and he feared he would not be able to arrive in time to join in the opening ceremonies. Finally, however, he reached the main building again, and went to the gate, expecting to meet some of the senators who would vouch for him. He waited a long while, but no senators came. Then, for the first and last time in his life, the page had occasion to make use of a member

of the House. For, at that moment, he saw Mr. Williams—a well-known representative from the State of Indiana—about to present his card of invitation. Mr. Williams did not know the page at all, but the latter stepped up to him and said: “Mr. Williams, I am with Senator ——, but as I can not find him, and as he has the invitations, will you kindly pass me in on yours?” The representative paused and stammered, as much as to say that he would like to oblige his young friend, but did not know whether he had a right to do so. The page, however, was burdened with no doubts on the subject, and just as Mr. Williams was passing through the gate, the page squeezed in ahead, and very complacently went on his way. He reached his destination, and, as usual, took his place among some of the highest people in the land.

And on the next day the Congressional train carried back to Washington a goodly company of law-makers, among whom none were more tired and weary from the unusual exertions of the great ceremonial than the Senate pages.

CHAPTER XIV.

NIGHT-SESSION INFORMALITIES.

SO FAR as the personal preferences of the pages were concerned, night sessions were our “happy hours.” It was then that our propensities for mischief obtained full play. During the dying days of a Congress, when resort was had to evening work, as previously described, it was customary for the Senate late in the afternoon to take a recess for an hour or two, in order to afford its members and officers an opportunity to take their dinners and enjoy a temporary rest.

Upon re-assembling after this recess, the Senate would proceed with its ordinary business of legislation, and for the first few hours everything would proceed in excellent order. If, as was probable, the House was in session also, the whole Capitol would be illuminated, a brilliant light being placed in the dome to indicate that Congress was in session, as people, of course, could not see the flags. This was a grand sight to a person at a distance. The huge edifice loomed boldly against the evening sky, and shone out in the darkness like a celestial castle, with a splendor that could be seen for miles around. And within the building the scene was still more beautiful—it was brilliant—yes, enchanting, and reminded me of the scenes in fairy-land of which I had read so much in my younger days.

For the first few hours, every one realized the

romantic beauty of the occasion. Visitors, attracted by curiosity or bent on amusement, crowded the great building, and the senators, feeling the influence of the scene, would move about the Chamber with a remarkable buoyancy of step, and seem, for the time being, to have regained the activity of youth.

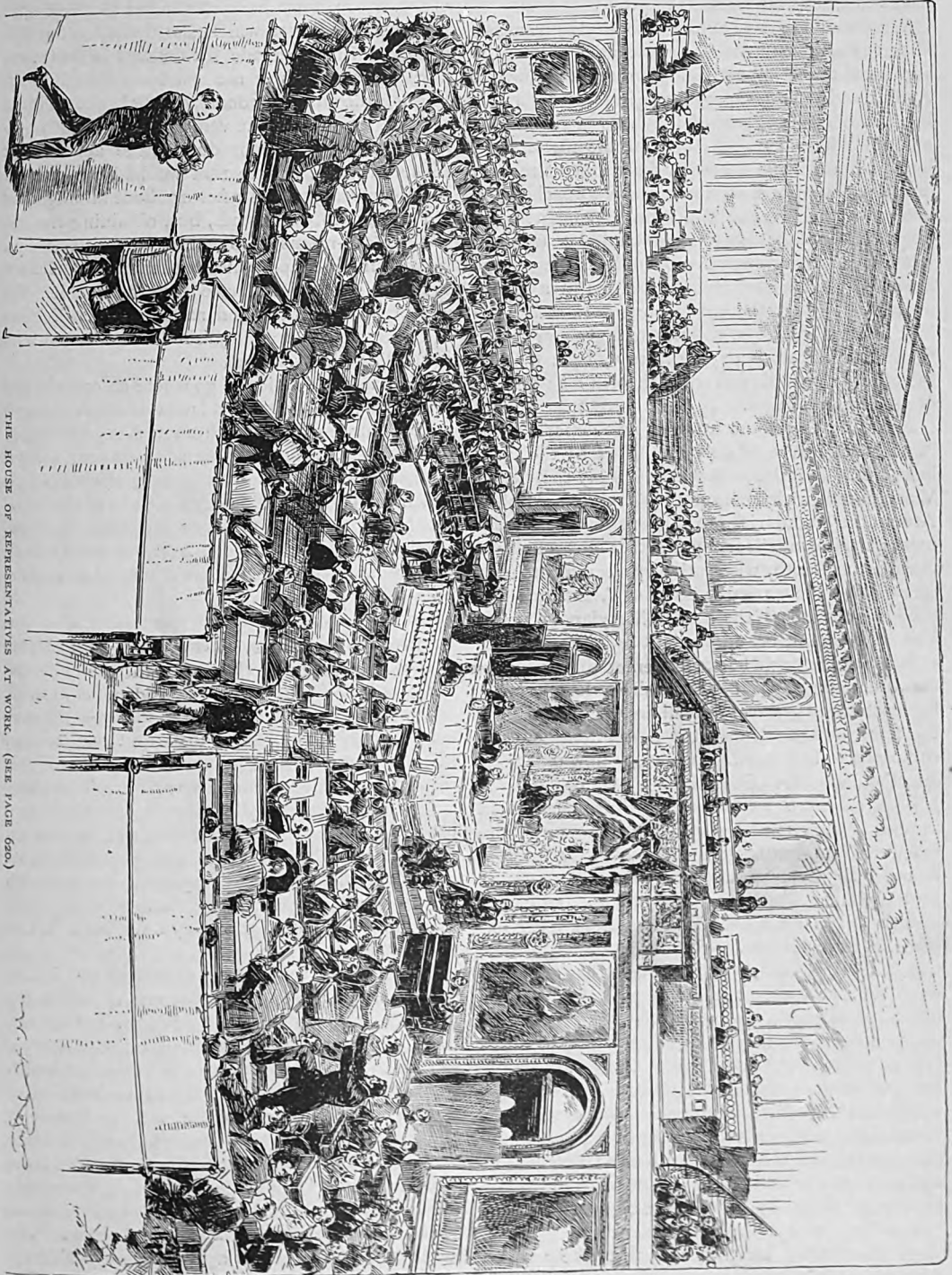
By midnight, however, there would come a change—a change more to our fancy. The visitors, having “seen the show,” would return to their homes and leave the galleries to a few idle “owls,” as we called the late stayers. The senators would gradually grow more and more drowsy, and retire one by one to the cloak-rooms, committee-rooms, or wherever else they could find unoccupied sofas, in the effort to catch a moment’s rest. From this time forward, our principal work was to seek out, rouse, and summon the senators when wanted.

As the night advanced, we began our practical jokes, of which we had a choice assortment. When the House also was in session, we combined our ingenious talents with those of the House pages, and roamed the Capitol from one end to the other in search of prey. Although, ordinarily, we looked upon one another as enemies, whenever it came down to mischief or fun-making, we were the warmest friends.

Most of our pranks, however, were mild. If we put torpedoes under the gavel, they had no other effect than to make the Vice-President jump, and if we “inadvertently” dropped salt instead of sugar into a glass of lemonade, the senator for whom it was intended did not, as a rule, discover the fact until he had drained the glass to the dregs and the page had disappeared from sight.

There was one page, named Arthur, who hailed from the same State as myself, and was known as my “colleague.” He was of a rather romantic disposition, and thought that it would be an adventure worth boasting of to spend a night on the dome of the Capitol. So one warm day in summer, he came to me and broached his plans. But there was one difficulty in the way of their accomplishment that seemed almost insurmountable. The doors leading to the dome were locked every evening (the police having first required all visitors to descend), and they were not re-opened until the morning of the next day.

When I told Arthur that I could obtain the keys, he was so delighted that he said: “Well, if you will get them, I will set up a banquet fit for a king.” Then, after a pause, as if he had received a sudden inspiration, he exclaimed: “Yes; we shall have a banquet, and eat it on the dome! The very thing!” And he went into raptures over the prospects, and urged me to go about the matter at



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WORK. (SEE PAGE 620.)

once, and also to invite a reasonable number of pages to join in our undertaking.

We decided to have our banquet that same night, after the adjournment of the Senate; and at the appointed time I appeared at the rendezvous, where Arthur and the other pages were impatiently awaiting me. The jingling of the keys sounded like music to their ears. Arthur, in the mean time, had procured from a caterer a sumptuous repast; and, thus equipped, we cautiously approached the entrance to the dome and soon had opened the door. Without locking the door behind us (a fortunate oversight, as events proved!), we began the ascent of the long and intricate stairs in a joyous procession. I led the way to open the doors, holding, besides the keys, a taper to light our path; then came Arthur, carrying a heavy basket, while the other pages followed on, each with his arms full of precious packages.

Reaching the dome in safety, we deposited our bundles, and were all duly impressed by the scene before us. Hundreds of feet below lay the city of Washington, with its myriad of twinkling lights. Around its boundaries ran the waters of the Potomac, forming a silvery path that led our eyes toward the South, where the eye could catch the glimmer of the ancient village of Alexandria and the dark outlines of the hills of Maryland. It was a calm, pleasant, beautiful night! The stars were doing as well as could be expected of such tiny things, and the moon was riding through the heavens with her customary grace—now hiding behind one of the few clouds that, with the best intentions, had come out to help her in her vigil,—now emerging into the clear blue of the sky like—like——

But just here we missed Arthur. I walked around to the opposite side of the dome, and there I found him, gazing into vacancy—by which I mean, gazing heavenward with a look of profound contemplation worthy of an aesthete. I did not disturb him, but came back and told my companions that he was safe. Then George, who was chronically hungry, remarked that it was a good time to attack the hampers. We instantly began to act upon the suggestion, and devoured the luxuries with marvelous avidity. This interesting proceeding lasted quite a time. As the last jar was emptied and the last crumb disposed of, we heard Arthur's footsteps. Without a word, without a signal, we instinctively fled through the door and down the stairs, and in a few moments we heard him following us, screaming at the top of his voice. It was an exciting and dangerous flight; but on we went through the darkness, the iron steps thundering beneath our feet, the vaulted passages echoing the noise, and the vast rotunda hurling it back with tenfold rage and horror, until

the Goddess of Liberty upon the dome, hundreds of feet above, must have shuddered to think of the pandemonium over which she was thus forced to preside. But we made the descent in safety, and just as we reached the corridor, Arthur burst through the quivering doors, empty basket in hand!—Here let us draw the veil!

It was by no means during the actual night sessions of the Senate that we had our fun. If the Senate adjourned after or about midnight, we did not go to our homes, but, obtaining the keys to the cloak-rooms or to several committee-rooms, we remained at the Capitol until morning. But not to sleep. That would have been impossible. We were veritable owls; and as soon as the lights in the building were extinguished we emerged from our hiding-places.

We had an ambition to go where no one else had ever been; and, with this laudable motive, we extended our explorations through every opening in the building, whether in the subterranean caverns far below, or in any secret recesses upon the roof, which the genius and tender foresight of the architect had left sufficiently large to permit the introduction of a human head. And whenever a boy's head went through, he soon managed to pull the body after it.

Once we crawled into the pneumatic tube, constructed for the purpose of transmitting documents to the Congressional printing-office, a half mile distant; and having crept like an army of snakes, for several hundred feet, backed out again,—the tube being hardly wide enough to permit our passage, much less our turning around. We derived immense satisfaction from this exploit. This satisfaction was increased when the engineer informed us, as we emerged begrimed with dirt, that in another instant we should have been annihilated by the ball that, filled with documents, was shot with lightning velocity from the farther end. This may have been true, or it may have been said to "scare" us.

Our roving were often rewarded by finding rooms and articles, the existence of which few about the building knew or suspected. In the large room of pillars, which is often called the crypt (although it is really the room above the crypt, where it was intended to entomb the remains of General Washington), there was a trap-door. Once, opening this, we descended an old stone staircase, and, reaching the bottom, soon found ourselves in a circular room, damp and cold, and nearly filled with broken statuary of every description—statesmen, griffins, lions, and other images. The flickerings of our lights against these marble figures produced a ghastly effect that threw us into an ecstasy of bliss.

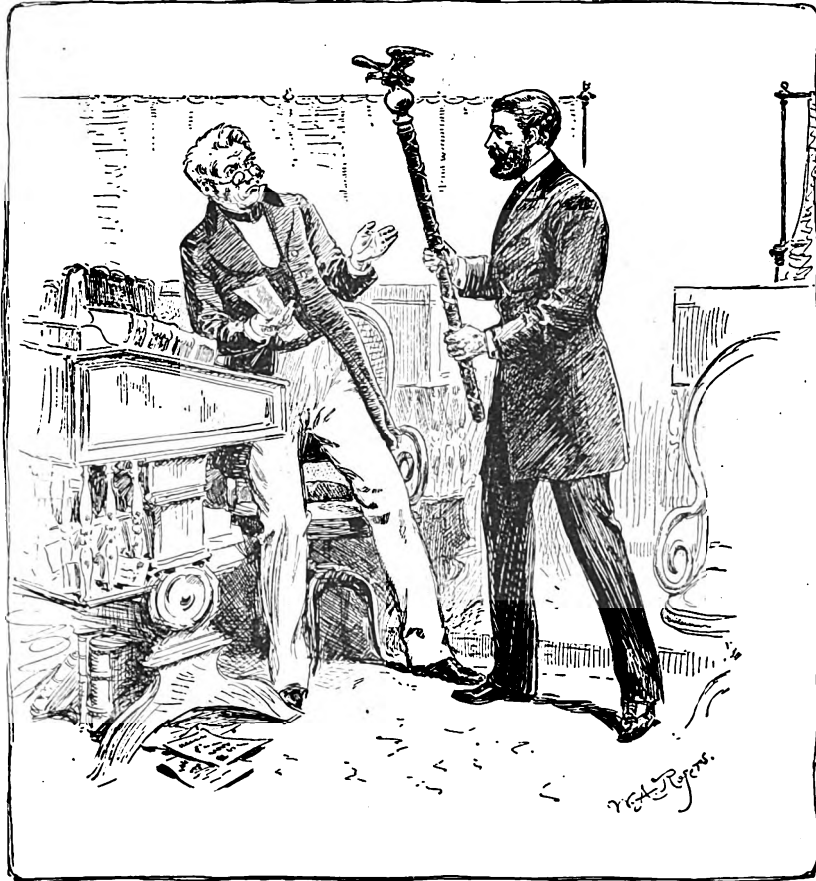
CHAPTER XV.

INTO THE HURLY-BURLY.

BUT the most interesting excursions, after all, were those to the "Cave of the Winds," where the waves of sound roar and rumble and dash against one another like the breakers of the sea, and where the moving stalagmites and eyeless fish — What's that you say? You do not know where it is?

heavy atmosphere of philosophy, generally make a brief visit to the Senate, and, after thus preparing themselves, drop into the Supreme Court room and gratify their philosophic desires to their hearts' content. There they will sit for hours and listen to the black-gowned judges and black-letter lawyers discussing grave questions of Constitutional law and the weighty problems of human government and civil liberty.

But such as retain their youthful love of enter-



"WHEN THE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS CARRIES THE MACE, EVERY ONE RETREATS BEFORE THAT ENSIGN OF AUTHORITY."

Why, I am surprised! No, it is not down in your geographies. The "Cave of the Winds" is one of the titles by which the House of Representatives is known. Perhaps it is irreverent to speak of it in that way; but I may say with truth that while the House of Representatives is undoubtedly a very important assembly, it is also a very noisy body. This, however, constitutes its chief charm to a great many sight-seers.

Visitors to Washington who like to inhale the

tainment go to the House of Representatives. There is something captivating about the continuous buzz-buzz-buzz that distinguishes that body, in so marked a manner, from the Senate.

The babel of voices in the House is really perplexing to one accustomed to the serenity of the Senate. There is as much difference between the two bodies of Congress in this respect as there is between the quiet of a country church and the turmoil of a city. If you wish to test the matter,

when in Washington, let me tell you how to do it: First, go to the Senate, then walk right across to the House. Another good plan is to go to the House just as it is called to order. I tried the experiment last session. When the Speaker brought down his gavel, there was instantaneous silence. The members rose to their feet, and the chaplain offered a prayer. After that, the noise broke out. Then I tried to analyze it. I did not succeed very well; but there was in it a little of everything that makes a noise, from the little fly to the raging ocean. It was a buzzing, gurgling, and roaring, all combined in one general noise!

How far the title of "Cave of the Winds" is due to the acoustic properties of the hall, I do not know. But I know one thing:—the sound waves could not clash unless put in motion. Now, who puts them in motion? I shall tell you:

The galleries contribute somewhat to this noise, but the members are principally responsible for it. They gather around the desks or stand in the narrow aisles or in the area behind the outer row of seats, and discuss, in knots of from three to a dozen or more, some interesting question of politics, or possibly narrate funny anecdotes. And it is a very usual sight to see one of the representatives making a "spread-eagle" speech, beating the air with his arms, and shouting away vehemently, and not one of his three hundred and twenty-four associates showing the least interest in what he is saying. Of course, everything that is said by such a speaker is taken down by the reporters, so that the other members do not lose anything by not listening. Frequently a Congressman does not go to the trouble of delivering a speech, but writes it out and then obtains leave of the House to have it printed in the *Record*, where it can be seen by those who may be sufficiently interested to read it.

Sometimes, however, a member thinks that he would at least like the privilege of hearing himself talk, and becomes annoyed by the excessive confusion in the hall. Then the Speaker will command order and exert all the muscles of his good right arm in beating with his gavel. But often the other members persist in their conversation, notwithstanding the Speaker's cry of "order," each group of culprits feeling that it is not making much noise and ignoring the fact that every whisper adds to the objectionable disturbance. Under these circumstances, it often becomes necessary for the Speaker to take extreme measures; and the most effective way to secure quiet is for him to sus-

pend the proceedings and direct the Sergeant-at-arms to take the mace and force the members to take their seats. The mace is a sort of scepter, surmounted by a silver eagle, which, guarded by the Sergeant-at-arms, rests on a marble stand at the right of the Speaker.* This the Sergeant-at-arms carries in front of him when so directed by the Speaker, and, as he walks about the room, every one retreats before this ensign of authority, and retires to his proper place. To face it would be to oppose the power of the House of Representatives. Silence being thus restored, the proceedings are resumed. It frequently happens, however, that before you can say "Jack Robinson" most of the members are "at it again," engaged as deeply as ever in conversation, and violating the injunction of their presiding officer. It is almost an impossibility to make three hundred men fold their arms like school-boys, and sometimes the Speaker can hardly do more than preserve sufficient order to enable the reporters to hear what is being said.

If an entertaining speaker obtains the floor, the members will cluster around his chair and clog the aisles and the area of freedom—only to be driven back to their seats by the Sergeant-at-arms. I have seen such a crowd dispersed by the Speaker half a dozen times in an hour—but back they were sure to come. They are as curious as boys, and fully as impetuous.

Even when it comes to the important question of voting, the members do not keep silence. If a "division" or "rising" vote is ordered, you will hear them shout, "Up! up!" or "Down! down!" as the case may be, to warn their friends what to do; and on nearly every roll-call of the yeas and nays the Speaker is compelled to suspend proceedings and compel members to be seated, in order that the Clerk may hear the responses of the voters.

Such a state of affairs does not always exist. I have seen the House of Representatives almost as quiet as the Senate. But that was late at night, when most of the members were asleep, or when there was some august ceremony going on—such as the counting of the electoral votes, at which time the Senate and House met in joint convention.

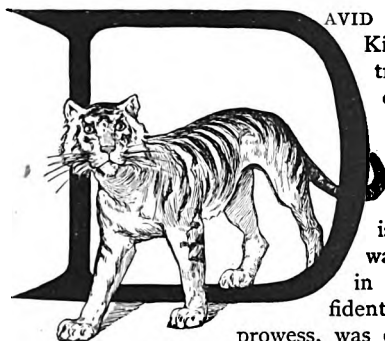
But I will tell you more in regard to the differences between the two Houses anon. The design of this chapter was merely to point out one feature of dissimilarity—the noise and hubbub of the House of Representatives as compared with the quiet dignity of the Senate.

(To be continued.)

* When the House goes into Committee of the Whole, the mace is taken down, and not replaced until the committee rises and the Speaker, as the presiding officer of the House, resumes the chair.

A TERRIBLE GYMNAST.

BY MRS. M. SHEFFEY PETERS.



DAVID and Roderick Kingsley were in training for the championship of the Flushing High School Gymnasium. That is to say, David was; but his cousin Roderick, confident of his superior prowess, was careless of his training, and exercised in the gymnasium hall so irregularly that his special partisans at last called him to account.

"If you don't look out, Rod, you'll miss the prize," said Jack Dinsmore. "Dave is in the Gym mornings and evenings, as regular as clock-work. He does n't like to be beaten even at leap-frog, you know, and I tell you, you'll have to practice if you mean to be captain. Is n't that so, boys?"

The boys thus appealed to echoed Jack's sentiments, and Dennis Moore added:

"What you need, Rod, is to learn some new tricks on the bars or the trapeze, so that Dave can't get ahead of you."

"And here comes the very fellow that can put you up to a thing or two in that line," said Nappy Scruggs, pointing in the direction of the village street.

"Quelipeg? That's so!" said Tommy Hicks, as the boys glanced at the gaunt figure approaching them, and Roderick recalled the injunction of his father to have nothing whatever to do with Quelipeg.

But the criticisms of the boys had roused Roderick's determination, and as the objectionable Quelipeg, with his sharp-ribbed terrier, was slouching by, he called out: "Hey, Quelipeg, show us your flying leap and somersault on our trapeze,—wont you?"

The new-comer, nothing loath, swaggered into the school gymnasium with the crowd of boys, and was soon whirling and turning in what he called the "Giant's Spring."

For Quelipeg was a helper and hanger-on of the circus company which had gone into winter-quarters on the outskirts of the village, and he had gained notoriety not only as a scape-grace, but as a daring and excellent gymnast.

So the boys admired and applauded his agility,

and then, just in the midst of his remarkable "Giant's Spring," the door opened and David Kingsley entered.

"How did that fellow happen to come in here?" he asked of Roderick.

"We asked him in, that's how he came," curtly replied his cousin.

"Ddn't you think Uncle Roderick might object to his being here?" said David, calmly. "You know what he told us about him."

"Well, I don't think he's likely to know anything about it," replied Roderick; "unless——"

David finished the sentence. "Unless I tell tales out of school, I suppose you mean."

Roderick flushed, but said, laughingly, "I say, Dave, if one of the fellows should take lessons from Quelipeg, you and I might give up all hopes of the championship, eh?"

"Likely enough," answered David; "but I'd give up my chance of being captain if I had to owe it to his teaching."

"Well, I'm glad I'm not so particular as all that," said Roderick, with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

"Why, you don't mean to say you're going to take lessons from him, Rod?" asked David, quickly. "If you've any respect for yourself, you'll keep clear of him. You know that such a scamp is not a fit companion for you."

Low as the words were spoken, Quelipeg heard them. He was at David's elbow in an instant.

"Take that back," he said, threateningly, "or I'll make ye"; and he threw himself into the regulation boxing attitude.

David faced him quietly. "Thank you," he said, coolly, "I do not care to box this afternoon."

"Ho, you're afraid, I see!" said Quelipeg.

There was not a Flushingtonian who did not understand the forbearance of David Kingsley as he straightened himself and eying Quelipeg, said:

"You heard me say that I did not care to box with you."

Quelipeg caught up a piece of chalk from the scoring-board and drew a glistening white circle around the calm-faced lad.

"Ef you'll jest step across that line," he said, "I'll show you who's who."

David Kingsley took one step forward. In another instant he was across the chalk line and grappling with his foe.

The Flushingtonians were quite as much sur-

prised at the onslaught as was Quelipeg. For David Kingsley was not reckoned among the school fighters, though he was known to be absolutely fearless.

The struggle was brief, but determined. David's course of training for the championship stood him in good stead, and almost before the boys could form a ring about the combatants, Quelipeg was flat on his back.

The spectators set up a ringing cheer over the victory of their comrade, but David, staggering to his feet, gave his cousin a look full of meaning and passed out of the hall.

Roderick, however, paid no heed to his cousin's glance, and, indeed, as if David's exhibition of prowess had but roused him to deeper determination, that very evening he arranged with Quelipeg, who was still chafing over his defeat, to meet him at the circus encampment on the following afternoon to take acrobatic lessons in the great trapeze in the practice hall.

Punctually at the time appointed, Roderick arrived at the encampment. But he found Quelipeg in a high state of excitement. Things had gone wrong because of his absence at feeding-time the day before, as many of the company were away giving winter evening exhibitions on their own account, and the force was short-handed. The elephant and the big Bengal tiger, thus delayed in their customary meal, had come in collision; the elephant had charged on the tiger's cage and overturned it; the tiger, in return, had given a savage scratch to the elephant's trunk, and was vicious, red-eyed, and ferocious. Since then the tiger had grown calmer, but was still sullen, and Quelipeg fed it with trepidation, hoping all the while that the cage was tight. The men had gone to town after feeding the animals, and Quelipeg was left in charge, with strict orders to see that nothing was disturbed.

"Hey, Quelipeg," said Roderick, as he entered the practice hall; "I hope you're out of the sulks now."

Quelipeg scowled, "Out of 'em? Oh, yes," he said, "till my time comes."

Roderick laughed. "Nonsense," he said, "you should n't bear a grudge against Dave. But, I say,—show me the Bengal tiger,—wont you?"

"No, Sir," said Quelipeg. "I've strict orders not to meddle with the beasts."

"Oh, pshaw," said Roderick. "All the men are gone. Come on, take me around and let's end up with the tiger."

Quelipeg assented at last. He did not often have so fine a visitor, and he could not resist the opportunity to play the part of showman.

They finished their tour of inspection, and

entered the tiger's division as noiselessly as possible. But the beast heard them and was on the alert at once. As they approached, it raised its great head and showed its teeth, growling. Roderick laughed and moved closer. The tiger leaped to its feet, and as the foolish youth flirited his handkerchief at it, the great brute sprang forward, with a savage roar, and shook the iron bars furiously.

Quelipeg caught Roderick's arm. "Come away!" he shouted. "If he smashes those bars, we're lost!"

Terrified for once, Roderick obeyed, but when Quelipeg had drawn him into the practice hall, and barred the door, the fool-hardiness returned. He insisted on unbarring the door and taking another peep at his tigership. Quelipeg, who was putting on his gymnasium suit, begged him to come away.

"Pshaw, Quelipeg," said Roderick, dropping the bar, "I thought you were braver."

"I know it's best not to anger that beast," said Quelipeg, climbing into a trapeze. "So you'd better let him alone and come and'tend to business."

"All right," said Roderick, leaving the door, and proceeding to don his practice suit.

In a moment or two he was ready. "Shall I come up there where you are?" he asked.

Quelipeg made no reply. The face that was looking down upon Roderick suddenly grew white and ashen. His staring eyes were fixed on the door leading to the tiger's cage.

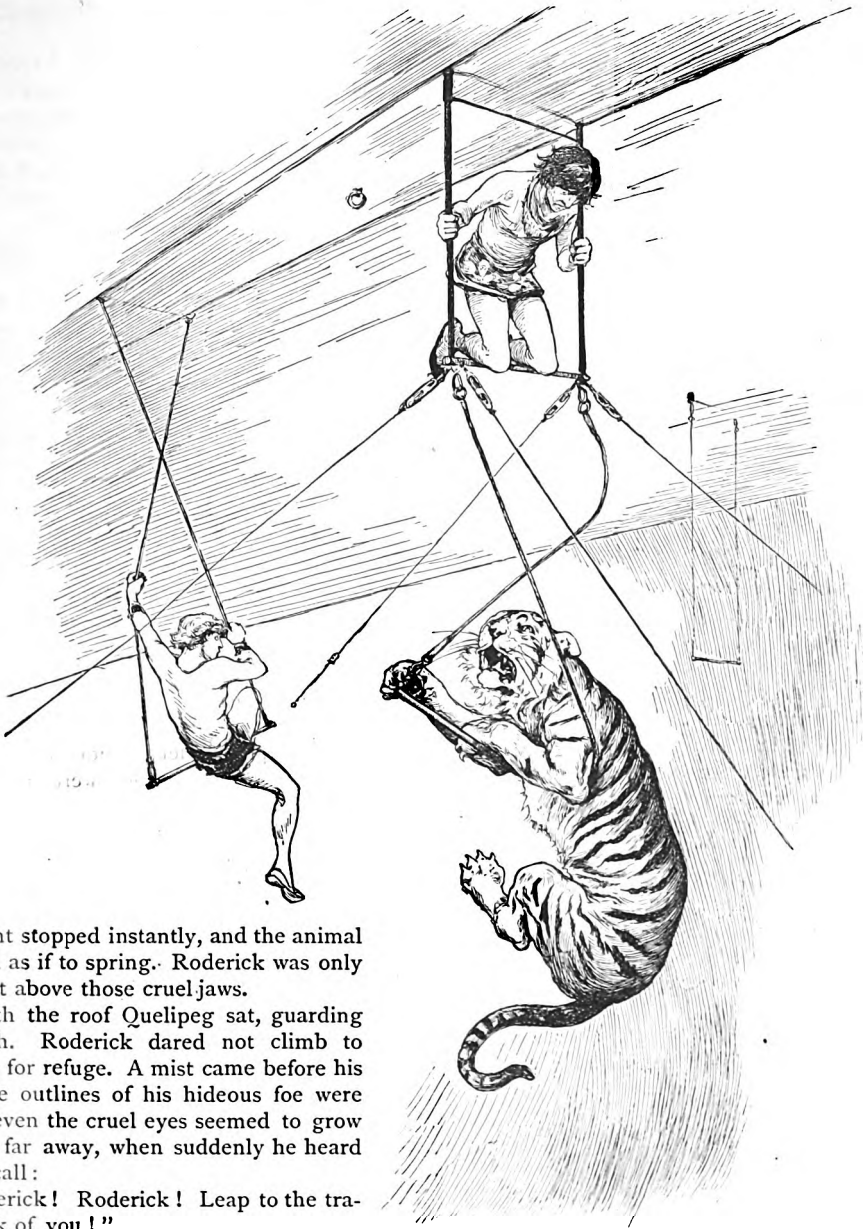
"The tiger! The tiger!" he cried.

Roderick gave one terrified look toward the door. He thought he had latched it, but it was ajar now, and through the crack a pair of fiery eyeballs were blazing. The latch had only partly caught, and was but feebly resisting the tiger's weight. Roderick knew that it could not long hold.

A cold sweat started from all his pores, as, blinded and sick, he heavily drew himself up until he grasped Quelipeg's trapeze. This touch roused Quelipeg, who, as if spell-bound, had been watching the deadly persistence of the tiger. For an instant he glared at Roderick, as though he would thrust him off to meet his fate. Then a sinister smile distorted his face.

"Well," he said in a harsh whisper, "you may have this trapeze. I'll take the one above; only don't you come up there, or I'll —"

The threat was cut short, and his movement upward accelerated by the crashing in of the door. The tiger was in the room! Roderick drew himself up into the deserted trapeze, and clung there, watching the beast, as it advanced leisurely along the hall, lashing its sides. All too soon the blazing eyes were lifted to him. The creeping, sinuous



"RODERICK HAD MADE A DESPERATE SPRING, AND HAD CAUGHT THE OTHER TRAPEZE."

movement stopped instantly, and the animal crouched as if to spring. Roderick was only a few feet above those cruel jaws.

Beneath the roof Quelipeg sat, guarding his perch. Roderick dared not climb to Quelipeg for refuge. A mist came before his eyes; the outlines of his hideous foe were vague; even the cruel eyes seemed to grow dim and far away, when suddenly he heard a sharp call:

"Roderick! Roderick! Leap to the trapeze back of you!"

The command reached the youth's fainting senses. Summoning his suspended energies he whirled over, giving his swing the pendulum sweep. The tiger was evidently non-plussed, and at a loss as to the direction in which to spring. Its brawny neck and shoulders swayed to and fro, following the motions of the young gymnast.

But only for a moment. Then it gathered itself together, and made its leap into the air! In the

same instant, however, Roderick had made a desperate spring, and had caught the other trapeze hanging some distance beyond.

So true had been the aim of the tiger that, as the deserted swing whirled back, its bar passed quite underneath the slender, striped body launched against it. Caught thus in its own toils, the beast,

feeling itself borne upward by the impetus of its weight and bound, doubled about the bar, and clutched it with the grasp of desperation.

Roderick had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and even in the midst of his danger he had an hysterical inclination to laugh at this sight of the royal beast transformed into a swinging gymnast!

But he was conscious of his continued peril, and he was conscious, moreover, that his cousin, David Kingsley, was bravely periling his own life to save him. To induce Roderick to withdraw from his association with Quelipeg, David had followed him to the encampment. A glance through the window had shown him the imminent danger of his cousin. It was his voice that had saved him from the tiger's claw. Seizing his opportunity, when the beast was hanging to the trapeze, he darted into the hall, and passed swiftly through it, springing upon the step of an empty cage that stood in an alcove. The tiger was attracted by the slender figure speeding past him, and as the oscillations of the swing slackened, the big cat dropped from the bar, and noiselessly crept toward David. The boy stood still, keeping his brave eye on the brute as it drew closer and closer.

Presently the creature crouched for a spring. David turned swiftly, and with a bound passed through the entrance into the lion's cage, on the step of which he had been standing. It was the work of a second for the furious beast of prey to leap through the still-open door, in pursuit!

Suspended from his trapeze, Roderick saw David enter and bound out of sight. Then an awful silence followed. Oh, could nothing be done to save the noble life whose sacrifice would lie at the door of his own willfulness and disobedience! Animated by a faint hope, Roderick descended from the trapeze and courageously advanced toward the alcove.

After a step or two, he stopped, transfixed.

"Roderick!" at the same instant called a ringing voice that had a note of triumph in it, "can't

you help me out of this? I've captured the tiger! But I've captured myself, too!"

Tremulous with joy, Roderick hurried to the cage, through the bars of which, almost alongside of the protruding paw of the baffled tiger, David's brave hands were stretched out to him. For his cousin was captured, in truth. The prison-house in which he and the Bengal were captives together, had been constructed for the purpose of taming a lion and lioness. In the cage were sliding bars, acting on springs, intended to divide the cage into three compartments. Two of these divisions the lion-tamer had used for the purpose of separating and separately subduing the animals in his care. In the third and smaller chamber, he found security for himself when his beasts proved refractory. Hither David had retreated, sliding the panel between himself and his insatiate pursuer. The beast had followed in hot pursuit, but only to hurl itself with baffled rage against the stout bars, shutting it from its prey, and while it was vainly tearing and scratching at the barrier protecting David, the youth had touched the spring controlling the first division panel, as he had more than once seen the lion-tamer do, and the panel had sprung into place, effectually imprisoning the great brute. A door led out from the compartment in which David was confined; but it was locked, and the lion-tamer, Quelipeg said, had the key. Nothing remained, therefore, but for the boys to exercise patience, while Quelipeg, now thoroughly frightened but greatly relieved, made sure that the other animals were safe, and then ran for the lion-tamer.

In the meantime, the cousins had a long and confidential talk together, whilst those fiery eyes watched them ceaselessly.

There was no contest for the captaincy in the Flushington gymnasium that year; but Roderick Kingsley never forgot the lesson he had learned in the contest with that terrible gymnast—the Bengal tiger.

HURRY AND WORRY.

By C. C. S.

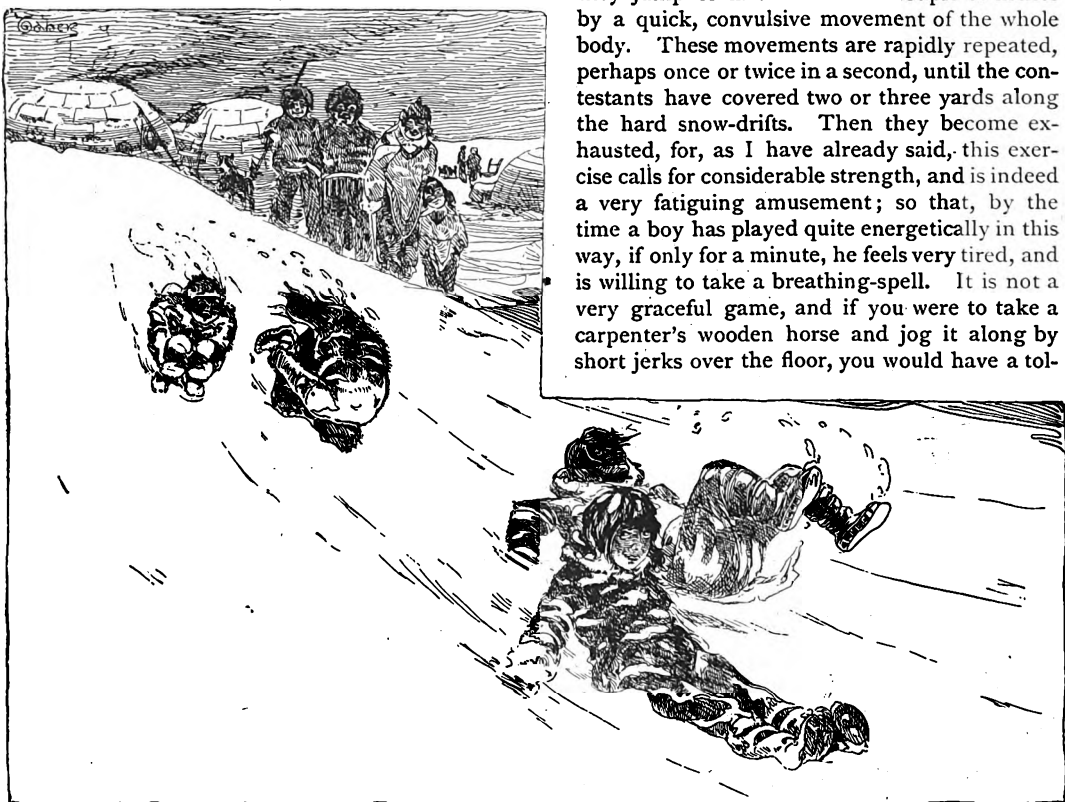
HURRY and Worry were two busy men;
They worked at the desk till the clock struck ten.
They gained high station, power, and wealth,
And lost youth, happiness, and health.

floor of the *igloo* and cracked with a hatchet until the marrow is exposed. The bones are then forced apart with the hands, and the marrow is dug out of the ends with a long, sharp, and narrow spoon made from a walrus's tusk. I have eaten this reindeer marrow frozen and cooked; and after one becomes accustomed to eating frozen meat raw, it is really an acceptable tid-bit; while cooked and nicely served, it would be a delicacy anywhere. Sometimes, if Toolooah was unusually lucky, he would have eight or ten reindeer on hand that he had killed during the day, and as each deer has eight leg-bones, from which the marrow can be extracted, quite a meal could be made from this very peculiar candy.

There is one kind of play in which the Eskimo boys

then away they go on a rolling race downhill, suddenly spreading themselves out at full length, and stopping instantly at the bottom of the hill. Every now and then when a playful mood strikes a boy, he will double himself up and roll downhill without waiting for the rivalry of a race, but it is violent exercise, and it bumps the little urchin severely.

Another athletic amusement in which the boys indulge, and which requires a great deal of strength, is a peculiar kind of short race on the hands and feet. The boys lean forward on their hands and feet, with their arms and legs held as stiffly as possible, and under no circumstances must they bend either the elbows or knees. In this stiff and rigid position, resting only on their feet and on the knuckles of their clinched fists, they jump or hitch forward a couple of inches by a quick, convulsive movement of the whole body. These movements are rapidly repeated, perhaps once or twice in a second, until the contestants have covered two or three yards along the hard snow-drifts. Then they become exhausted, for, as I have already said, this exercise calls for considerable strength, and is indeed a very fatiguing amusement; so that, by the time a boy has played quite energetically in this way, if only for a minute, he feels very tired, and is willing to take a breathing-spell. It is not a very graceful game, and if you were to take a carpenter's wooden horse and jog it along by short jerks over the floor, you would have a tol-



ESKIMO BOYS ROLLING DOWN A HILL.

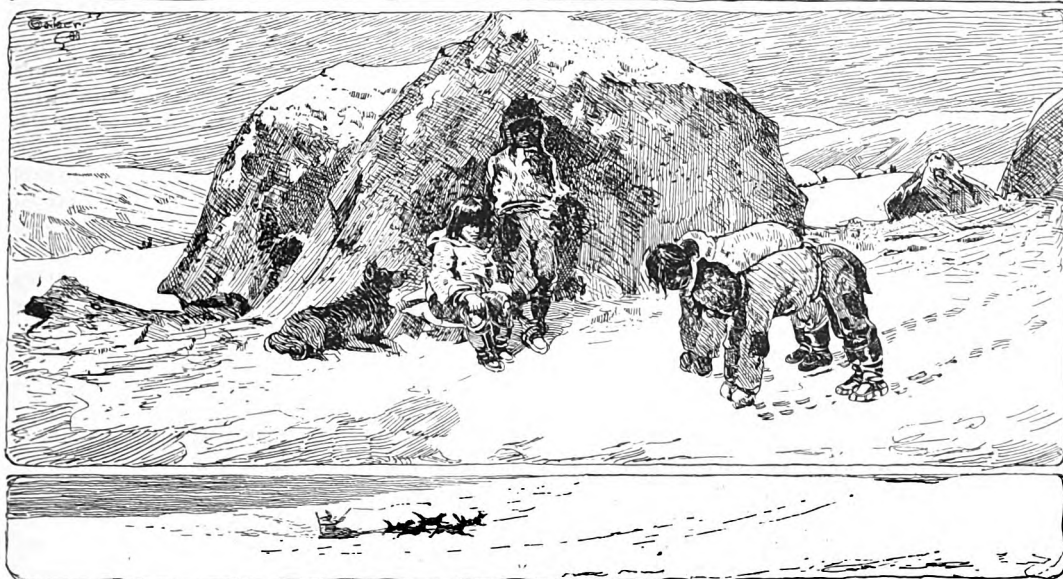
seem always ready to indulge—a roll downhill. They select a small but steep hill, or incline, well covered with snow, and, seating themselves on the top of the ridge, thrust their heads between their legs, pass their clinched, gloved hands over their ankles, pressing their legs as closely against their bodies as possible. They thus really make themselves into big balls covered with reindeer hair, and

erably fair representation of this awkward game of the Eskimo children. The best part of it all is the exercise it gives them, and often one will see a single boy jumping along in this stiff-legged fashion as if he were practicing for a race, a slight downhill grade being preferred.

Another method of racing, somewhat similar to the above, is also practiced; folding the arms

across the breast, and holding the knees firmly rigid, with the feet close together, the contestants paddle along as fast as possible by short jumps of an inch or two. It is a severe strain on the feet, and one can not go very far in so awkward a

exercise. Whenever the ball drops to the ground, or the players fail to keep it flying, it is a signal for a rest. Simple as is the game, the little Eskimo manage to gain much fun and excitement from it, and whenever you hear an unusual amount of



A RACE ON HANDS AND FEET.

way. The little girls, standing in a row of from three to five, often jump up and down in the same manner, keeping a sort of time with the thumping of their heels to the rude songs that they are spluttering out in jerks and gasps as unmusical as the hammering of their heels. A lot of these little damsels would favor us with a short version of this stiff-jumping, spluttering melody whenever they were particularly grateful for some small gift we had presented to them.

A capital game played by the little girls, and by some of the smaller boys, is a rude sort of ball-game. Thick sealskin leather is made into a ball about the size of our common base-ball, and then filled about two-thirds full with sand. If completely filled, it would be as hard and unyielding as a stone, and the singular *sliding* way it has of yielding because of its being only partially filled, makes it much harder to catch and retain in the hands than our common ball. The game is a very simple one, much like our play with bean-bags, and consists simply in striking at the ball with the open palm of the hand, and, when there is a crowd of players, in keeping the ball constantly in the air. This is a favorite summer game when the snow is off the ground and the people are living in sealskin tents. No doubt it affords considerable

shouting and loud and boisterous merriment out-of-doors, you may be almost certain of finding, when you go to your tent door, that all the children of the village are engaged in a game of "sand-bag ball."

Another Eskimo out-of-door amusement much resembles the old Indian game of "Lacrosse." It is played on the smooth lake ice, with three or four small round balls of quartz or granite, about the size of an English walnut. These are kicked and knocked about the lake, with plenty of fun and shouting, but utterly without any rules to govern the game.

It takes a long time to grind one of these irregular pieces of stone into a round ball, but the Eskimo people are very patient and untiring in their routine work, and with them, as with the Indians, time is of hardly any consequence whatever. The number of years that they will spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world.

When we were near King William's Land, I saw an Eskimo working upon a knife that, as nearly as I could ascertain, had engaged a good part of his time some six years preceding that date. He had a flat piece of iron, which had been taken from the wreck of one of Sir John Franklin's

ships, and from this he was endeavoring to make a knife-blade, which, when completed, would be about twelve inches long. In cutting it from this iron plate he was using for a chisel an old file, found on one of the ships, which it had taken him two or three years to sharpen by rubbing its edge against stones and rocks. His cold-chisel finished, he had been nearly as many years cutting a straight edge along the ragged sides of the irregular piece of iron, and when I discovered him he had outlined the width of his knife on the plate and was

the same purpose. We had with us a great number of glovers' needles, and these we traded for the iron ones, which to us were great curiosities. The women do some wonderfully neat sewing with these needles, considering the nature of the implements and the coarse thread of reindeer sinew which they use. This sinew is stripped from the reindeer's back in flat pieces about eighteen inches long and two inches wide. The Eskimo woman's spool of thread consists of a bundle of these strips of sinew, hung up in the igloo, from which she



ESKIMO BOYS PLAYING "SAND-BAG BALL."

cutting away at it. It would probably have taken him two years to cut out this piece, and two more to fashion the knife into shape and usefulness.

The file which he had made into a cold-chisel was such a proof of labor and patience that it was a great curiosity to me, and I gave him a butcher's knife in exchange for it. Thus almost the very thing he had been so long trying to make he now unexpectedly found in his possession. When I told him that our factories (or "big igloos," as I called them for his easier understanding) could make more than he could carry of such butcher-knives during the time we had spent in talking about his, he expressed his great surprise in prolonged gasps of breath at this manifest superiority of the *Kod-loou-sah*, as the Eskimo call the white men.

Among the women of this same tribe I found a number of square iron needles that they had taken months to make, slowly filing them on rough, rusty iron plates and occasionally using stones for

strips a thread whenever she needs one. It is very strong, and will cut through the flesh of one's fingers before it can be broken. The Eskimo braid it into fish-lines, bow-strings, whip-cord, and nearly always have a ball of it on hand in the house braided up and ready for use.

Before the Eskimo became acquainted with white men, and learned to use their better implements, many household articles were made from bone and the ivory walrus tusks. Among these were forks, spoons, and even knives, of which a few designs are shown on the next page. Very few are in existence now, but some of them were much more ornamental than those in the illustration, for, as I have said, the northern natives do not hesitate to begin anything for want of time in which to complete it; and if they only have the ingenuity to manufacture odd or pretty designs, they have plenty of leisure and plenty of patience to carve them out.

Many of the smaller and odd pieces left from the tusk are carved into figures of birds and animals.

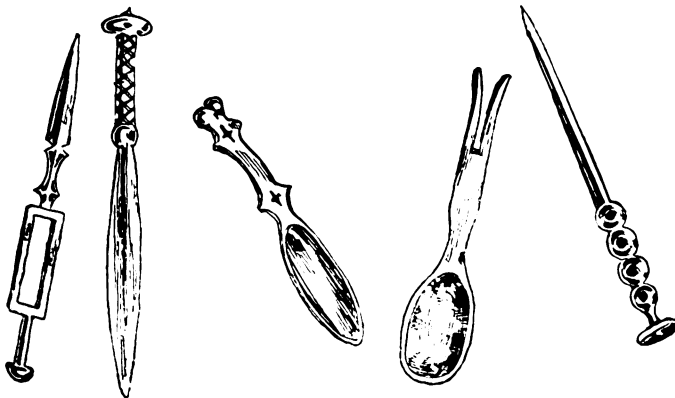
Occasionally you will see some old woman of the tribe with quite a bagful of ivory dogs, ducks, bears, swans, walrus, seals, and every living thing with the form of which they are familiar. They will make rude dominoes and sit and play with them for hours at a time during their long winter evenings. And not toys only, but many articles of utility also are thus carved from the ivory taken from the tusks of the walrus. Walrus and seal spear-heads, and the sharpened head of the lances they used in killing the musk-ox and polar bear, were formerly thus made. In fact, it would have been almost impossible for the Eskimo to exist without this valuable portion of the walrus, before an acquaintance with the white men enabled them to secure iron and guns to replace their own rude implements. The principal use now made of the tusks is to trade them in quantities to the whalers, who pay for them in such merchandise as the natives need.

The Eskimo have no money of any sort, and know nothing of its use. In fact, they know very little about the true value of any one thing as compared with others; and if they desire a needle, or any other small article, they are ready to give in exchange for it a garment or object which you, brought up to compare the values of things, would know to be worth ten, or possibly one hundred, times as much. The poor creatures are thus often badly cheated by unprincipled persons who take advantage of this trait of their character, and they frequently receive little or nothing for things which in our own country are very valuable. I once saw such a man give twenty-five musket-caps to an Eskimo boy for five pretty, white fox skins, which, at that rate, would have been one cent of our money for three fox skins; and the skins could readily be sold for five dollars when he reached the United States.

A favorite Eskimo amusement is one which both the white and Indian boys sometimes play with the bow and arrow. It is to see how many arrows can be kept in the air at one time. The Eskimo boy, with his quiver pulled around over his shoulders so that he can get the arrows quickly and readily, commences shooting them straight up into the air, and when the first arrow thus shot up strikes the ground, he must at once stop. The number of arrows he has shot indicates his score, which he will compare with that made by the other boys. Sometimes they will only count those that in descending stand upright in the snow, and in this case they will shoot all that are in their quivers.

At another time they will count only those that stick upright within a certain area, generally a circle of from twenty to thirty yards in diameter; these must all be shot from the bow by the time the first arrow strikes within the space marked out, and in this case considerable precision and rapidity in shooting are required to make a good score. The boys will often shoot a single arrow high into the air and try to intercept it with another one sent straight horizontally above the ground as the first one rapidly descends. The Eskimo and Indians and other savage tribes who are skilled in the use of the bow and arrow, can shoot an arrow so that it will go somewhat *sidewise*. They practice this way of shooting when trying to hit a descending arrow, or one stuck upright in the ground. It must, however, be remembered that the Eskimo are not as good bowmen as are many of the other savage tribes, who gain a part or all of their living by this instrument; the Eskimo use spears and lances much more frequently, and where accuracy is especially needed, bows are seldom employed. With those Eskimo who come into frequent contact with white men, guns have now altogether taken the place of bows and arrows.

(To be continued.)



ESKIMO KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS CARVED OUT OF IVORY.

MOTHER DUCK.

BY BESSIE PARKER.

ONE day, as the swans were swimming about the duck-pond, and the two gray ducks with black heads were keeping out of the swans' way, a pretty cream-colored duck, with ten yellow, downy ducklings, came waddling down from the duck-house. She showed her babies to the swans, but drove the black-headed ducks away when they came near her ducklings. At first the little ducklings kept very close to their mother, and paddled up and down the pond with her. But before they were ten days old, they grew very greedy and unkind. They would peck at one another, and I am sorry to say that Mother Duck did not try to teach them good manners.

But when they were big enough, she did teach them to swim. She called them to her and said, "Quack, quack!" which meant "Attention, children!" and then she put her head far down under water. After she came up, the ducklings put their heads under water, in the same way. Then she took a deep dive, and swam a little under water, but only one duckling was brave enough to do that. So they both tried it again, and the duckling who could dive was so proud of what he could do that he kept diving all the time, and helped his mother very much in teaching the others.

By and by, all the little ducklings had learned to dive and swim under water, except the very biggest one. But his mother would not let him stop learning. She chased him all about the pond, flapping and quacking, while all the little ducklings quacked, and even the swans became excited, and the black-headed ducks ran off in a fright; and at last, when the naughty duckling found it was of no use to disobey his mother, he flopped under the water and swam farther than any of the others. Then all was quiet again, and Mother Duck taught her children how to stretch themselves, and stand on tip-toe, and flap the water from their wings, and dry themselves off after a swim. She showed them how to comb out their feathers with their bills, and how to smooth their breast-feathers. After the lesson, the whole family went to sleep, and Mother Duck tucked her head under her wing, as if she felt she had done her duty.

Next day all the little ducks were swimming about by themselves, and now they are as jolly little swimmers and quackers as you can find anywhere.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A BRIGHT June welcome to you, my friends!
And now for

THE INK-PLANT.

My birds tell me of a curious thing known as the ink-plant. It grows somewhere in South America (who knows exactly where?), and the juice can be used for ink as soon as it is squeezed from the plant. Perhaps some of the young folks living in South America will tell us something about this wonderful vegetable production.

A MOON-RAINBOW.

DEAR JACK: Will you please ask your congregation if any of them ever saw a rainbow in the night?

A year ago last October, a friend and I went to spend the evening at a neighbor's house. While we were there a heavy rain-storm, with wind and lightning, came on, and lasted till nearly eleven o'clock. It was still raining slightly when we started home, but the heaviest of the clouds had just passed over to the east when the moon, which was nearly full, suddenly came out in plain view low in the west, and then we saw a beautiful rainbow! It was of a brilliant white, and it lasted a minute or more, till a cloud drifted over the moon and ended the show.

I have never seen nor read of another moon-rainbow, and I think they must be very rare.

AN IOWA FARMER.

MORE ABOUT ANTS.

YONKERS, N. Y., March 10, 1885.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read ST. NICHOLAS every month, and think it very nice. I saw a question in it (in February or November, I think) about ants. Last summer we had an ant city (size about sixty square feet) in one of our garden terraces. It was buried all over, and looked like an immense honey-comb. We tried everything we could think of to kill them. Kerosene oil did it, and millions were killed every day.

We wondered what they did with their dead, so we watched.

The live ones would take two dead ones each, and drag them up the steps to the next to the top, leave the dead ones there, and go back for more. When the step was nearly full they would stop. Then they would get some grains of sand and put them on top of the dead ones till they were all covered. Then they would fill the next step, and so on. This they kept up for two or three weeks, and then they stopped, until we put more kerosene on; then they would go to work again.

Some of the ants got food for the others while they were working.
I remain,
W. G. S., JR.

February 20, 1885.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I hope it is not too late to write concerning the ants G. M. B. asks about. My mother and I have seen two ants, each three-fourths of an inch long, carrying a dead ant between them. I do not know what they did with it, but I do know that I once watched an ant eat another one, and I have seen them eat bees of all kinds.

Your constant reader,

H. C. WILLIAMS.

WHY GOLDEN GATE.

"HOW MANY hundred answers to the Golden Gate question have you received?" asks Bertha Rowell, in her letter on the subject. Well, really, Bertha, your Jack can't say. He has "lost count"; but certainly, if old King Solomon was correct when he said, "In a multitude of counselors there is safety," then Jack should be as wise on this San Francisco question as good King Solomon himself, or as all the owls that ever blinked. It is almost as hard to fit a key to the Golden Gate as it was to wind the right note on the Golden Horn. But here is what some of this multitude of counselors say.

Of course, the California boys and girls ought to be the best authority on this question; and, as Sidney P., who writes from San Francisco, says, "The California boys' chance to 'come out strong' has arrived." So California shall lead off in the answers. Bertha L. Rowell explains that "the Golden Gate is a beautiful strait, about a mile wide, connecting the Bay of San Francisco with the Pacific Ocean. At the right of the entrance is Point Lobos, and at the left Point Bonita. These points are familiarly known as 'the Heads.' This strait derived its name of the Golden Gate from the fact that it is the entrance to the 'land of gold,'—the El Dorado,—as it was through this gate-way that the gold-seekers, in 1849, entered the harbor of San Francisco from the sea." Sidney P. says much the same, and adds that "the strait is about a mile and a half wide, and every evening it is beautifully tinged with the golden rays of the sun, which sets in the ocean directly behind it." Sidney declares that he once heard some New York people ask, when they first saw this channel, "Where is the gate?" and he says that he really hopes "none of the ST. NICHOLAS readers imagine there is a gate to open and shut!"

Alice M. Rambo's letter says: "Many persons think the Golden Gate is so called because it is the entrance to the 'Golden State' of California, but it is not so. Long years ago, when the Spaniards first came to California, as they sailed through the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco, they looked back through the narrow passage and saw the beautiful, golden-hued sunset in the Pacific Ocean. And they called the passage-way the Golden Gate." Isabel Clarke, who is eleven this month, sends both the explanations already given, and says that the ST. NICHOLAS readers may

choose the one they think the more probable. Ernestine S. Haskell says the Golden Gate is an every-day sight to her, and that the reason generally given for its name is because it is the entrance to the land of gold — now the land of golden grain. She says: "It was through this gate that I watched the 'Jeannette' sail to its fate, and saw the 'Tokio' bringing home General Grant from his tour around the world."

These are all San Francisco boys and girls; and here is James Alexander Barclay, of Merced, Cal., who says that the name was given because of the great wealth of the State to which it was the sea-entrance.

Going as far in the other direction for an answer, here is H. von Sobbe, of Liverpool, England, who says that "the Bay of San Francisco is generally called the most beautiful bay in the world. It faces the west and receives the glory of the setting sun, and hence the entrance is called the Golden Gate." Violet Campbell, who is ten years old, writes from Kingston, Canada, to say that "the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco is between two big rocks, and as the sun sets just opposite these rocks, the reflection makes the water between these rocks look just like gold. It is not a real gate, though it is called the Golden Gate." Susy Lewis, of Hyde Park, Ill., says "it is called a gate because it affords safe passage for ships, and is called golden because the setting sun, seen between the hills on either side, looks like a golden ball." Clarence A. C., of Mount Hope, N. Y., says that as the narrow passage into the Bay of San Francisco is "the only opening on the western side of the United States and leads in among the

gold regions, it is called the Golden Gate." Emily S. Walker, of Hinsdale, Mass., who is twelve years old, grows poetical on the subject and gives her answer in this wise to Jane's question:

"Dear Jane: Your question has troubled me of late,
To find what is called the Golden Gate.
On the coast of California State
San Francisco is situate.
To reach its harbor you pass through a strait,
And that is called the Golden Gate."

Hattie V. Woodard, of Osage, Iowa, thinks that the entrance to San Francisco harbor is called the Golden Gate because it is shaped like a gate-way, and because it is the most western part of the United States; and she adds that "in one of Whittier's poems it is spoken of as the 'Golden Gate of Sunset.'"

These replies show you what most of the boys and girls have to say about the Golden Gate. Of course Jack can't begin to publish all the answers, so he lets you see these, and thanks all those who have written him in reply to Jane Elva B.'s question, including: Agnes M. Bristow, Harry J. Childs, Sam Bissell, "Violet," Willie E. Caveny, Mary McLean, Lotta B., F. T., Helen M. Dudley, Walter I. Cooper, W. T., A. B. Lynch, Mamie Dudley, J. A. C., Virginia Holbrook, Geo. Willis Cummings, Nena C. A., W. S. Johnson, Ellie and Susie, C. E. S., Alice E. Hubbard, Stuart M. Beard, Schuyler E. Day, Nannie Duff, Fred. H. H., Carrie L. Land, Harry Taylor, Helen L. D., Karl S. Harbaugh, H. E. B., Minnie May, Anna Hammond, and George S. Strong, David Foster, Emily A. Whiston, and very many others.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

OUR thanks are due to the proprietors of *The Field*, 346 Strand, London, England, for their kind permission to reproduce in ST. NICHOLAS the pictures which form the illustrations to "The Royal Game of Tennis," in this number.

"HELEN'S Prize Dinner," the story which won the second prize in the recent competition for the best story for girls written by a girl, appears in this number, beginning on page 609.

THE LETTER-BOX.

FLORIDA, Mar., '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a long time, but have never written to you before; so I hope you will find room for my letter. I have a great many little chickens, which I feed with bread and milk and hard-boiled eggs while they are very small. When they were first hatched I tied little ribbons around their necks, and they did not mind, but some larger chickens tried to pick them off. It was very cunning. It is very warm here now.

Your loving reader,

RITIE.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 9, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell the boys about something I play nearly every day. I take a long piece of fine wood and whittle it into a sword; I then take off my shoes and put on a pair of overalls over my trousers and stockings, put on a pair of stockings, roll them down to my ankles, put a pair of slippers on, put a strap around my waist for a belt, put my sword in this belt, and play I am a knight of old.

Your faithful reader,

GEORGE A.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for more than two years, and I like it very much. I have a sister older than myself, and two younger sisters. My elder sister, Ida, and I attend the Normal school. I have two grandpas, and they both have farms in the country. Every summer I go out in the country to spend my vacation. We generally have ten weeks' vacation, and I divide the time equally between the two places. I ride horseback a great deal and use the saddle Mamma had when she was a little girl. Ida is thirteen, I am eleven, Jessie is eight, and Georgiana is three. I have an Aunt Carrie; she lives in the country; she is fourteen years old. Last summer, when I was out in the country, we all went down the lane and took some lunch with us and built a little stove out of bricks, and baked some potatoes and apples, and ate our dinner there; we had a very nice time. I expect to go there again this summer, and I suppose I will have fun, as I always do. Good-bye.

From your friend,

HELEN B. J.

CAIRO, ILL., Feb. 17, '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you all about my happiness. I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS for over a year and found it very interesting. St. Valentine's was my birthday; I was fifteen years old, and what do you suppose was my present? My kind papa and mamma had the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS bound into a book, and a handsome one it is. My favorite stories are: "Davy and the Goblin" and "His One Fault."

Yours,

RONALD W.

STAMFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a goat, and her name is Nancy. She is very intelligent. Once when I was hitching her up to my wagon I felt something pulling my dress, and when I looked around I found that Nancy had been chewing on my dress. Perhaps you think I'm a boy, but I'm not; I'm a girl, and my name is

KITTIE.

DUNELLUN-BROOKVILLE, ST. JOHN, N. B., Feb. 8, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, as so many wrote to you, that you could find room for my letter. I live five miles out from the city; it is pleasant here all the year round. We have a great many picnics in the summer, and we go boating and bathing, and have splendid fun. I have a dog that came from the Highlands of Scotland. I have been to England and Scotland, and have found both beautiful. We visited Ayr, and went to see Burns's cottage; it was so very small the windows were only a foot square. There is a beautiful monument, which was put up in memory of the great poet, in the lower part. They sell little wooden things made of the wood which grew on the banks of the Doon.

I remain, yours truthfully,

ETHEL K. M.

INDEPENDENCE, MO., Feb. 5, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read you whenever I can, in the evenings after school, on Saturdays, and on Sundays. At school I am in the next highest room, and am trying to fit myself for college when I get through the public schools. I read every word in you, and am very fond of you. Your best stories are, I think, "Davy and the Goblin" and "His One Fault." I was so sorry that Cassius Branlow took Dandy Jim away and changed him for another horse.

HICKMAN P.

CHICAGO, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and like your stories very much. I was very much interested in Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories." At school we read in you instead of a reader, and my teacher likes you ever so much.

Your admirer,

RUTH J. B.

LANCASTER, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended to write before, but I have not had time, as I go to school. There was a funny thing happened not very far from our house on a farm; there was a white cat and it had some white kittens, there was also a hen sitting on some eggs; they were both in the barn. So one morning when one of the family went out to see the kittens, what should they see but the hen on the kittens and the cat on the eggs. That day they did not disturb them, but went back to the house. The next day they found them the same. And the next day they went out and took the old hen off the kittens and they found them most dead. They took the cat and put her on the kittens. And I guess she saw her mistake, for she never left them again. Perhaps some may not believe this story true, but it is. I remain ever your constant reader and friend,

ESTELLE H.

RUSSELL, SHELL RIVER, MANITOBA, Feb. 7, '85.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I dare say you will be surprised to find that the ST. NICHOLAS magazine has found its way up to "the wild North-West," "the Great Lone Land" (by the by, it is not such a very lonely place). We live quite close to a little village called Russell. I am very much interested in the story by J. T. Crowbridge, "His One Fault." I intend to make a salt crystal glass. I half made

one, but it was so cold I had to keep it under the stove; but it was a bother, and I must wait till the summer. And now, dear St. NICHOLAS, hoping that you will put this in, as it is my first letter, I am your loving little reader,

ELLEN.

ENTERPRISE, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here comes a Jayhawker to have a little chat with you and the circle. I have always lived in sunny Kansas, on a farm. I live about eighteen miles from the exact center of the United States. The prairies, in spring, look most beautiful, the grass so green, and so many pretty flowers, of so many colors. Blue and white daisies come first, and they are eagerly hunted for by us children, as we go to school. We keep our teacher's desk well supplied with bouquets. I like to go to school, and I like to read better. I like the stories, "His One Fault," "Driven Back to Eden," and I don't know what I don't like in them. I am eleven years old. I have three sisters and two brothers. One day at school the teacher asked a boy in my class what they made out of ivory, and he said ivory soap. My teacher is the best teacher I ever went to. I never wrote a letter to a paper or a magazine before. I will stop. Well, good-bye to the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS. I send my love to all, from one who would read all the time if she could.

GRACE L.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO, Jan. 27, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was a little girl we used to sing our multiplication table, the States and their capitals, and the kings and queens of England. Gail Hamilton's charming versification this month brought the old rhymes and tunes to my mind again. I wish I could give you the tune, but here is the old rhyming list which we sang, as we stood, hand in hand, before our old teacher, swaying back and forth as we sang.

Very truly your devoted admirer, L. F.

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman,
Then William, his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
And Richard and John.
Then Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two, and three,
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew;
But received after Cromwell
Another Charles too.
James, Second, the Stuart, ascended the throne;
And William and Mary together came on
Queen Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William, all past,
God sent us Victoria, may she long be the last.

BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little sisters, and our home is in the Far West. We are spending the winter in Boston. Our aunt is very kind; yet we miss our mother, and the rambling life we have heretofore led, so different from the life one leads in the East. Auntie takes the ST. NICHOLAS, and we sit in the parlor and pore over it in the long winter evenings. We hope you will print this, as it is our first letter.

Your ever admiring friends,

WILHELMINA AND AMELIA L.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In one number of ST. NICHOLAS you printed a story called "Margaret's Favor Book," and some of us little girls got up a society called the "F. B. S." (Favor Book Society), and we each had a little book, in which we wrote, every night, the favors we had received during the day. We each had a motto which we wrote on the first page of our book, and badges. We had a meeting every Saturday, and the president read aloud all the favors which had been received during the week. But we had to give the society up a little while ago, because most of the members moved away. I thought, perhaps, some of your readers would like to have such a society. I remain your faithful reader,

BLANCHE D.

ADRIAN, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen any letters from Adrian, I thought I would write one. I am a little girl, only nine years old, so you must not expect a very good letter from me. I think Louisa Alcott's tales are lovely, and Frank Stockton's are per-

fectly magnificent; for instance, "The Philopena," "The Queen's Museum," "The Magician's Daughter," and "The Floating Prince." I am very sorry "The Spinning-wheel" stories have come to an end. "What Wakes the Flowers?" in the March number, is very pretty. I am going to speak it in school.

Ever your constant reader,

ELIZABETH C.

EAST AURORA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, and I hope to see it printed. We have taken you for six years, and I think you are very nice. I have never read much of you until lately. The stories and pictures of the "Brownies" I think are very funny. I noticed in every one of them a dude and a policeman.

Yours truly,

MARY B.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A literal translation of George W. Stearns's letter, in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, is:

There was a man in the city, and he was very wise, and rushing into thorns, he was deprived of his eyes. I will say that, when he perceived himself to be blind, rushing into other thorns he got his eyes. A free translation is the nursery rhyme:

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise," etc.

Yours truly,

GEO. H. S.

CHENANGO FORKS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote these verses when I was nine years old. I was herding fifty cows in the corn-stalks, out in Nebraska, when I thought them out. I am ten now. We children have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years, and we think it splendid.

Your friend,

CHAUNCEY C.

THE BRAVE SOLDIER.

The cows were grazing in the field,—
A soldier crouched behind a shield,—
When suddenly an arrow flew,
And split the largest cow in two.

The other cows were awful mad,
And said it really was too bad;
The soldier hid behind a stone,
For cows' horns are made of bone.

CATSKILL, April 1, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am having lots of fun, fooling people. I told my little sister this morning to say to Papa: "Look on the wall; is not that a funny shadow?—April fool!" When Papa came in, she cried, "Aper foo!" which made us all laugh. Three years ago, when we were in Gardiner, Maine, Papa said one morning: "See the boats on the river!" We looked, but did not see any boats. Then Papa said, "April fool!" "It is the 31st of March," said Mamma, as she looked at the calendar.

I love you so much, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I run for you the minute you come.

Your devoted reader,

G. H. C.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you these lines, which I cut from the *Congregationalist*, hoping that you would print them, as I thought they would interest many of your readers. I have taken you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, ever since you were born, and I am only four years older than you are.

Your constant reader,

LIZZIE C. B.

"Everybody who sings or hears sung Burns's pretty song of 'Coming Through the Rye' is apt to picture to himself a field of this grain through which the lassies are seen coming. This conception is now said to be incorrect, the reference being to a small stream in Ayrshire called the Rye. It was easily waded, but the lassies in going across would have to hold up the skirts of their dresses. While in this attitude, mischievous lads like Robbie Burns would wade out and snatch a kiss, which the lassies would be obliged to allow, or else let their skirts fall into the water."

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Falls City in the Letter-box, and hope that this one may find a place there.

Louisville, which claims to have about 120,000 inhabitants, is a very pretty town, situated on one of the widest parts of the Ohio River. We have here the Southern Exposition, which is said to be one of the largest in the world. I am very much interested in all your stories, and wait impatiently for the 26th of each month, which is my "St. Nicholas Day."

I wonder if any of your readers have ever ridden on a tandem tricycle. I guess the Prince of Naples, the Crown Prince of Russia,

and many of your European friends have. I have, at least, and had quite a nice time. As it was my first attempt, I had to learn to keep my feet on the pedals, which seemed quite hard at first.

Your constant reader and faithful friend,

MARY S.

TOPSFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you five or six years, and like you better every year. Last summer I called on Mr. Whittier, and asked him to write in my autograph album. He was in his study, which opens from the dining-room by folding-doors. There was a fine picture of Mr. Longfellow on the wall, and a desk, at which, I suppose, Mr. Whittier writes some of his poems.

I am thirteen years old. I have a pug dog, of which I am very fond.

Your constant reader,

A. E. J.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking your magazine for three years, and have found it the best for young folk. There are three of us reading your ST. NICHOLAS, and when it arrives we have quite a hard time in deciding which is to have it first.

We remain, your dear readers,

FRED AND WILL K.

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, 3 RUE CASTIGLIONE, }
PARIS, France. }

MY DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for nearly seven years, but have never given myself the pleasure of writing to you. I am a little American girl of thirteen. I have been living in Switzerland for the last three years. I speak French better than English, but I am very glad to say that I am on my way home. I am now staying in the beautiful city of Paris. I have already seen

lots of old churches and palaces six or seven hundred years old. The other day we went to see a palace which was built by King Louis IX. in the thirteenth century, now the Palais de Justice. Attached to it is La Sainte Chapelle, still the most beautiful in Paris. The windows in it are made of gorgeous colorings, and the floor is made of mosaic, with the emblems of France and Spain on it (*le fleur de lis*). I also saw Napoleon's tomb at the Hotel des Invalides. I have been to a great many other places, which I should like to tell you about, but it would take up too much of your precious space, so I must say good-bye. The May number of your dear magazine I hope to read in my native land.

Always your affectionate reader,

MARIE L. C.

WE can only acknowledge the receipt of the pleasant letters sent us by the following young friends: Lu H., Laura Larimer, Pet Kinnead and Teenie S. Haskell, Robert R. Peebles, Tony T., Ernest B., "Goldilocks," Maud, Frouise, Julia Mintzer, Clara E. Veader, Maggie M. Murray, Ellie T. Hitchcock, Mary M. B., J. Alice Gernaud and Roberta Owens, Florence Willard, Louise M. Johnson, H. E. C., Rose, George Nicholas, Thomas Hill, Emily, Elsie H., Oman Ramsden, Bertha Cross, Willie and James Armstrong, Amos P. Fisk, Ethel M., Valliant Turner, Louise Joynes, E. M. T., Charlie Leonard, Grace E. Chambers, Mary Brotherton, "Janet," Lottie G. Day, Josie B. Ervay, Maud H. and Nellie R., G. Beyer, Amy F. C., Lousia Kausch, Sidney M. Hauptman, Charlie Faulkner, Grace Williams, Blanche and Lotta, E. Hagemann, Mable Harvey, Milton Frank, Maria Sykes, G. E. M., Lizzie Parks, Ella Brookings, Orra H. King, M. J. E., Lilian Trask, Will Miskin, Fred. H. D., Gracie L., Clemence Frank, Ethel Watts, and Rex Dickinson.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FIFTY-FIRST REPORT.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

THE contest for the prizes offered last November for the best drawings of snow-crystals has not been so spirited as we hoped. Still, some very excellent work has been done, and some very beautiful forms observed. The first prize was easily taken by Chapter 742, Jefferson, Ohio, A. E. Warren, Secretary. We may give engravings of these drawings at a later day.

The second prize was awarded to Miss L. V. Makrille, of Washington, D. C.

Mr. R. H. Keep, of Norwich, Conn., won the third prize, and Mr. C. H. Paddock, of Chapter 613, Winooski, Vt., the fourth. The next five sets were so nearly equal in merit, that it was decided to rank them all alike, and to award a prize of equal value to each one of the five. The names of the successful five, arranged alphabetically, are:

Miss Julia Dwight, President of Chapter 579, Hadley, Mass.; Miss Edith C. Hohnes (a corresponding member of the Central Association of Lenox), Auburn, N. Y.; Miss Alice Heustis, of Chapter 729, Boston, Mass.; Henry A. Stewart, of Chapter 489, Gettysburg, Pa.; Theodore G. White, New-York City.

A study of the drawings received tends to confirm the statement of the books that water crystallizes in six-pointed figures, or at the least, in stars

having each either three points or a multiple of three. Still (as was the case last year) a few drawings showing four and five pointed crystals were sent in, and a very few showing seven and eight angles. The four-pointed figures are readily accounted for, on the supposition that two rays have been broken off. Here is one (Fig. 1.), for example, in which



1

the hexagonal form is readily restored by the addition of a perpendicular cross line. But what shall we say of the forms shown in Figures 2 and 3?

It should be stated, however, that

all these exceptional forms occurred in the sets that were most carelessly drawn.

The only approach to irregularity that occurs in a prize set is that shown in Figure 4, and found



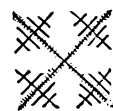
4

during a high wind, in Washington, D. C. In this case the six points appear, and the angles are correct. The following extract from the letter accompanying one of the best sets submitted, may throw some light on the question:

"In regard to this snow-crystal drawing, don't you think it impossible to make a fair drawing by just looking at the object, and then putting it down from memory? By doing so, one could fix up



2



3

an extremely fascinating little picture, because he would be led on from making a little touch here to adding another there, till he thought there could not have been any more lines, and then he has an exaggerated, and almost half "made-up" picture. Merely to catch a glimpse of one of these frail forms before it melts, and then to try to picture it accurately, is more or less unsatisfactory, so far as truth goes. It was very cold sitting outdoors before breakfast, drawing these crystals, but I did not see any other honest way out of it. So I can say truthfully, they are as nearly natural as they could be made by a fellow holding his pencil with almost numb fingers, and a mitten on at that."

Now that boy has the true scientific spirit, and the hearty love for *truth* that must characterize every earnest student.

It will not do for us to leave the question thus. Next winter we must try once more—all of us. We must get a thousand sketches and lay them side by side. We must have them all made as conscientiously as possible, and that, too, not for the sake of a prize, but from that anxiety to learn the exact truth with regard to a crystal of water, which must be finding its way by this time into the mind of every member of the A. A. who has the least inclination toward mineralogy. By the way, this question was sent in a few days ago: "*Is water a mineral?*"

What do you think about it?

Before giving a summary of Chapter reports, we have the pleasure of offering an extract from a letter of Professor H. T. Cresson, 224 South Broad street, Philadelphia, who has aided us in the department of Ethnology:

"I do not consider it any trouble to answer questions that may be directed to me; on the contrary, it affords me great pleasure. The thought occurs to me that some of our friends in the Indian districts could send us valuable information about that much-neglected branch of ethnology, *Indian music, both vocal and instrumental*. With best wishes for the success of the Association,

"H. T. CRESSON."

Read also this from Professor Putman-Cramer, of Brooklyn:

"You are, perhaps, aware that we have here an Entomological Society, boasting some forty members, among them some prominent entomologists. As president of that society for the current year, I express, I am sure, the opinions of the society when I say that we should be glad to see any member or members of the A. A. at our monthly meetings, which are held on the first Tuesday of each month in the Polytechnic Institute, Livingstone street, near Court street, at 8 P. M."

This invitation is one that no member of the A. A. interested in entomology, and able to accept, can afford to slight. Even if one is not a student of insect life he can learn much about methods of work, and the ways of conducting scientific meetings, by observing how these things are done by experts.

In addition to the chemists whose offers of aid have already appeared in ST. NICHOLAS, we are pleased to give the address of Mr. Charles P. Worcester, Newtonville, Mass., who will cheerfully answer such questions as may be sent him.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

275, *Washington, D. C. (E)*. I saw a wasp and a Hessian fly fighting. The fly killed the wasp. At another time I saw a fly, with red eyes and an abdomen checked with green, attack and kill a good-sized dragon-fly. The electric lights on the dome of the Capitol attract many insects. Our rarest specimens have been caught there. The large water-beetle (*Dytiscus marginatus*) has been found in large numbers. This is rather high for them. I once saw it stated as a rare incident that one had been found on a two-story house about thirty feet high. I have found as many as twenty-five in one morning at least three hundred and forty-five feet from the ground. Water-scorpions, wheel-bugs and other *hemiptera*, bees, flies, various *neuroptera*, and all kinds of nocturnal *lepidoptera* are found there.—Alonso H. Stewart, Sec.

286, *Stockport, N. Y.* One of our members has seen red squirrels and chipmunks swimming.—W. J. Fisher, Sec.

56, *St. Johnsbury, Vt.* We have been slowly growing since we began with four members, until now we have twenty-four, all active workers. The principal of our academy has given us a fine cabinet, of which we are very proud.—Thornton B. Penfield, Sec.

638, *St. Louis (D)*. Our members are exceptionally united in study. We have raised our initiation fee to one dollar, so that we may be sure of obtaining members who take a live interest in nature. During less than a year more than fifty essays have been read, seven lectures delivered, and we have had two select readings at each meeting.—Frank M. Davis, Sec.

485, *Brooklyn, Ohio*. We have now twenty-six members. We are fortunate in having among us a few who have studied special branches, and also in having near us professors who are interested in our work. We are studying zoology. We began with Protozoans, and are taking each of the sub-kingdoms in order. For particular work, our affections are divided between entomology and botany.—F. H. Pelton.

556, *Philadelphia (K)*. I have used the following arrangement for cultivating molds: I take a glazed stone jar, and fill it with rich earth, which must be kept slightly damp. On this I place the "bait"—cheese or bread, or some substance that will mold. This I cover with a small flower-pot. Then I set the whole in a warm place for a few days. Such beauties as some of the common molds appear under the microscope truly make one forget time, place, hunger, and cold. Some which I found growing on blackberry jam were especially beautiful, resembling tea-roses scattered through brown moss.—Wm. E. McHenry, Sec.

600, *Galveston, Texas*. We have entered upon a new year with new hopes. During the last three months we have had twelve very interesting papers and six select readings.—Philip C. Tucker, jr., Sec.

480, *Baltimore, Md. (F)*. Professor Riley, the entomologist of the Agricultural Department, had kindly promised to show us some part of his collection of insects. It is hard to say which gave us the more pleasure—recognizing old friends among the moths and beetles, or the sight of strange tropical insects, with gaudy wings and monstrous forms. When I remind you that this is a chapter of girls, you will not be surprised to learn that there was a constant chorus of "oh!s."—Miss R. Jones, Sec.

440, *Keene, N. H.* We have ten moth-proof boxes for insects; also, a compound microscope and an aquarium. We go out on the hills hunting moths and cocoons. The latter we found most easily when snow was on the ground, as the leaves were off the bushes.—Frank H. Foster, Sec.

136, *Columbia, Pa.* Our room is large, and there are blackboards on two sides of it. On these our botanists illustrate their topics by drawings. Our specimens are placed on printed cards. The reports in ST. NICHOLAS stimulate chapters to renewed energy in hope of seeing their own reports there.—James C. Meyers, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

We wish to exchange soil of N. Y. or N. J. for any other.—W. W. Allen, Sec. 771. Box 12, Sloatsburg, N. Y.

Will some one exchange dried ferns with me?—Wm. Wardrop, Gowan Cottage, Linnthgow, Scotland.

Copper ore, for fossils and insects.—C. F. McLean, 3120 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in botany and geology, and should like to correspond with some one who would have patience with a beginner who is also an invalid.—Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 13 Gorham street, Madison, Wis.

Alligators' teeth, banana leaves, orange blossoms, Spanish moss, etc., for bird skins or eggs.—Percy S. Benedict, Sec. 331, 1243 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La.

Correspondence with distant chapters.—Wm. H. Plank, Wyandotte, Kans.

A fine specimen of fossil coral, 3 in. x 1 in., and pieces of petrified leaves and wood.—C. A. Jenkins, Sec. 447, Chittanooga, N. Y.

We desire to correspond with Western chapters.—James S. Pray, Sec. 686, Lunenburg, Mass.

Marine shells of Northern New England, for those of Southern or Western coast, or for minerals.—H. E. Sawyer, Sec. 112, 37 Gates street, So. Boston, Mass.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
799	Fayetteville, N. Y. (A).....	13.	C. W. Austin.
800	Bryn Mawr, Pa. (A).....	6.	W. H. Miller.
801	Norristown, Pa. (B).....	6.	H. A. Fulmer, Box 20 (Fulmer).
802	Brooklyn, N. Y. (L).....	8.	J. R. Sweeney, 88 Middagh St.
803	Wyandotte, Kans. (A).....	10.	W. H. Plank.
804	Richmond, Ind. (A).....	6.	Jessie S. Reeves, 222 N. 10th St.
805	Philadelphia, Pa. (E).....	5.	C. E. Oram, 1620 Brown St.
806	Morristown, N. J. (A).....	7.	James Chambers, Box 69.
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816	Cambridge, Mass. (A).....	5.	Robert L. Raymond, 5 Lee St.
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823	Farmdale, Ky. (A).....	15.	Farmdale Chapter of the A. A., Box 58, K. M. I.
824	Fall River, Mass. (B).....	4.	J. B. Richards, 8 Barnaby St.
825	Greensburg, Pa. (A).....	30.	J. K. Johnston.
826	Newark, California (A).....	30.	Miss Ollie Jarvis.

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557	Philadelphia, Pa. (S).....	3.	W. E. Walter.
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Present Secretary of 556 is Wm. E. McHenry, 1713 Oxford street, Philadelphia, Pa.; and of 793, is Elmer Stoll, Box 454, Ashland, Ohio

ask all communications for this department to
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy,
Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

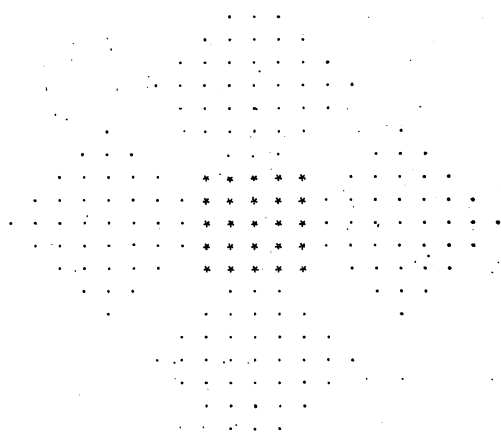
PI.

WHAT famous poet translated from the German the lines from which this "pi" is made?

Ojy dan prenematec nad sporce
Smal het odor no eth codrot's osen.

E. M. S. AND B. H. P.

PUZZLERS' CROSS.



THE above cross consists of four nine-letter diamonds, connected in the center by a five-letter word-square. The letter of each of the four diamonds which is nearest to the square helps to form the middle word of the square.

UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In "A. P. Owder, Jr." 2. A projecting part of a wheel. 3. Small fishes of the gudgeon kind. 4. To comfort. 5. Pertaining to sparrows. 6. The act of confining a ship to a particular place by means of anchors, etc. 7. A familiar contrivance for throwing stones. 8. An abbreviation for a certain country. 9. In "Cyril Deane."

RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In "Royal Tarr." 2. The plural of the yllable representing the second tone in the gamut. 3. Denominations. 4. Asylum. 5. Refreshes. 6. Fumed. 7. Surfeits. 8. To scatter. 9. In "Alciades."

LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In "Rex Ford." 2. An undeveloped

flower. 3. One who inquires narrowly. 4. Quite new. 5. Demolition. 6. The bony part of the teeth directly beneath the enamel. 7. Restrains. 8. Misery. 9. In "Lyon Hart."

LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In "Hyperion." 2. The cry of a cat. 3. Plays with dice. 4. An error. 5. A variety of the peach, with a smooth rind. 6. Having on. 7. Peels. 8. An abbreviation for a certain country. 9. In "Dycie."

CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A fall of hail or snow mingled with rain. 2. To depart. 3. Impetuous. 4. Levels. 5. Concise.

"NAVAJO."



THE central picture is a rebus, and represents a word of nine letters. This forms the central word of the hour-glass. The cross-words are pictured around the rebus.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

SELECT five words concealed in the following sentences, and arrange them so that they will form a word-square.

There was a youth from Posen selected for the dangerous journey. The dense undergrowth in the forest delayed him as he started. To have nobody see him grasp a decidedly rusty fowling-piece was consol-
ing, to say the least.

GERTRUDE.

HEXAGONS.

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.
.
.

I. ACROSS: 1. In drawing. 2. Something steeped in liquid. 3. To wander. 4. The Ottoman court. 5. A constellation of the zodiac. 6. To know. 7. In drawing. Downward: 1. A watering place. 2. A large bird. 3. Troubled. 4. A small plate. 5. An affirmation. II. ACROSS: 1. In stranger. 2. A projection on a wheel. 3. Washed. 4. A Roman magistrate. 5. That part of a piece of wood which enters a mortise. 6. A number. 7. A stranger. Downward: 1. To permit. 2. A military pupil. 3. Gorges. 4. A fruit. 5. A cave.

F. S. F.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. HARMONIES. 2. A territory belonging to the United States. 3. A siesta. 4. An expression of inquiry. 5. In prognostication.

FRED.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and four letters, which form two lines from Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

My 63-93-15 is a beverage. My 51-36-54-23 is to whip. My 60-25-72-12 is an elevation. My 5-27-56-102-78 is an important country of Asia. My 79-33-48-61 is part of a bellows. My 50-66-84-20-7 is to bewitch. My 41-13-99-75 is to stir. My 74-37-20-95 is a message. My 90-43-17-45-22 is a musical composer. My 77-32-68-34-9 is to change. My 71-88-38-1 is a clenched hand. My 39-81-86-96-55-100 is a long step. My 4-82-62-16-104 is a

hard outside covering. My 67-85-31-19 is a small bundle of straw. My 24-21-57-80-94-89 is an opening in the wall of a building. My 70-3-58-10 is a masculine name. My 46-103-2-53-91-11-69 was the founder of Islam. My 44-83-59 is a snare. My 6-76-35-47-89-30-18 is an early spring flower. My 14-49-40-52-97-65 is another spring flower. My 64-73-98-8 is a summer flower. My 28-42-26-92-101 is a fall flower.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My firsts are in high, but not in low;
My seconds, in bread, but not in dough;
My thirds are in lark, but not in dove;
My fourths, in slipper, but not in glove;
My fifths are in bird, but not in lark;
My sixths are in nut, but not in park;
My sevenths in taught you may find if you wish.
Both of my answers name salt-water fish.

MARION V. W.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A girl's name meaning "good" or "kind." 2. A boy's name meaning "fame of the land." 3. A girl's name meaning "the ruler of the house." Primals, to furnish with weapons; finals, a girl's name meaning "happiness." Primals and finals connected, a squadron.

DVCIE.

CUBE.

1 2
.
3 4
.
.
. 5 6
.
7 8

FROM 1 to 2, a kind of stone; from 2 to 6, huddle birds; from 5 to 6, fears; from 1 to 5, failed; from 3 to 4, to cudge; from 4 to 8, a boy's name; from 7 to 8, wished; from 3 to 7, a relative; from 1 to 3, human beings; from 2 to 4, part of the face; from 6 to 8, sorrowful; from 5 to 7, moisture.

ALBERT W. (7 YEARS OLD).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

PI. When wake the violets, Winter dies;
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
"Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"

From "*Spring Has Come*."

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Pod. 3. Pared. 4. Portion. 5. Deign. 6. Don. 7. N.

A NOVEL PUZZLE. 1 to 2, Grover Cleveland; from 3 to 4, Inauguration Day. Cross-words: 1. Dey. 2. Anear. 3. Aid. 4. Lin. 5. Ego. 6. Avail. 7. Creator. 8. Fallacy. 9. Encored. 10. Through. 11. Sleighs. 12. Devours. 13. Brocade. 14. Co-rinth. 15. English.

ZIGZAG. Mayflowers. Cross-words: 1. Mary. 2. mAid. 3. baYs. 4. deaF. 5. siLk. 6. fOld. 7. Wolf. 8. wEed. 9. biRd. 10. beeS.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

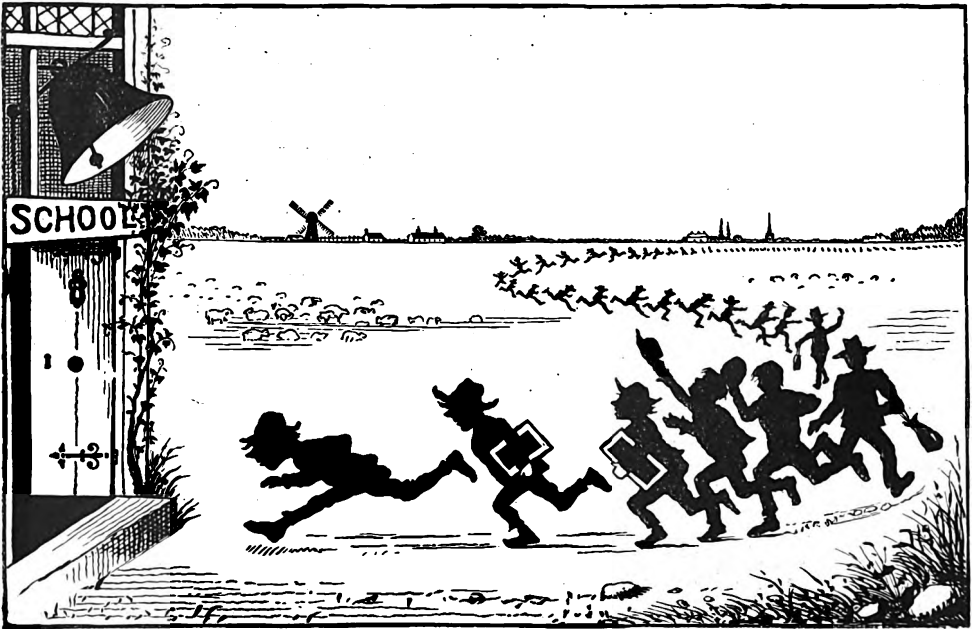
The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

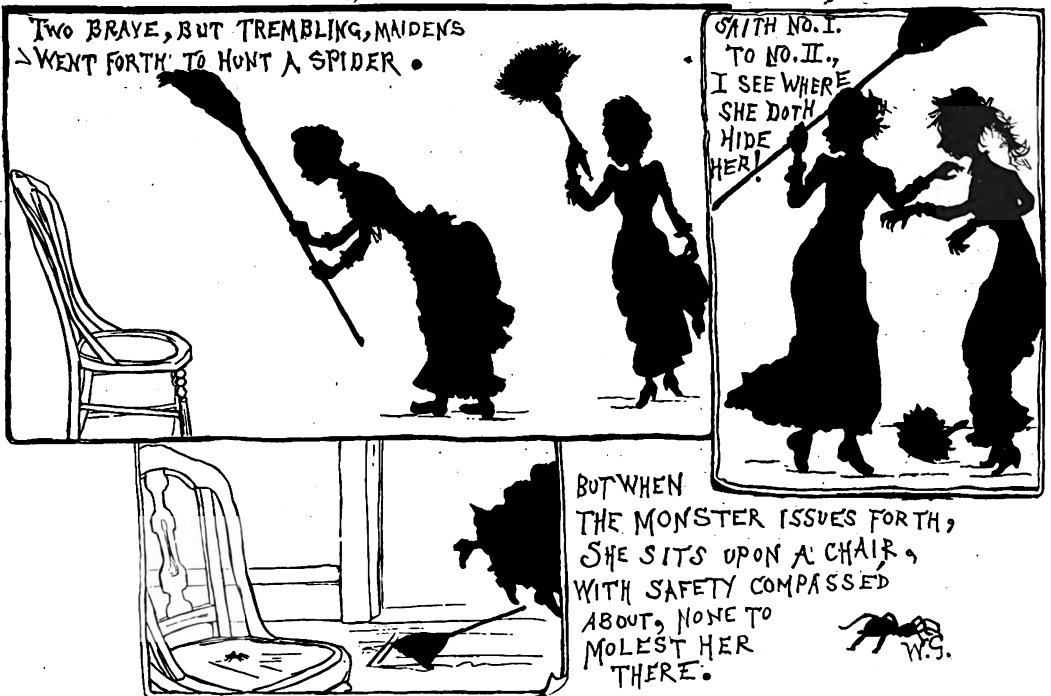
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE RIDDLE-BOX were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from F. L. and D. A. Watson, England, 7—"San Anselmo Valley," 11—Maud Mudon, London, England, 3—Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 8.

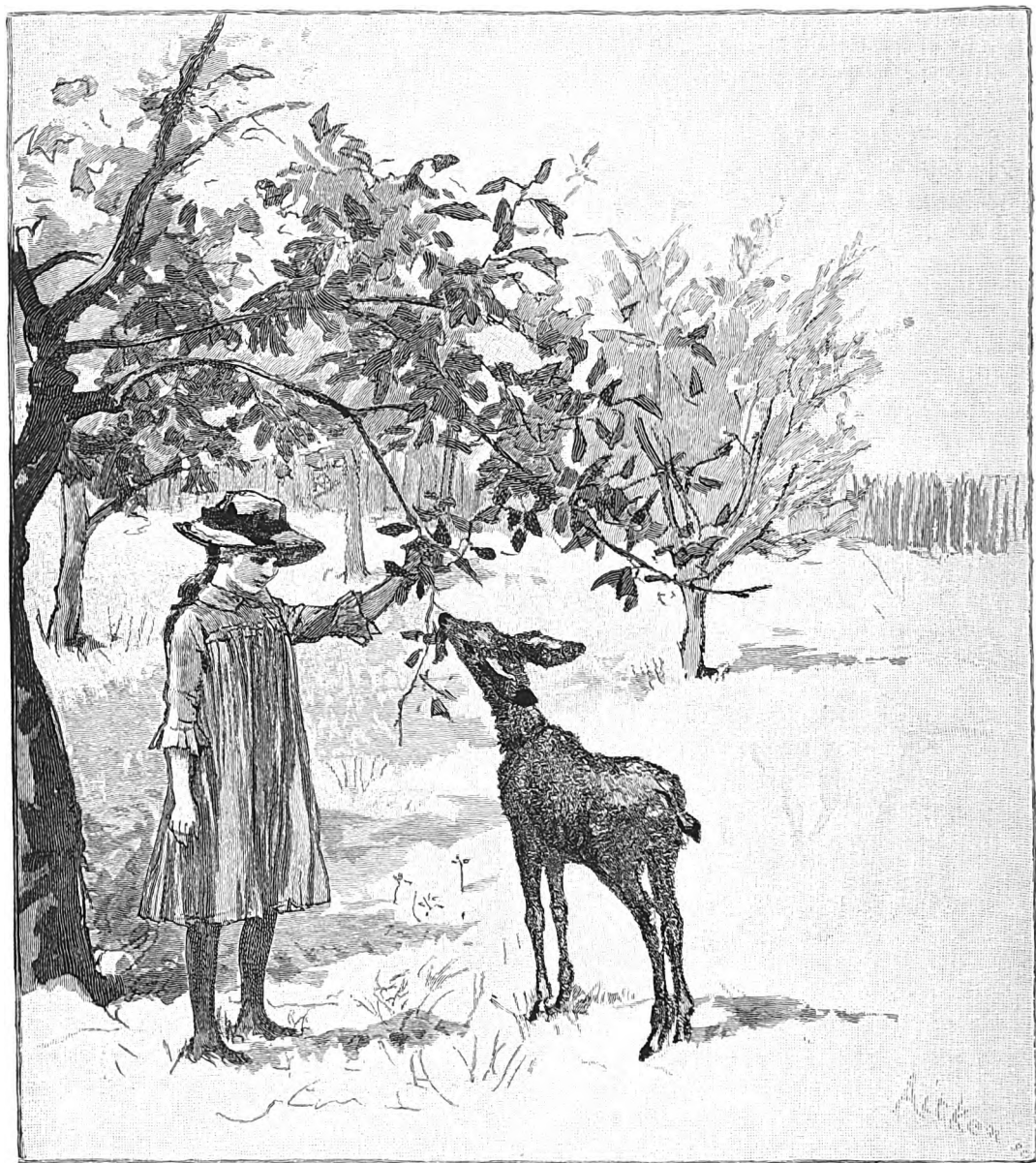
ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from S. R. T.—Frances M. Crawford—Carey E. Melville—"Joe and Paddy Crispy"—Lucy M. Bradley—Lottie G. Tuttle—"Tiny Puss, Mitz and Muff"—Morris D. Sample—"Hyslop"—Willie Serrell and friends—"Puz"—A. B. D.—"Edipus"—"Betsy Trotwood"—"San Rafael"—"Clifford and Coco"—Maggie and May Turrell—Philip, Nettie, and Papa—"Bugaboo Bill" and Papa—Grace and Mary Howe—Shumway Hen and Chickens—Trebore Treblig—"Phil. O. Sophy"—"Judith"—Francis W. Islip—Hugh and Cis—"Pernie"—"We Girls"—"The Carters"—"Pansy"—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes—Harry M. Wheelock.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Stuart and Powers Symington, 1—A. I. Zeckendorf, 1—Paul Reese, 10—Edna H., 1—Helen R. Tutts, 4—"Lynx," 4—Grace C. Hsley, 1—Alice R. Douglass, 2—"W.", 2—M. D. D., 1—Effie K. Talboys, 8—"Patience," 3—C. Fred Spensley, 1—John Morton, 1—Helen W. Gardner, 3—Clara G. and Mabel S., 1—Amelia N. F. and Annie L. D., 1—Lucy M. Graham, 1—Israel N. Breslauer, 1—Sadie Van Praag, 1—"Kit Sheu," 3—Richard P. Appleton, 1—T. S. T. L. A. M., 4—"Maude and Edith," 1—Ellie and Susie, 3—Maude Guild and Lizzie Eastman, 1—Mary B. R.—Alice Wauer, 1—Mamie and Eddie Adams, 5—Adele and Leo, 1—"Hank," 1—"Bee Hive," 1—Harry B. Lewis, 1—Leonard Wippert, 3—Genie and Meg, 6—Jennie F. Balch, 6—Josie M. Hodges, 1—"Puss and Hebe," 4—A. E. Hyde, 3—Marion S. Dumont, 1—Eliot White, 6—"Juventus," 5—"Phenie and Brownie," 2—"Niggeritz," 8—Polly, 5—"Lady Ann," 3—R. H., Papa, and Mamma, 1—Ada M., 5—Frank Boyd, 1—Hallie Couch and "D.", 7—Lillie, Ida, and Olive G., 6—"Pepper and Maria," 10—Josephine K. C., 2—L. A. Payne, 1—"Locust Dale Folks," 3—Alice C. Schoonmaker, 8—Edith and Jennie, 5—Fanny, May, and I, 3—George Habenicht, 2—Lulu M. Race, 8—F. D., 7—John and Lawton Kendrick, 2—Emily Danzel, 1—Sallie Viles, 7—Fanny R. Jackson, 10—M. McDonough and M. Gomm, 1—Zoe St. L. Barclay, 8—James B. Pridham, 1—Willie Sheraton, 3.



THE GOOD BOY BRIGADE.





THE PET FAWN.

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XII.

JULY, 1885.

No. 9.

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A SCHOOL OF LONG AGO.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, among the German settlers of Pennsylvania, there was a remarkable old school-master, whose name was Christopher Dock. For a long time he taught two little country schools. For three days he would teach school at a little place called Skip-pack, and then for the next three days he would teach at Salford. Every one who knew him called him "the pious school-master." They said that he never lost his temper, and one day a man who thought to try him, said many harsh and abusive words to him, and even cursed him; but the only reply of the school-master was:

"Friend, may the Lord have mercy on thee."

In the time in which Christopher Dock taught German children in Pennsylvania, all other school-masters, so far as we know, used to beat their scholars severely with whips or long switches. Some of us, whose heads are not yet white, can remember with sorrow the long beech switches of the school-masters of our childhood. But long before our time, School-master Dock, all by himself, had found out a better way.

When a child came to school for the first time, the other scholars were made, one after another, to give the new scholar welcome by shaking hands. Then the new boy or girl was told that this was not a harsh school, but a place for those who would behave, and that if a scholar were lazy, disobedient, or stubborn, the master would, in the presence of the whole school, pronounce such a one not fit for this school, but only for a harsh

school where children were flogged. The new scholar was asked to promise to obey and to be diligent, and then was shown to a seat.

"Now," the good master would say, when this was done, if the new scholar were a boy, "who will take this new scholar and help him to learn?"

If the scholar were a girl, the question would be asked of the girls. When the new boy or girl was clean and bright-looking, many would be willing to take charge of him or her. But there were few ready to teach a dirty, ragged-looking child. Sometimes no one would wish to do it. Then the master would offer to the one who would take such a child a reward of one of the beautiful texts of Scripture, which the school-masters of that time used to write or illuminate for the children, or one of the "birds" which he was accustomed to paint with his own hands. Mr. Samuel W. Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, who has translated all of Christopher Dock's writings, has a large book full of illuminations and painted birds made by the old Pennsylvania teachers; and some of these are really fine. On the next page is an engraving of one of these illuminations, which, though not the work of Christopher Dock, is a good specimen of the cards that were used in his day. The elaborate inscription, which begins with such a flourish and then dwindles into close-crowded writing, is a little sermon on the two virtues of patience and humility; and the tablets in the corners are interesting as showing queer costumes of the time.

Whenever one of his younger scholars succeeded in learning his A B C, the good Christopher Dock required the father of his pupil to give his son a penny, and also asked his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat in honor of his diligence. To poor children in a new country these were fine rewards; I am afraid that neither the penny nor the eggs would go far with those who read ST. NICHOLAS. But at various points in his progress, an industrious child in one of Dock's schools received a penny from his father and two eggs cooked by his mother. All this time he was not counted a member of the school, but only as on probation. The day on which a boy or girl began to read was the great day. If the pupil had been diligent in spelling, the master, on the morning after the first reading day, would give a ticket carefully written or illuminated with his own hand. This read: "Industrious — one penny." This showed that the scholar was now really received into the school. But if he should be idle or disobedient, the token would be taken away.

There were no clocks or watches; the children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading out of the Testament until all

Every "Lazy Scholar" had his name written on the blackboard. If a child at any time failed to read correctly, he was sent back to study his passage or verse of Scripture, and called again after a while. If he failed a second and a third time, all the school cried out "Lazy!" and then his name was written on the board. Immediately all the poor Lazy Scholar's friends went to work to teach him to read his lesson correctly, for if his name should not be rubbed off the board before school was dismissed, all the scholars might write it down and take it home with them. If, however, he should read well before school was out, the scholars, at the bidding of the master, called out, "Industrious!" and then his name was rubbed off the board.

The funniest of Dock's rewards was that which he gave to those who made no mistake in their lessons. He marked a large O with chalk on the hand of the perfect scholar. Fancy what a time the boys and girls must have had trying to go home without rubbing out this O!

If you had gone into this school some day, you might have seen a boy sitting on a "punishment bench" all alone. This fellow had told a lie, or



COPY OF AN ILLUMINATION PRESENTED BY A TEACHER TO ONE OF HIS PUPILS, AS A "REWARD-OF-MERIT," IN 1809.*

were there. But every one who succeeded in reading his verse without mistake stopped reading, and came and sat at the writing-table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called a Lazy Scholar.

he used bad language; he was put there as implying that he was not fit to sit near anybody else. If he had committed the offense often, you would see a yoke around his neck — as though he were a brute. Sometimes, however, Christopher Dock would give

* For a translation of the text of this illumination, see page 714.

the scholars their choice of a blow on the hand, or a seat on the punishment bench; and usually they preferred the blow.

The scholars were allowed at certain times to study aloud. But at other times they were obliged to keep still, and a boy or girl was put up as a "watcher" to write down the names of those who talked in this time for quiet.

The old school-master of Skippack wrote for his scholars a hundred rules for good behavior, and this is said to be the first work on etiquette written in America. But rules of behavior for simple people living in houses of one or two rooms only were very different from those needed in our day.

"When you comb your hair, do not go out into the middle of the room," says the school-master. And this shows that families were accustomed to eat and sleep in one room.

"Do not eat your morning bread upon the road or in school," he tells them, "but ask your parents to give it you at home."

So the table manners of that time were very good, but very curious to us. He says: "Do not wobble with your stool"; because rough, home-made stools were the common chairs of the time; and the puncheon floors were so uneven that a noisy child could easily rock to and fro.

"Put your knife and fork upon the right, and your bread on the left side," he says; and he also tells them not to throw bones under the table. And when the child has finished eating, he is not

required to wait for the others, or to ask to be excused, but to "get up quietly, take your stool with you, wish a pleasant meal-time, and go to one



COPY OF ONE OF THE "REWARD-CARDS" PAINTED BY CHRISTOPHER DOCK FOR INDUSTRIOUS PUPILS.

side." And he is cautioned not to put the remaining bread in his pocket.

You may imagine that, as time passed on, Christopher Dock had many friends; for all his scholars of former years loved him. He lived to be very old, and taught his schools till the last. One evening he did not come home, and the people went to look for the beloved old man. He was found on his knees in the school-house, dead.

JINGLES.

BY A. R. WELLS.

THE GOOD GIRL.

SHE 's a good little girl,—“Good for what?” did you say?
 Why, good as a kitten to purr and to play;
 And good as a brooklet to sing on its way;
 And good as the sunshine to brighten the day.
 To what shall I liken the dear little elf?
 She 's as good as—as good as—as good as—herself!

THE AMBITIOUS ANT.

THE ambitious ant would a-travelling go,
 To see the pyramid's wonderful show.
 He crossed a brook and a field of rye,
 And came to the foot of a haystack high.
 “Ah! wonderful pyramid!” then cried he;
 “How glad I am that I crossed the sea!”

"OH, DEAR!"

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



TOTO was very disconsolate. He never staid indoors for an ordinary rain, but this was a real deluge; so he stood by the window and said, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!! Oh, DEAR!!!" as if he did not know how to say anything else. His good grandmother bore this quietly for some time; but at length she said:

"Toto, do you know what happened to the boy who said 'Oh, dear!' too many times?"

"No!" said Toto, brightening up at the prospect of a story. "What did happen to him? Tell me, Gran'ma, please!"

"Come and hold this skein of yarn for me, then!" replied the grandmother, "and I shall tell you as I wind it."

"Once upon a time there was a boy ——"

"What was his name?" interrupted Toto.

"Chimborazo!" replied the grandmother. "I should have told you his real name in a moment, if you had not interrupted me, but now I shall call him Chimborazo, and that will be something for you to remember."

Toto blushed and hung his head.

"This boy," continued the grandmother, "invariably put the wrong foot out of bed first when he rose up in the morning, and consequently he was always unhappy."

Here Toto held up his hand without speaking.

"Yes, you may speak," said the old lady. "What is it?"

"Please, Gran'ma," said Toto, "Which *is* the wrong foot?"

"Do you know which your right foot is?" asked the grandmother. "And do you know the difference between right and wrong?"

"Why, yes, of course!" said Toto.

"Then," said the grandmother, "you know which the wrong foot is."

"As I was saying," she went on, "Chimborazo was a very unhappy boy. He pouted and sulked, and he said 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' until everybody was tired of hearing it.

'Chimborazo,' his mother would say; 'please don't say "Oh, dear!" any more. It is very annoying. Say something else.' But the boy would answer, 'Oh, dear! I can't! I don't know anything else to say!' At last his mother could bear it no longer, so, one day, she sent for his fairy godmother and told her all about it.

"'Humph!' said the fairy godmother. 'I shall see to it. Send the boy to me.' So Chimborazo was sent for, and came, hanging his head as usual. When he saw his fairy godmother, he said, 'Oh, dear!' for he was rather afraid of her.

"'Oh, dear, it is!' said the fairy godmother sharply; and she put on her spectacles and looked at him. 'Do you know what a bell-punch is?'

"'Oh, dear!' said Chimborazo. 'No, ma'am, I don't.'

"'Well,' said the godmother, 'I am going to give you one.'

"'Oh, dear!' said Chimborazo, 'I don't want one.'

"'Probably not,' replied she. 'But that does n't make much difference. 'You have it now in your jacket pocket.' Chimborazo felt in his pocket, and took out a queer-looking instrument of shining metal.

"'Oh, dear!' he said.

"'Oh, dear, it is!' said the fairy godmother. 'Now,' she continued, 'listen to me, Chimborazo! I am going to put you on an allowance of "Oh, dears!" This is a self-acting bell-punch, and it will ring whenever you say "Oh, dear!" How many times do you think you say it in the course of the day?'

"'Oh, dear!' said Chimborazo. 'Oh, dear! I don't know.'

"'Ting! ting!' the bell-punch rang twice sharply; and, looking at it in dismay, he saw two little round holes punched in a long slip of pasteboard which was fastened to the instrument.

"'Exactly!' said the fairy. 'That is the way it works, and a very pretty way, too! Now, my boy, I am going to give you a very liberal allowance. You may say "Oh, dear," forty-five times a day! There's liberality for you!'

"'Oh, dear!' cried Chimborazo. 'I——' Ting! said the bell-punch.

"'You see?' observed the fairy. 'Nothing could be prettier. You have now had three of to-day's allowance. It is still some hours before noon, so I advise you to be careful. If you exceed

the allowance'—here she paused, and glowered through her spectacles in a very dreadful manner.

"Oh, dear!" cried Chimborazo—and then he heard another *ting!* "what will happen then?"

"You will see!" said the fairy godmother with a nod. 'Something will happen; you may be very sure of that! Good-bye,—remember, only forty-five!' and away she flew out of the window.

"Oh, dear!" cried Chimborazo, bursting into tears. 'I don't want it! I won't have it! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!!!' *Ting! ting! ting-ting-ting-ting!* rang the bell-punch; and now there were ten round holes in the strip of pasteboard. Chimborazo was now

"Well, Chimbo," said his father, after tea; 'I hear you have had a visit from your fairy godmother. What did she say to you, eh?'

"Oh, dear!" said Chimborazo. 'She said—oh, dear! I've said it again!—'

"She said: oh, dear! I've said it again!" repeated his father. 'What do you mean by that?'

"Oh, dear! I did n't mean that!" cried Chimborazo, hastily; and again the inexorable bell rung, and he knew that another hole was punched in the fatal cardboard. He pressed his lips firmly together, and did not open them again, except to say good-night, until he was safe in his own room. There he hastily drew the hated bell-punch from



"DO YOU KNOW WHAT A BELL-PUNCH IS?" ASKED THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

really frightened. He was silent for some time; and when his mother called him to his lessons, he tried very hard not to say the dangerous words. But the habit was so strong that he said them unconsciously. By dinner-time there were twenty-five holes in the cardboard strip; by tea-time there were forty. Poor Chimborazo! he was afraid to open his lips; for, whenever he did, the words would slip out in spite of him.

his pocket, and counted the holes in the strip of cardboard—there were forty-three! 'Oh, dear!' cried the boy, forgetting himself again in his alarm. 'Only two more—Oh, DEAR! Oh, dear! I've done it again! Oh——' *Ting! TING!* went the bell-punch; and the cardboard was punched to the end. 'Oh, dear!' cried Chimborazo, now beside himself with terror. 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!!' what will become of me?'

"A strange, whirring noise was heard; then a loud clang, and the next moment the bell-punch, as if it were alive, flew out of his hand, straight through the open window, and was gone!



"THE STRIP OF CARDBOARD WAS PUNCHED TO THE END!"

"Chimborazo stood breathless with terror for a little while, momentarily expecting that the roof would fall in on his head, or the floor blow up under his feet, or that some appalling catastrophe would follow; but nothing happened. Everything

"The next morning, soon after Chimborazo came downstairs, his father said in a kind voice: 'My boy, I am going to drive over to your grandfather's farm this morning; would you like to go with me?'

"A drive to the farm was one of the greatest pleasures Chimborazo had, so he answered promptly,

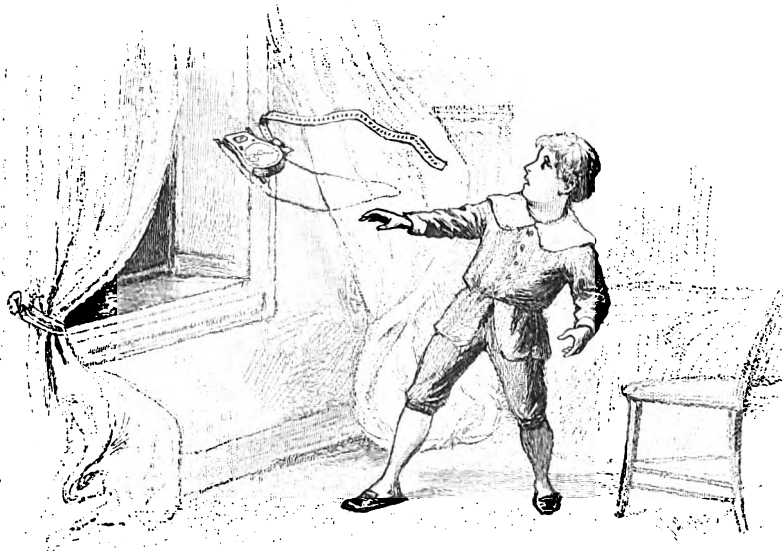
"Oh, dear!"

"Oh, very well!" said his father, looking much surprised, 'you need not go, my son, if you do not wish to. I shall take Robert instead.'

"Poor Chimborazo! he had opened his lips to say 'Thank you, Papa! I should like to go very much!' but, instead of those words, out had popped, in his most doleful tone, the now hated 'oh, dear!' He sat amazed, but was roused by his mother's calling him to breakfast. 'Come, Chimbo!' she said; 'here are sausages and scrambled eggs, and you are very fond of both; which will you have?' Chimborazo hastened to say, 'Sausages, please, Mamma!'—that is, he hastened to *try* to say it—but all his mother heard was 'Oh, dear!'

"His father looked much displeased. 'Give the boy some bread and water!' he said, sternly. 'If he can not answer properly, he must be taught. We have had enough of these "oh, dear" replies.'

"Poor Chimborazo! he saw plainly enough now what his punishment was to be, and the thought



"THE BELL-PUNCH FLEW OUT OF HIS HAND AND THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW!"

was quiet, and there seemed to be nothing to do but to go to bed; so to bed he went, and slept, only to dream that he was shot through the head with a bell-punch, and expired saying 'Oh, dear!'

of it made him tremble. He tried to ask for some more bread, but only brought out his 'oh, dear!' in such a lamentable tone that his father ordered him to leave the room. He went out into the gar-

den, and there he met John, the gardener, carrying a basket of rosy apples. Oh! how delicious and tempting they looked!

"I am bringing some of the finest apples up to the house, little master," said John. "Will you have one to put in your pocket?"

"Oh, dear!" was all the poor boy could say, though he really wanted an apple very much! And when John heard those fretful words, he put the apple back in his basket, muttering something about ungrateful lads.

"Poor Chimborazo! I shall not give the whole history of that miserable day. A miserable day it was, from beginning to end. He fared no better at dinner than at breakfast; for at the second 'oh, dear!' his father sent him up to his room, 'to stay there until he knew how to take what was given him, and to be thankful for it.' He knew well enough by this time, but he could not tell his father how he suffered; and he went to his room and sat looking out of the window, a hungry and miserable boy. In the afternoon his Cousin Will came up to see him.

"Why, Chimbo!" he cried, 'why do you sit moping here in the house when all the boys are out? Come and play marbles with me on the piazza. Ned and Harry are out there waiting for you. Come on!'

"Oh, dear!" said Chimborazo.

"What's the matter?" asked Will. "Have n't you any marbles? Never mind! I'll give you half of mine if you like. Come!"

"Oh, DEAR!" said Chimborazo.

"Well," said Will, 'if that's all you have to say when I offer you marbles, I'll keep them myself. I suppose you expected me to give you all of them, did you? I never saw such a fellow!' and off he went in a huff.

"Well, Chimborazo," said the fairy godmother that evening; 'what do you think of "oh, dear!" now?' And poor Chimborazo looked at her beseechingly, but said nothing.

"Finding that forty-five times was not enough

for you yesterday, I thought I would let you have all you wanted to-day!' said the fairy godmother, slyly. 'Are you satisfied with to-day's allowance?'



"GARDENER JOHN PUT THE APPLE BACK IN THE BASKET."

"The boy still looked imploringly at her, but did not open his lips.

"Well! well!" she said at last, touching his lips with her wand. 'I think that you have had sufficient punishment, though I am sorry you broke the bell-punch. Good-bye! I don't believe you will say "oh, dear!" any more.'

"And he did n't."

OUR SECRET SOCIETY.

BY MARIA W. JONES.

WE were six school-girl friends and therefore inseparable—Kate and Maggie, Sadie and Emma, Flo and myself. We delighted in secrets and in mystery, and we had a post-office in Emma's father's cellar to give greater secrecy to our communications. The post-office itself was simply a pasteboard box, in which, through a convenient slit, our precious letters were deposited.

And just as the novelty of the post-office was wearing away, life received a new joy from the suggestion of our teacher, Mrs. Lindley, who showed us how we could employ and amuse ourselves out of school-hours. This was by no less an enterprise than making a cabinet and filling it with specimens and curiosities of our own collecting.

"And," she added, with wise forethought, "I advise you to do all the work yourselves, and to tell no one about it."

Is there anything more delightful, girls, than a secret? To be met some morning when you reach school with the exclamation from one of your "dearest" friends, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come. I've such a secret to tell you!" and then to hear this secret under the solemnly whispered pledge, "In deed and deed and double deed, I'll never, never tell as long as I live and breathe!"

Maggie, Sadie, and Emma each passed through this happy experience after Mrs. Lindley had talked with Kate, and Flo, and me about our cabinet. And so our Secret Society was fairly started.

We discussed badges and initiation fees, and many other features which were never accomplished, and we promised a great many curiosities that we failed to obtain; but then we had all the enjoyment of planning; and anticipation, you know, is the next best thing to realization.

Saturday was our day for collecting. Bugs, stones, shells, and all such things suddenly acquired new interest in our eyes; and we, who knew nothing about chloroforming butterflies, caused those unfortunate flutterers to lead a hard life, I fear, just before their death. But we talked wisely about the poor things, and called them martyrs to science, and so on.

It was on one of these Saturday excursions that Flo startled us with a shout of joyful surprise.

"Oh, girls!" she cried, "here's the very thing for our cabinet—a nice big toad! We'll catch it and ——" Just then the toad gave a little hop,



THE POST-OFFICE.

and we all followed its example, but quite in the other direction.

After much talking and maneuvering, and by dint of much poking with sticks and "shooing" and dodging, the coveted treasure was finally caught in Flo's calico sun-bonnet, and we stood as exultant as a party of hunters around a captured wild beast.

But now who should carry it home? Each one declined in turn for good and sufficient reasons; but it was finally determined, after an animated discussion, that Flo should carry it the first part of the way, and then the rest of us would "take turns." Flo kept the sun-bonnet tightly closed, and we walked at a safe distance from it.

So the triumphal procession started for home; but just as Flo was climbing a rail-fence, a sudden leap from the dissatisfied toad in the sun-bonnet was too much for her excited nerves; she shook the bonnet with a little scream, and out

All the time we could spare, and some, I fear, that we should not have devoted to it, was spent in that old shed. At first we purposed putting in five shelves, and making double doors; but this plan finally resolved itself into three shelves and no doors.

With each new addition to our collection our hopes grew brighter, and so did our day dreams. One especially interesting specimen set us to gravely discussing the propriety of giving a public exhibition of our cabinet when completed; and soon the day came when the last shelf was in. Twelve cents' worth of wall-paper completed the decorations, and the Secret Society stood surveying its cabinet with flushed cheeks and quickened pulses, seeing beauties in it that no one else could possibly have detected.

It was a blissful Saturday when, having borrowed a wheelbarrow, and placed our precious box thereon, we wheeled it up the hill and through the back alley to the school-house. We set it up in the play-room, and arranged our curiosities as artistically as possible. How we lingered and started and turned back again to take just one more look, or to bring into prominence some particularly engaging butterfly or curious stone! How

impatiently we waited for Monday morning! Of course, we six were first at school, and, with flushed faces, eager eyes, and heads fairly swimming with the rush of emotions, we watched for Mrs. Lindley's coming. It was a proud moment for us when she came; and, with two of us clasping her hands, and the rest clustering around, we escorted her to our cabinet. She praised and petted and laughed, as we pointed out the peculiar beauties and excellencies of different objects, and we felt amply rewarded for all our toil.

I don't remember much about it after that, but I know that the older girls disappointed us keenly by showing no interest in this tangible revelation of our wonderful secret; the mosses, lichens, and some other things soon fell out, and were tossed about the play-room, and finally were swept out as litter; and the double doors were never put on. All of which seems rather sad in the telling, but did not trouble us very much, I think. That state of affairs came about gradually, and not until we had derived very much pleasure from our cabinet; and I am sure that no summer of our childhood was happier than the one in which flourished "Our Secret Society."

THE LAND WITHOUT A NAME.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



WHERE the Sun sails bold on the Sea of Gold
Past the Violet Islands fair,
And the ragged shapes of the Rosy Capes,
And the Castles of the Air,—
Can you call aright all that country bright,
That is washed by waves like flame?
'T is the coast admired, 't is the clime desired,
Of the Land Without a Name.

And the way to go, if you fain would know,
Is to charter the Crescent Ship,
All of silver pale, with a cobweb sail,—
And merrily does she dip!
There 's a crew of Hopes at her filmy ropes,
And on board that ship of fame
Many a longing Dream seeks the shores agleam
Of the Land Without a Name.

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER VI.

WORK AND PLAY—OUTINGS AND ENEMIES.

THE day of our picnic proved to be all that we could desire. The children were up with the dawn, and Junior was not long in joining us. By eight o'clock we were through with breakfast and the morning work, our lunch-basket was packed, and the market wagon was at the door. Mr. Jones had good-naturedly promised to take an occasional look at the premises to see that all was right. I put but one seat in the wagon, for my wife and myself, since the young people had decided that a straw-ride to the river would be "more fun than a parlor-car."

My wife entered into the spirit of this little outing with a zest which gave me deep content. The robins, of which there seemed to be hundreds about the house, gave us a tuneful and hilarious send-off; the people and children whom we met smiled and cheered, following us with envious eyes. Each of our little people held a pole aloft, and Merton said that "the wagon looked as if our lima-bean patch was off on a visit."

In the village we increased our stock of lines and hooks, and bought a few corks for floats. Soon after, we reached the mouth of Moodna Creek, and a weather-beaten boat-house, with a stable adjoining in which old Bay could enjoy himself in his quiet, prosaic way. A comfortable boat was hired, and, as the tide was in, we decided to go up the creek as far as possible first and float down with the ebb. This, to the children, was like a voyage of discovery, and there was a general airing of geography, each little bay, point, and gulf receiving a noted name. At last we reached a deep, shaded pool, which was eventually dubbed "Bobsey's Luck," for he narrowly escaped falling into it in his eagerness to take off a minnow that had managed to fasten itself to his hook.

Merton and Junior, being more experienced anglers, went ashore to make some casts on the ripples and rapids of the stream above, and secured several fine "win-fish." The rest of us were content to take it easy in the shade, and hook an occasional cat-fish and sun-fish. At last the younger children wanted variety, so I permitted them to land on the wooded bank, kindle a little fire, and roast some clams that we had bought at the boat-house. The smoke and tempting odors lured

Merton and Junior, who soon proved that boys' appetites can always be depended upon.

Time passed rapidly, until I noticed that the tide had fallen to such a degree that I cried in alarm, "Come, youngsters, we must go back at once or we shall have to stay here till nearly night." They scrambled on board, and we started down-stream, but soon came to a place where the swift current and ripples proved how shallow was the water. A moment later we were hard aground. In vain we pushed with the oars; the boat would not budge. Then Junior sat down and coolly began to take off his shoes and stockings. In a flash Merton followed his example. There was no help for it, and we had no time to lose. Over they splashed, lightening the boat, and, taking the "painter," or tie-rope, at the bow, they pulled manfully. Slowly at first, but with increasing progress, the keel grated over the stones, and at last we were afloat again. A round of applause greeted the boys as they sprang back into the boat, and away we went, cautiously avoiding shoals and sand-bars, until we reached Plum Point, where we expected to spend the remainder of the day. Here, for a time, we had excellent sport, and pulled up sun-fish and white perch of a very fair size. Even Bobsey caught so many specimens of the former variety that he had provided himself with a supper equal even to his capacity.

The day ended in memories of unalloyed pleasure, and never had the old farm-house looked so like home as when it greeted us again in the evening glow of the late spring sun. Merton and Junior divided the captured fishes with mutual satisfaction, while Winnie and I visited the chicken-coops and found that there had been no mishaps during our absence. I told Merton that I would milk the cow while he cleaned the fish for supper, and when at last we sat down we formed a tired, happy, and hungry group. Surely, if fish were created to be eaten, our enjoyment of their browned sweetness must have rounded out their existence completely.

The beautiful transition period of spring passing into summer would have filled us with delight had we not found a hostile army advancing on us—the weeds. When we planted the garden, the soil was brown and clean. The early vegetables came up in well-defined green rows, the weeds appearing with them being too few and scattered to cause anxiety. Now all was changed. Weeds

seemed to spring up by magic in a night. The later-planted parts of the garden were becoming evenly green in all their spaces, and in some cases the vegetables could scarcely be distinguished from the ranker growth of crowding, unknown plants among and around them. I also saw that our corn and potato field would soon become, if left alone, as verdant as the meadow beyond. I began to fear that we could not cope with these myriads of foes, little enough now, but growing while we slept, and stealing a march on us at one part of the place while we destroyed them in another.

With a feeling of dismay I called Mr. Jones's attention to these silent forces invading, not only the garden and fields, but the raspberry plots, and, indeed, all the ground now devoted to fruit. He laughed and said:

"The Philistines are upon you, sure enough. I'm busy whacking them over myself, but I think I'll have to give you a lift, for you must get these weeds well under before haying and raspberry-picking time comes. It's warm to-day, and the ground's rather dry. I'll show you what can be done. Call the children and come with me to the garden."

We were there soon, my wife, who shared my solicitude, also joining us.

"You see," resumed Mr. Jones, "that these weakly little rows of carrots, beets, and onions would soon be choked by these weeds, not an inch high yet. The same is true of the corn and peas and the rest. The potatoes are strong enough to take care of themselves for a time, but not for long. I see that you and Merton have been trying to weed and hoe them out at the same time. Well, you can't keep up with the work in that way. Now take this bed of beets; the weeds are gettin' even all over it, and they're thicker, if anywhere, right in the row, so that it takes a good eye to see the beets. But here they are, and here they run across the bed. Now look at me. One good showin' is worth all the tellin' and readin' from now to Christmas. You see, I begin with my two hands, and pull out all the weeds on each side of the little row, and I pull 'em away from the young beets so as not to disturb them, but to leave 'em standing straight. I drop the weeds right down here in the spaces between the rows, for the sun will dry 'em up before dinner-time. Now I'll take another row."

By this time Merton and I were following his example, and within a few moments parts of three more rows were being treated in the same way.

"There," said Mr. Jones, "now the weeds are all out of the rows that we've treated, and for a little space on each side of 'em. The beets have a chance to grow, unchoked, and to get ahead.

These other little green varmint in the ground, between the rows, are too small to do any harm yet. Practically, the beets are cleaned out, and will have to themselves all the ground they need for three or four days; but these weeds between the rows would soon swamp everything. Now, give me a hoe, and I'll attend to them."

And he drew the useful tool carefully and evenly through the spaces between the rows, and soon our enemies were lying on their sides ready to wither away in the morning sun.

"You see, after the rows are weeded out how quickly you can hoe the spaces between 'em," my neighbor concluded. "Now the children can do this weedin'. Your time and Merton's is too valuable. When weeds are pulled from right in and around vegetables, the last can stand without harm for a while, till you can come around with the hoe and cultivator. This weedin' out business is 'specially important in rainy weather, for it only hurts ground to hoe or work it in wet, showery days, and the weeds don't mind it a bit. On warm, sunny days, when the soil's a little dry, is the time to kill weeds. But you must be careful in weedin' then, or you'll so disturb the young, tender garden shoots that they'll dry up, too. I'll come over this afternoon with my cultivator, and we'll tackle the corn and potatoes, and make such a swath among these green Philistines that you'll sleep better to-night."

And he left us laughing and hopeful.

"Come, Winnie and Bobsey, start in here on each side of me. I'll show you our plan, this morning, and then I trust I can leave you to do the work carefully by yourselves to-morrow. Pressing as is the work, you shall have your afternoons until the berries are ripe."

"Can't I help, too?" asked Mousie.

I looked into her eager, wistful face, but said firmly:

"Not now, dear. The sun is too hot. Toward night, perhaps, I may let you do a little. By aiding Mamma in the house, you are doing your part."

We made good progress, and the two younger children soon learned the knack of working carefully, so as not to disturb the little vegetables. I soon found that weeding was back-aching work for me, and therefore "spared" myself by hoeing out the spaces between the rows. By the time the music of the dinner-bell was heard, hosts of our enemies were slain.

Mr. Jones, true to his promise, was on hand at one o'clock with his cultivator, and he started in at the corn, which was now a few inches high. Merton and I followed with hoes, uncovering the tender shoots on which earth had been thrown, and dressing out the soil into clean flat hills.

Mr. Jones was not a man of half-way measures. He remained helping us, till he had gone through the corn, once each way, twice between the long rows of potatoes, then twice through all the raspberry rows, giving us full two days of his time altogether.

I handed him an extra dollar in addition to his charge, saying that I had never paid out money with greater satisfaction.

"Well," he said, with his short, dry laugh, "I'll take it this time, for my work is suffering at home, but I did n't want you to become discouraged. Now, keep the hoes flyin' and you'll keep ahead. Junior's at it early and late, I can tell you."

It was a winning fight with the weeds, but it was weary work. One hot afternoon, about three o'clock, I saw that Merton was growing pale, and beginning to lag, and I said decidedly:

"Do you see that tree there? Go and lie down under it till I call you."

"Oh, I can stand it till night," he began, his pride a little touched.

"Obey orders! I am captain," I commanded.

In five minutes he was fast asleep, and I threw my coat over him, and sat down, proposing to have a half-hour's rest myself. My wife came out with a pitcher of cool buttermilk and nodded her head approvingly at us.

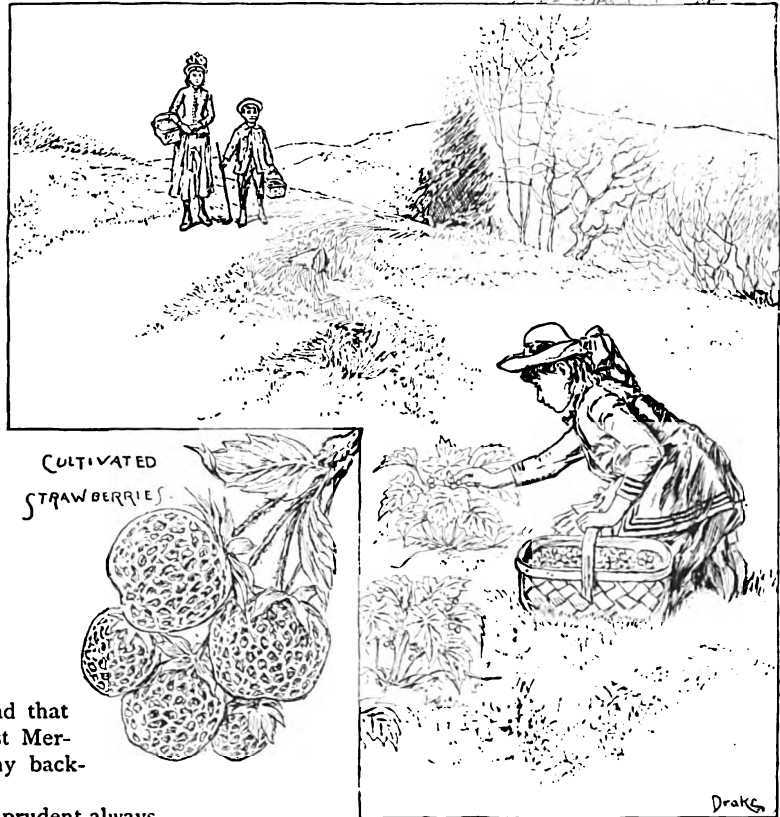
"Well, my thoughtful Eve," I said, "I find that our modern Eden will cost Merton and me a great many back-aches."

"If you will only be as prudent always as you try to be now, you may save me a heart-ache. Robert, you are ambitious, and unused to this kind of work. Please never be so foolish as to overrate the comparative value of corn and potatoes. I'd rather do with a few bushels less, than do without you and Merton." And she sat down and kept me idle for an hour.

Then Merton jumped up, saying that he felt as "fresh as if he had had a night's rest," and we ac-

complished more in the cool of the day than if we had kept doggedly at work.

I found that Winnie and Bobsey required rather different treatment. For a while they did very well, but one morning I set them at a bed of parsnips about which I was particular. In the middle of the forenoon I went to the garden to see how they were progressing. Shouts of laughter made me fear that all was not well, and I soon



"WINNIE, MOUSIE, AND BOBSEY GLEANED EVERY WILD BERRY THAT COULD BE FOUND." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

discovered that they were throwing lumps of earth at each other. So absorbed were they in their untimely and mischievous fun that I was not noticed until I found Bobsey sitting plump on the vegetables, and the rows behind both the children very shabbily cleaned, not a few of the little plants having been pulled up with the weeds.

Without a word I marched them into the house, and then said:

"You are under arrest till night. Winnie, go to your room. I shall strap Bobsey in his chair and put him in the parlor by himself."

The exchange of the hot garden for the cool rooms seemed rather an agreeable punishment at first, although Winnie felt the disgrace keenly. When, at dinner, only a cup of water and a piece of dry bread were taken to them, Bobsey began to cry, and Winnie to look as if the affair were growing serious. Late in the afternoon, when she found that she was not to gather the eggs nor feed her beloved chickens, she, too, broke down and sobbed that she "would n't do so any more." Bobsey also pleaded so piteously for release, and promised such a saint-like behavior, that I said:

"Well, I shall remit the rest of your punishment and put you on trial. You had no excuse for your mischief this morning, for I allow you to play the greater part of every afternoon, while Merton must stand by me the whole of the week."

My touch of discipline brought up effectually the *morale* of my little squad for a time. The next afternoon even the memory of trouble was banished by the finding of the first wild strawberries. There was exultation and universal interest as clusters of green and red berries were handed about to be smelled and examined. "Truly," my wife remarked, "even roses can scarcely equal the fragrance of the wild strawberry."

From that day forward, for weeks, it seemed as if we entered on a diet of strawberries and roses. The old-fashioned bushes of the latter, near the house, had been well trimmed, and in consequence gave large, fine buds, while Winnie, Mousie, and Bobsey gleaned every wild berry that could be found, beginning with the sunny upland slopes and following the aromatic fruit down to the cool, moist borders of the creek.

"Another year," I said, "I think you will be tired even of strawberries, for we shall have to pick early and late."

The Saturday evening which brought us almost to the middle of June was welcomed indeed. The days preceding had been filled with hard, yet successful, labor, and the weeds had been slaughtered by the million. The greater part of our crops had come up well and were growing nicely. In hoeing the corn, we had planted over the few missing hills, and now, like soldiers who had won the first great success of the campaign, we were in a mood to enjoy a rest to the utmost.

This rest seemed all the more delightful when, the following morning, we awoke to the soft patter of rain. The preceding days had been un-

usually dry and warm, and the grass and tender vegetables were beginning to suffer. I was also worrying about the raspberries, which were passing out of blossom. The cultivator had been through them, and Merton and I, only the evening before, had finished hoeing out the sprouting weeds and surplus suckers. I had observed, with dread, that just as the fruit was forming, the earth, especially around the hills, was becoming dry.

Now, looking out, I saw that the needful watering was not coming from a passing shower. The clouds were leaden from horizon to horizon; the rain fell with the gentle steadiness of a quiet summer storm, and had evidently been falling some hours already. The air was so fragrant that I threw wide open the door and windows. It was a true June incense, such as no art could distill; and when, at last, we all sat down to breakfast, of which crisp radishes taken a few moments before from our own garden formed a part, we felt that nature was carrying on our work of the past week in a way that filled our hearts with gratitude. The air was so warm that we did not fear the dampness. The door and windows were left open that we might enjoy the delicious odors and listen to the musical patter of the rain, which fell so softly that the birds were quite as tuneful as on other days.

The children joined me, and my wife, putting her hand on my shoulder, said laughingly:

"You are not through with July and August yet."

Mousie held her hands out in the warm rain, saying, "I feel as if it would make me grow, too. Look at the green cherries up there, bobbing as the drops hit them."

"Rain is n't good for chickens," Winnie remarked doubtfully.

"It wont hurt them," I replied, "for I have fed them so well that they need n't go out in the wet for food."

The clouds gave us a more and more copious downfall as the day advanced, and I sat on the porch resting, and watching with conscious gratitude how beautifully nature was furthering all our labor, and fulfilling our hopes. This rain would greatly increase the hay-crops for the old horse and the cow. It would carry my vegetables rapidly toward maturity; and, best of all, would soak the raspberry ground so thoroughly that the fruit would be almost safe. What was true of our little plot was equally so of neighbor Jones's farm, and thousands of others. My wife sat with me much of the day, and I truly think that our thoughts were acceptable worship. By four in the afternoon the western horizon lightened, the clouds soon broke away, and the sun shone out briefly in un-

the children exclaimed. I had permitted a dozen plants of each variety of my garden strawberries to bear, that I might get some idea of the fruit. The blossoms on the other plants had been picked off as soon as they appeared, so that all the strength might go toward forming new plants. I found that a few of the berries of the two early kinds were ripe, and also that the robins had been sampling them. In size, at least, they seemed wonderful, compared with the wild fruit from the field, and I said:

"There will be lively times for us when we must pick a dozen bushels of these a day, to send to Mr. Bogart."

But the children thought it would be the greatest fun in the world. By the time supper was over, Mr. Jones and Junior appeared, and my neighbor said in hearty good-will:

"You got your cultivatin' done in the nick o' time, Mr. Durham. This rain is a good hundred dollars in your pocket—and mine, too."

I soon perceived that our enemies, the weeds, had "millions in reserve," and on the Monday after the rain, with all the children helping, even Mousie part of the time, we went at the garden again. To Mousie, scarcely an invalid any longer, was given the pleasure of picking the first mess of green peas and shelling them for dinner.

As the ground dried after the rain, a slight crust formed on the surface, and in the wetter portions it was even inclined to bake or crack. I was surprised at the almost magical effect of breaking up the crust and making the soil loose and mellow by cultivation. The letting in of air and light caused the plants to grow with wonderful vigor.

One Wednesday morning Merton came running in, exclaiming, "O, Papa! there's a green worm eating all the leaves off the currant and gooseberry bushes."

I followed him hastily, and found that considerable mischief had been done already, and I went to one of my fruit-books in a hurry, to find out how to cope with this new enemy. As a result, I mixed a heaping table-spoonful of hellebore through the contents of a watering-can, on which I had painted the word "Poison." With this infusion I sprinkled thoroughly every bush on which I could find a worm, and the next morning we had the pleasure of finding most of the invaders dead. But either some escaped or new ones were hatched out, and we found that we could save our currants only by constant vigilance.

An evening or two after this, we were taught that not even in our retired nook had we escaped the dangers of city life. Winnie and Bobsey, in their rambles after strawberries, had met two other children, and, early in the acquaintance

fortunately, brought them to the house. The moment I saw the strange girl, I recognized a rural example of the Melissa Daggett type, while the urchin of Bobsey's age did not scruple to use vile language in my hearing. I doubt if the poor little savage had any better vernacular. I told them kindly but firmly that they must not come on the place again without my permission.

After supper I went over and asked Mr. Jones about these children, and he replied significantly, looking around first to make sure that no one heard him:

"Mr. Durham, steer clear of those people. You know there are certain varmints on a farm to which we give a wide berth, and kill 'em when we can. Of course we can't kill off this family, although a good contribution could be taken up any day to move 'em a hundred miles away. Still about everybody gives 'em a wide berth, and is civil to their faces. They'll rob you more or less, and you might as well make up your mind to it, and let 'em alone."

"Suppose I don't let them alone?" I asked.

"Well, there have been barns burned around here. Everybody's satisfied as to who set 'em afire, but nothin' can be proved. Your cow or horse, too, might suddenly die. There's no tellin' what might happen if you should get their ill-will."

"I can't take the course you suggest toward this family," I said, after a little thought. "It seems to me wrong on both sides. On one hand, they are treated as outlaws, and that would go far toward making them such; on the other, they are permitted to commit crime with impunity. Of course I must keep my children away from them; but, if the chance offers, I shall show the family kindness,—and if they molest me, I shall try to give them the law to the utmost."

"Well," concluded Mr. Jones, with a shrug, "I've warned you; if they get down on you, you'll find 'em snakes in the grass."

Returning home, I said nothing to Winnie and Bobsey against their recent companions, but told them that if they went with them again, or made the acquaintance of other strangers without permission, they would be put on bread and water for an entire day—that all such action was positively forbidden.

It was evident, however, that the Melissa Daggett element was present in the country, and in an aggravated form. The redeeming feature was, that it was not next door, or, rather in the next room. In the country, wide spaces usually separate us from evil association.

It must not be thought that my wife and children had no society except that afforded by Mr. Jones's family. On the contrary, they were gradually mak-

ing many pleasant and useful acquaintances, especially among the people we met at church; but as these people have no material part in this simple history, they are not mentioned.

The most important active operations of the season were now drawing very near. The cherries were swelling fast, the currants were growing red, and were already voted "nice for pies," and one morning Merton came rushing in with a red raspberry from the Highland Hardy variety. I was glad the time was at hand when I should begin to receive something besides advice from Mr. Bogart; for, careful as we had been, the drain on my capital had been long and steady, and we were eager for the turn of the tide.

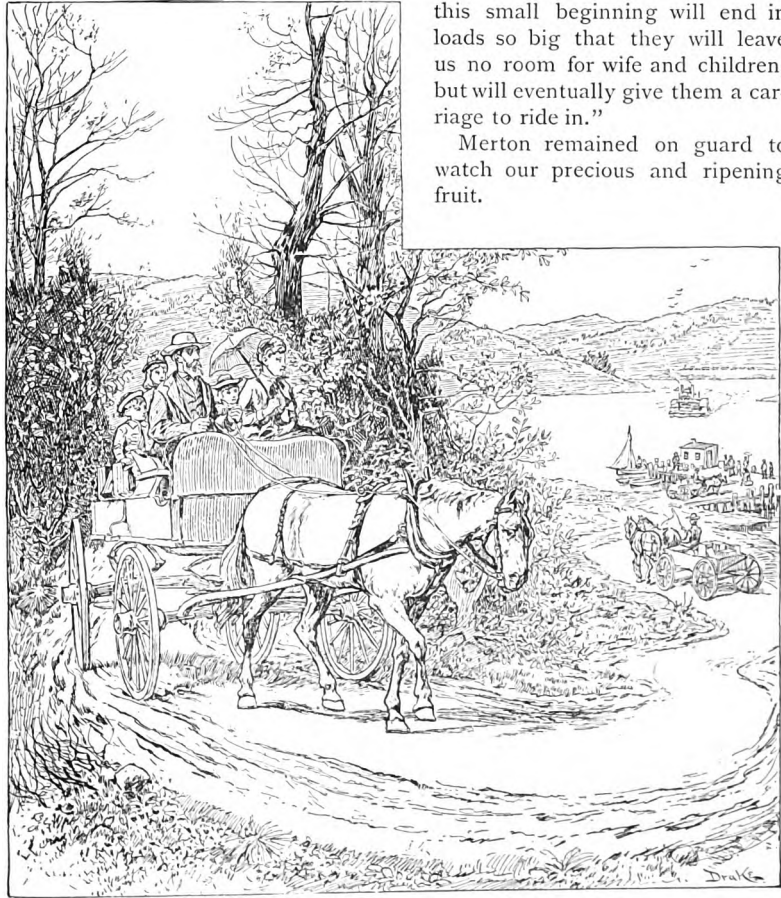
I had bought a number of old Mr. Jamison's crates, had painted out his name and replaced it with mine. I now wrote to Mr. Bogart, for packages best adapted for shipping cherries, currants, and raspberries. For the cherries, he sent me baskets that held about a peck. These baskets were so cheap that they could be sold with the fruit. For currants, crates containing twenty-four quart baskets, were forwarded. These, he wrote, would also do for blackcaps that season, and for strawberries the next year. For the red raspberries, he sent me quite different crates, filled with little baskets holding only half a pint of fruit. By the time when we had again cleared the corn and potatoes of weeds, some of our grass was fit to cut, the raspberries needed a careful picking over, and the cherries were ready for market.

I had long since decided not to attempt to carry on haying alone at this critical season, but during the last days of June had hired old Mr. Ferguson, who came at moderate wages, and put in his scythe on the uplands.

On the last day of June we gathered a crate of early raspberries and eight baskets of cherries. In the cool of the afternoon, these were placed in the wagon, and with my wife and the three younger children, I drove to the Maizeville landing with our first shipment to Mr. Bogart.

"We are 'p'o-ducers,' at last, as Bobsey said," I cried, joyously. "And I trust that this small beginning will end in loads so big that they will leave us no room for wife and children, but will eventually give them a carriage to ride in."

Merton remained on guard to watch our precious and ripening fruit.



"'P'O-DUCERS' AT LAST!"

After our departure, Merton began a vigilant patrol of the place, feeling much like a sentinel left on guard. About sundown, he told me, as he was passing through the raspberry field, he thought he caught a glimpse of an old straw hat dodging down behind the bushes. He bounded toward the spot, a moment later confronting three children with tin pails. The two younger proved to be Winnie's objectionable acquaintances that I had told to keep off the place. The eldest was a boy, not far from Merton's age, who had justly won the name of being the worst boy in the region. All were the children of the dan-

gerous neighbor against whom Mr. Jones had warned me.

The boy at first regarded Merton with a sullen, defiant look, while his brother and sister coolly continued to steal the fruit.

"Clear out!" cried Merton. "We'll have you put in jail if you come here again."

"You clear out yerself," said the boy, threateningly, "or I'll make ye. Yer folks 're away, and we're not afraid of you. What's more, we're goin' ter have some cherries before ——"

Now, Merton had a quick temper, and, at this assertion, he sprang so quickly at the fellow who was adding insult to injury, that he struck the thief a severe blow in the face.

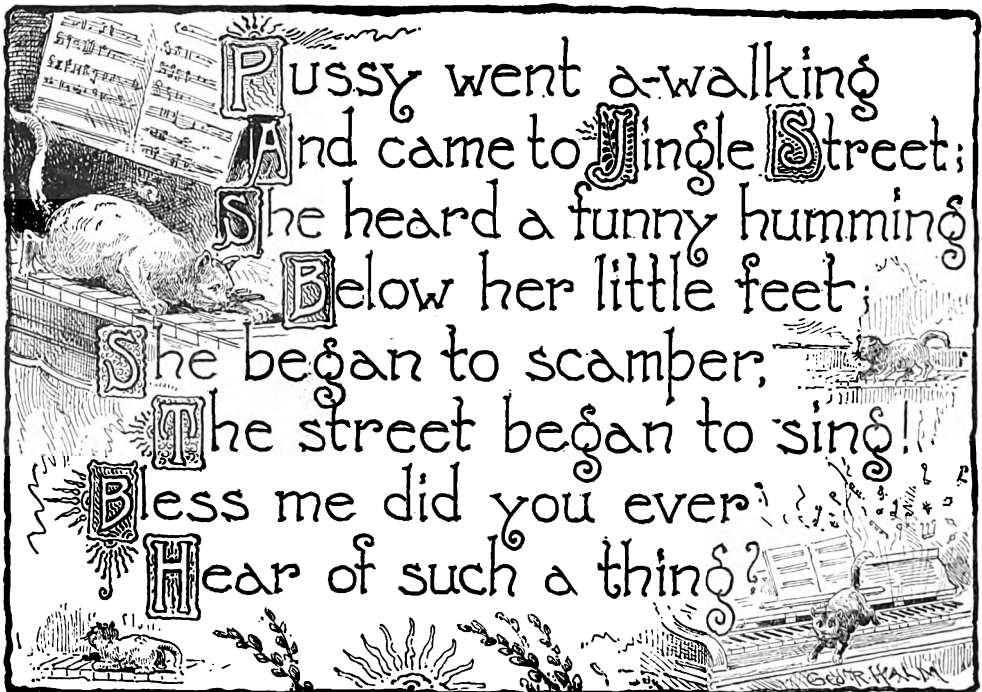
Then they clinched, and, although his antagonist was the heavier, Merton thinks he could have mastered him had not the two younger marauders also attacked him like cats, tooth and nail. Finding himself getting the worst of it, he instinctively sent

out a cry for his stanch friend Junior. Fortunately, Junior was coming along the road toward our house, and he gave an answering halloo.

The invaders, apparently, had a wholesome fear of John Jones, Junior; for, on hearing his voice, they beat a hurried retreat. But knowing that no one was at the house, in the spirit of revengeful mischief, they took their flight in that direction; seeing Mousie's flower-bed, they ran and jumped upon that, breaking down half the plants; and then they dashed off through the coops, releasing the hens, and scattering the broods of chickens. Merton and Junior, who for a few moments had lost sight of them in the thick raspberry bushes, were now in hot pursuit, and surely would have caught them, had they not just then spied a man coming up the lane, accompanied by a big dog. Junior laid a hand on headlong Merton, whose blood was now at boiling heat, and said quickly:

"Stop!"

(To be continued.)



Clotilda of Burgundy

The Girl of the French Vineyards



[Afterward known as "St. Clotilda," the first Queen of France.] A. D. 485.

BY E. S. BROOKS.



It was just fourteen hundred years ago this very mid-summer, in the year of our Lord 485, that a little girl crouched, trembling and terrified, at the feet of a pitying priest in the palace of the Kings of Burgundy. There has been many a sad little maid of ten, before and since the days of the fair-haired Princess Clotilda, but surely none had greater cause for terror and tears than she. For her cruel uncle, Gundebald, waging war against his brother Chilperic, the rightful King of Burgundy, had with a band of savage followers burst into his brother's palace and, after the fierce and relentless fashion of those cruel days, had murdered King Chilperic, the father of little Clotilda, the Queen, her mother, and the young Princes, her brothers; and was now searching for her and her sister Sedelenda, to kill them also.

Poor Sedelenda had hidden away in some other far-off corner; but even as Clotilda clung for protection to the robe of the good stranger-priest Ugo

of Rheims (whom the King, her father, had lodged in the palace, on his homeward journey from Jerusalem), the clash of steel drew nearer and nearer. Through the corridor came the rush of feet, the arras in the door-way was rudely flung aside, and the poor child's fierce pursuers, with her cruel uncle at their head, rushed into the room.

"Hollo! Here hides the game!" he cried in savage exultation. "Thrust her away, Sir Priest, or thou diest in her stead. Not one of the tyrant's brood shall live. I say it!"

"And who art thou to judge of life or death?" demanded the priest sternly, as he still shielded the trembling child.

"I am Gundebald, King of Burgundy by the grace of mine own good sword and the right of succession," was the reply. "Trifle not with me, Sir Priest, but thrust away the child. She is my lawful prize to do with as I will. Ho, Sigebert, drag her forth!"

Quick as a flash the brave priest stepped before the cowering child, and, with one hand still resting protectingly on the girl's fair hair, he raised the other in stern and fearless protest, and boldly faced the murderous throng.

"Back, men of blood!" he cried. "Back! Nor dare to lay hand on this young maid who hath here sought sanctuary!"

Fierce and savage men always respect bravery

* Under the Goths and Franks the protection of churches and priests, when extended to persons in peril, was called the "right of sanctuary," and was respected even by the fiercest of pursuers.

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in others. There was something so courageous and heroic in the act of that single priest in thus facing a ferocious and determined band, in defense of a little girl,—for girls were but slightly regarded in those far-off days,—that it caught the savage fancy of the cruel King. And this, joined with his respect of the Church's right of sanctuary, and with the lessening of his thirst for blood, now that he had satisfied his first desire for revenge, led him to desist.

"So be it then," he said, lowering his threatening sword. "I yield her to thee, Sir Priest. Look to her welfare and thine own. Surely a girl can do no harm."

But King Gundebald and his house lived to learn how far wrong was that unguarded statement. For the very lowering of the murderous sword that thus brought life to the little Princess Clotilda meant the downfall of the kingdom of Burgundy and the rise of the great and victorious nation of France. The memories of even a little maid of ten are not easily blotted out.

Her sister, Sedelenda, had found refuge and safety in the convent of Ainay, near at hand, and there, too, Clotilda would have gone, but her uncle, the new King, said: "No, the maidens must be forever separated." He expressed a willingness, however, to have the Princess Clotilda brought up in his palace, which had been her father's, and requested the priest Ugo of Rheims to remain awhile, and look after the girl's education. In those days a king's request was a command, and the good Ugo, though stern and brave in the face of real danger, was shrewd enough to know that it was best for him to yield to the King's wishes. So he continued in the palace of the King, looking after the welfare of his little charge, until suddenly the girl took matters into her own hands, and decided his future and her own.

The kingdom of Burgundy, in the days of the Princess Clotilda, was a large tract of country now embraced by southern France and western Switzerland. It had been given over by the Romans to the Goths, who had invaded it in the year 413. It was a land of forest and vineyards, of fair valleys and sheltered hill-sides, and of busy cities that the fostering hand of Rome had beautified; while through its broad domain the Rhone, pure and sparkling, swept with a rapid current from Swiss lake and glacier, southward to the broad and beautiful Mediterranean. Lyons was its capital, and on the hill of Fourviere, overlooking the city below it, rose the marble palace of the Burgundian kings, near to the spot where, to-day, the ruined forum of the old Roman days is still shown to tourists.

It had been a palace for centuries. Roman

governors of "Imperial Gaul" had made it their head-quarters and their home; three Roman Emperors had cooed and cried as babies within its walls; and it had witnessed also many a feast and foray, and the changing fortunes of Roman, Gallic, and Burgundian conquerors and over-lords. But it was no longer "home" to the little Princess Clotilda. She thought of her father and mother, and of her brothers, the little Princes with whom she had played in this very palace, as it now seemed to her, so many years ago. And the more she feared her cruel uncle, the more did she desire to go far, far away from his presence. So, after thinking the whole matter over, as little girls of ten can sometimes think, she told her good friend Ugo, the priest, of her father's youngest brother Godegesil, who ruled the dependent principality of Geneva, far up the valley of the Rhone.

"Yes, child, I know the place," said Ugo. "A fair city indeed, on the blue and beautiful Lake Lemanus, walled in by mountains, and rich in corn and vineyards."

"Then let us fly thither," said the girl. "My uncle Godegesil I know will succor us, and I shall be freed from my fears of King Gundebald."

Though it seemed at first to the good priest only a child's desire he learned to think better of it when he saw how unhappy the poor girl was in the hated palace, and how slight were her chances for improvement. And so, one fair spring morning in the year 486, the two slipped quietly out of the palace; and by slow and cautious stages, with help from friendly priests and nuns, and frequent rides in the heavy ox-wagons that were the only means of transport other than horseback, they finally reached the old city of Geneva.

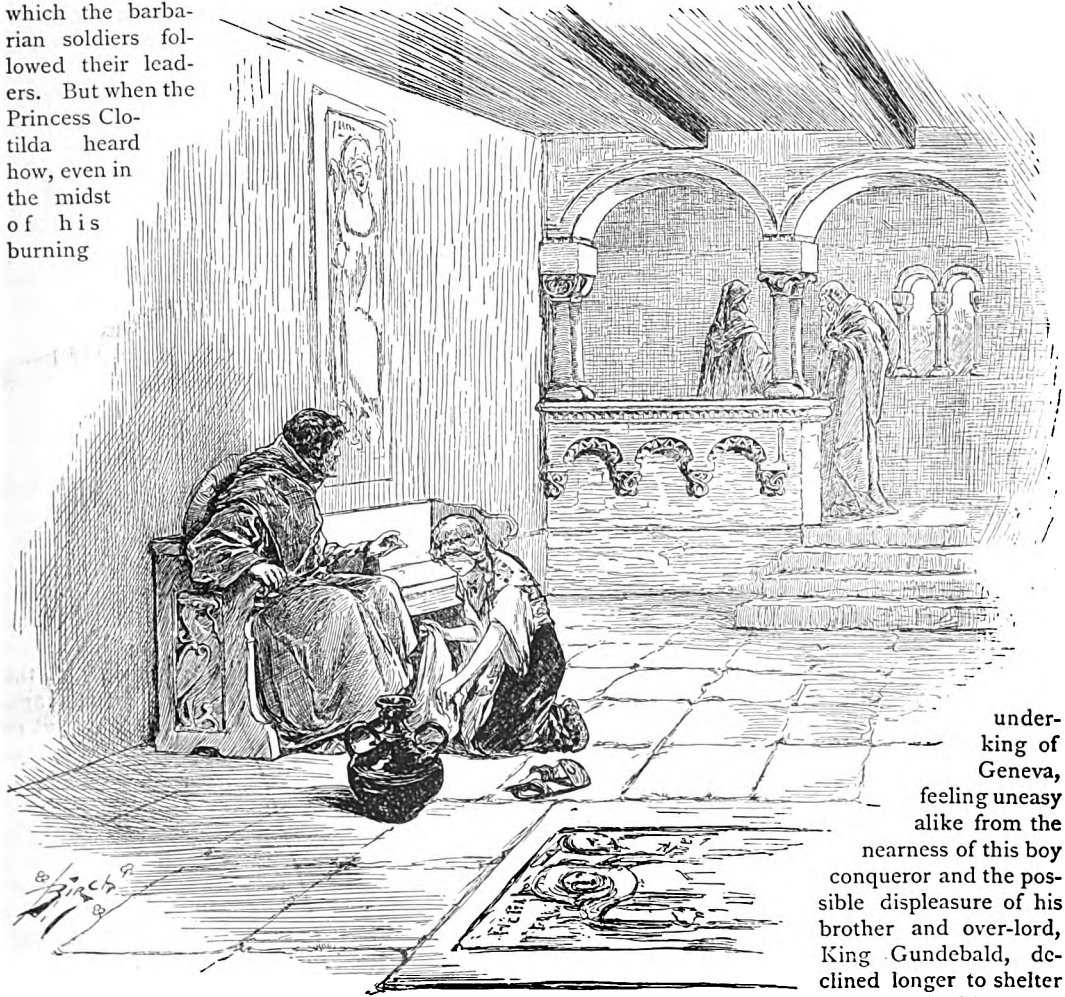
And on the journey, the good Ugo had made the road seem less weary, and the lumbering ox-wagons less jolty and painful, by telling his bright young charge of all the wonders and relics he had seen in his journeyings in the East; but especially did the girl love to hear him tell of the boy king of the Franks, Hlodo-wig, or Clovis, who lived in the priest's own boyhood home of Tournay, in far-off Belgium, and who, though so brave and daring, was still a pagan, when all the world was fast becoming Christian. And as Clotilda listened, she wished that she could turn this brave young chief away from his heathen deities, Thor and Odin, to the worship of the Christians' God; and, revolving strange fancies in her mind, she determined what she would do when she "grew up,"—as many a girl since her day has determined. But even as they reached the fair city of Geneva—then half Roman, half Gallic, in its buildings and its life—the wonderful news met them how this boy-king Clovis, sending a challenge to combat to

the prefect Syagrius, the last of the Roman governors, had defeated him in battle at Soissons, and broken forever the power of Rome in Gaul.

War, which is never anything but terrible, was doubly so in those savage days, and the plunder of the captured cities and homesteads was the chief return for which the barbarian soldiers followed their leaders. But when the Princess Clotilda heard how, even in the midst of his burning

on her enemies. Certainly, fourteen centuries of progress and education have made us more loving and less vindictive.

But now that the good priest Ugo of Rheims saw that his own homeland was in trouble, he felt that there lay his duty. And Godegisil, the



CLOTILDA AND THE PILGRIM. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and plundering, the young Frankish chief spared some of the fairest Christian churches, he became still more her hero; and again the desire to convert him from paganism and to revenge her father's murder took shape in her mind. For, devout and good though she was, this excellent little maiden of the year 485 was by no means the gentle-hearted girl of 1885, and, like most of the world about her, had but two desires: to become a good church-helper, and to be revenged

under-king of Geneva, feeling uneasy alike from the nearness of this boy conqueror and the possible displeasure of his brother and over-lord, King Gundebald, declined longer to shelter his niece in his palace at Geneva.

"And why may I not go with you?" the girl asked of Ugo; but the good priest knew that a conquered and plundered land was no place to which to convey a young maid for safety, and the Princess, therefore, found refuge among the sisters of the Church of St. Peter in Geneva. And here she passed her girlhood, as the record says, "in works of piety and charity."

So four more years went by. In the north, the boy chieftain, reaching manhood, had been raised

aloft on the shields of his fair-haired and long-limbed followers, and with many a "haël!" and shout had been proclaimed "King of the Franks." In the south, the young Princess Clotilda, now nearly sixteen, had washed the feet of pilgrims, ministered to the poor, and, after the manner of her day, had proved herself a zealous church-worker in that low-roofed convent near the old church of St. Peter, high on that same hill in Geneva where to-day, hemmed in by narrow streets and tall houses, the cathedral of St. Peter, twice rebuilt since Clotilda's time, overlooks the quaint city, the beautiful lake of Geneva, and the rushing Rhone, and sees across the valley of the Arve the gray and barren rocks of the Petit Sélève and the distant snows of Mont Blanc.

One bright summer day, as the young Princess passed into the *hospitium*, or guest-room for poor pilgrims, attached to the convent, she saw there a stranger, dressed in rags. He had the wallet and staff of a mendicant, or begging pilgrim, and, coming toward her, he asked for "charity in the name of the blessed St. Peter, whose church thou servest."

The young girl brought the pilgrim food, and then, according to the custom of the day, kneeling on the earthen floor, she began to bathe his feet. But as she did so, the pilgrim, bending forward, said in a low voice:

"Lady, I have great matters to announce to thee, if thou deign to permit me to reveal them."

Pilgrims in those days were frequently made the bearers of special messages between distant friends; but this poor young orphan princess could think of no one from whom a message to her might come. Nevertheless, she simply said: "Say on."

In the same low tone the beggar continued: "Clovis, King of the Franks, sends thee greeting."

The girl looked up now, thoroughly surprised. This beggar must be a madman, she thought. But the eyes of the pilgrim looked at her reassuringly, and he said: "In token whereof, he sendeth thee this ring by me, his confidant and *comitatus*,* Aurelian of Soissons."

The Princess Clotilda took, as if in a dream, the ring of transparent jacinth set in solid gold, and asked quietly:

"What would the King of the Franks with me?"

"The King, my master, hath heard from the holy Bishop Remi and the good priest Ugo of thy beauty and discreteness," replied Aurelian; "and likewise of the sad condition of one who is the daughter of a royal line. He bade me use all my wit to come nigh to thee, and to say that, if it be

the will of the gods, he would fain raise thee to his rank by marriage."

Those were days of swift and sudden surprises, when kings made up their minds in royal haste, and princesses were not expected to be surprised at whatever they might hear. And so we must not feel surprised to learn that all the dreams of her younger days came into the girl's mind, and that, as the record states, "she accepted the ring with great joy."

"Return promptly to thy lord," she said to the messenger, "and bid him, if he would fain unite me to him in marriage, to send messengers without delay to demand me of mine uncle, King Gundebald, and let those same messengers take me away in haste, so soon as they shall have obtained permission."

For this wise young Princess knew that her uncle's word was not to be long depended upon, and she feared, too, that certain advisers at her uncle's court might counsel him to do her harm before the messengers of King Clovis could have conducted her beyond the borders of Burgundy.

Aurelian, still in his pilgrim's disguise, for he feared discovery in a hostile country, hastened back to King Clovis, who, the record says, was "pleased with his success and with Clotilda's notion, and at once sent a deputation to Gundebald to demand his niece in marriage."

As Clotilda foresaw, her uncle stood in too much dread of this fierce young conqueror of the North to say him nay. And soon, in the palace at Lyons, so full of terrible memories to this orphan girl, the courteous Aurelian, now no longer in beggar's rags, but gorgeous in white silk and a flowing *sagum*, or mantle of vermilion, publicly engaged himself, as the representative of King Clovis, to the Princess Clotilda; and, according to the curious custom of the time, cemented the engagement by giving to the young girl a *sou* and a *denier*.†

"Now deliver the Princess into our hand, O King," said the messenger, "that we may take her to King Clovis, who waiteth for us even now at Chalons to conclude these nuptials."

So, almost before he knew what he was doing, King Gundebald had bidden his niece farewell; and the Princess, with her escort of Frankish spears, was rumbling away in a clumsy *basterne*, or covered ox-wagon, toward the frontier of Burgundy.

But the slow-moving ox-wagon by no means suited the impatience of this shrewd young Princess. She knew her uncle, the King of Burgundy, too well. When once he was roused to action, he was fierce and furious.

"Good Aurelian," she said at length to the

* One of the King's special body-guard, from which comes the title *Compt* or Count.

† Two pieces of old French coin, equaling about a cent and a mill in American money.

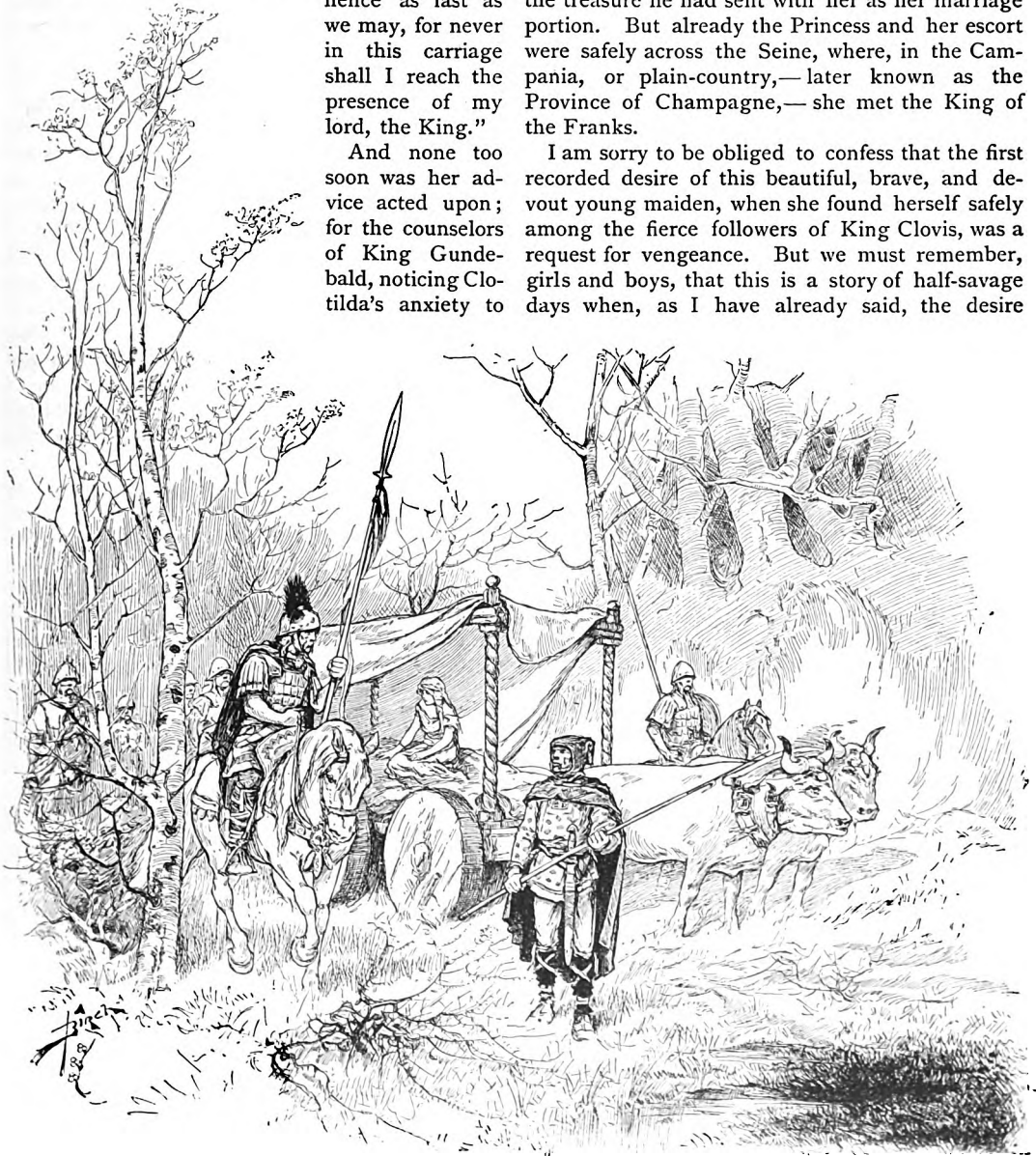
King's ambassador, who rode by her side; "if that thou wouldst take me into the presence of thy lord, the King of the Franks, let me descend from this carriage, mount me on horseback, and let us speed hence as fast as we may, for never in this carriage shall I reach the presence of my lord, the King."

And none too soon was her advice acted upon; for the counselors of King Gundebald, noticing Clotilda's anxiety to

If Clotilda become powerful, be sure she will avenge the wrong thou hast wrought her."

And forthwith the King sent off an armed band, with orders to bring back both the Princess and the treasure he had sent with her as her marriage portion. But already the Princess and her escort were safely across the Seine, where, in the Campania, or plain-country,—later known as the Province of Champagne,—she met the King of the Franks.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that the first recorded desire of this beautiful, brave, and devout young maiden, when she found herself safely among the fierce followers of King Clovis, was a request for vengeance. But we must remember, girls and boys, that this is a story of half-savage days when, as I have already said, the desire



PRINCESS CLOTILDA'S JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER OF BURGUNDY.

be gone, concluded that, after all, they had made a mistake in betrothing her to King Clovis.

"Thou shouldst have remembered, my lord," they said, "that thou didst slay Clotilda's father, her mother, and the young Princes, her brothers.

for revenge on one's enemies was common to all.

From the midst of his skin-clad and green-robed guards and nobles, young Clovis—in a dress of "crimson and gold, and milk-white silk," and with

his yellow hair coiled in a great top-knot on his uncovered head — advanced to meet his bride.

"My lord King," said Clotilda, "the bands of the King of Burgundy follow hard upon us to bear me off. Command, I pray thee, that these, my escort, scatter themselves right and left for two-score miles, and plunder and burn the lands of the King of Burgundy."

Probably in no other way could this wise young girl of seventeen have so thoroughly pleased the fierce and warlike young king. He gladly ordered her wishes to be carried out, and the plunderers forthwith departed to carry out the royal command.

So her troubles were ended, and this Prince and Princess,—Hlodo-wig, or Clovis (meaning the "warrior youth"), and Hlodo-hilde, or Clotilda (meaning the "brilliant and noble maid"),—in spite of the wicked uncle Gundebald, were married at Soissons, in the year 493, and, as the fairy stories say, "lived happily together ever after."

The record of their later years has no place in this sketch of the girlhood of Clotilda; but it is one of the most interesting and dramatic of the old-time historic stories. The dream of that sad little princess in the old convent at Geneva, "to make her boy-hero a Christian, and to be revenged on the murderer of her parents," was in time fulfilled. For on Christmas Day, in the year 493, the young King and three thousand of his followers were baptized amid gorgeous ceremonial in the great church of St. Martin at Rheims.

The story of the young Queen's revenge is not to be told in these pages. But, though terrible, it is

only one among the many tales of vengeance that show us what fierce and cruel folk our ancestors were, in the days when passion instead of love ruled the hearts of men and women, and of boys and girls as well; and how favored are we of this nineteenth century, in all the peace and prosperity and home happiness that surround us.

But from this conversion, as also from this revenge, came the great power of Clovis and Clotilda; for, ere his death, in the year 511, he brought all the land under his sway from the Rhine to the Rhone, the ocean and the Pyrenees; he was hailed by his people with the old Roman titles of Consul and Augustus, and reigned victorious as the first King of France. Clotilda, after years of wise counsel and charitable works, upon which her determination for revenge seems to be the only stain, died long after her husband, in the year 545, and to-day, in the city of Paris, which was even then the capital of new France, the church of St. Clotilda stands as her memorial, while her marble statue may be seen by the traveler in the great palace of the Luxembourg.

A typical girl of those harsh old days of long ago,—loving and generous toward her friends, unforgiving and revengeful to her enemies,—reared in the midst of cruelty and of charity, she did her duty according to the light given her, made France a Christian nation, and so helped on the progress of civilization. Certainly a place among the world's Historic Girls may rightly be accorded to this fair-haired young Princess of the summer-land of France, the beautiful Clotilda of Burgundy.

JOHNNY "INTERVIEWS" AN ANEMONE.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

"OH, dear!" sighed Johnny, as he threw himself down on the ground one Saturday morning, all out of breath after his long run to the woods, where he had gone to get rid of the very sight and sound of teachers and books. "How I wish I could camp out here for the summer, like that anemone over there; that is, as long as there is any blue sky."

"Is the sky blue?" asked a little voice near him, very plaintively.

It was the Anemone.

"Why, don't you see how blue it is?" answered Johnny.

"How can I see, when I have n't any eyes?"

"That's so! you have n't any eyes; I never thought of that. Still, it seems to me you have rather a nice thing of it out here, anyhow; plenty of cool air and shade, with just enough sunshine."

"Yes," said the little flower, wistfully; "it's very nice, all except the bears."

"Bears!" exclaimed Johnny. "Why, you're not afraid of a bear, are you? Bears don't care anything about anemones; no bear would run after *you*!"

"No; he would n't run *after* me, but he might run *over* me, you see; and that's why I'm afraid of them."

"But there are n't any bears here," said Johnny.

"How do you know that?" asked the Anemone.

"Why, I've read about bears in books, and my teachers have told me something about them, too. There are grizzly bears out in the Rocky mountains, and polar bears up in the Arctic regions; but there are n't any bears at all in these woods."

"Dear me!" said the Anemone. "How splendid it must be to be able to know things! If you only knew what a load you have taken off my mind! So your teacher told you that; do you suppose I could hire a teacher to come out here and teach me?"

"I don't know," answered Johnny, doubtfully. "I guess not; teachers have to be paid, you know, and you don't earn any money, I suppose?"

"No," said the little flower, ruefully. "I can't earn money; can you?"

"Yes, indeed! perfect heaps of it, shoveling snow and weeding the garden, and such things. But then I don't have to pay the teacher with that; Papa pays the teacher. I spend my money for candy and things. When I'm a man, I expect to earn money enough to have everything I want."

"Dear me! what would I not give for such a chance as yours," said the Anemone. "I should like so much to learn things; you don't happen to know any teacher who would come and teach me for nothing, do you?"

"No," said Johnny, decidedly, "I don't. But I'll tell you what I could do: I could bring some of the boys out here to tell you things."

"And do they know a great deal?"

"Well, we don't know as much as the teachers, of course; but we know more,"—Johnny hesitated a moment, trying to put the matter as delicately as possible,—"*we* know more than *some* people."

"And do you learn something every day?"

"Yes," said Johnny, after a moment's reflection; "we learn something every day."

"Then by and by you'll know a lot?"

"Yes, indeed," asserted Johnny, more confidently this time. "When I'm a man, I shall probably know all there is to be known."

"Dear me! What a chance! But when will you bring the boys?"

"Next Saturday, perhaps."

"Next Saturday!" exclaimed the little flower in dismay. "Why I sha'n't be alive next Saturday! I only live twenty-four hours, you know. How many hours do you live?"

"Hours!" exclaimed Johnny. "Why, I hope to live seventy-five *years*, and may be I shall live longer than that."

"Seventy-five years to live to learn things in!—and a teacher too! Oh, what a chance!"

"Well, it's evident you ought to begin your education at once," said Johnny, with decision. "As you have n't much time to spare, don't you think,"—again Johnny hesitated a moment; then he asked, a little doubtfully:

"Would you mind being picked?"

"Would I mind being picked!" shrieked the Anemone. "How would *you* like to have *your* head snapped off?"

"Not very well; but you seemed so anxious to learn —"

"That's very true," said the Anemone thoughtfully. "It's worth a good deal of a sacrifice. It was such a relief to know about the bears! and I suppose, if you could n't learn things any other way, *you* would be willing to have a leg or an arm cut off, would n't you?"

"Well," said Johnny, evading the question, "I was just thinking that if you did n't mind being picked, I could take you home to Mother; and just by hearing her talk, you would learn heaps of things."

"Mother?" asked the Anemone, lifting her little face eagerly. "What is a mother?"

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Johnny. "Not to know what a mother is! I'm sure I don't know how to tell you about her; you have to have a mother to know what she is. She's a dreadful thing not to have. I suppose you're like Topsy, and just 'growed'?"

"Is Topsy your sister?"

"No, indeed; Topsy is a story," explained Johnny.

"But how do you know stories?"

"Why, I read them," said Johnny.

"And do your teachers teach you to read?"

"Yes," said Johnny, reluctantly, conscious that he was confessing a great deal of indebtedness to the very teachers and books he had "just hated" so, that very morning.

"I think you may pick me," said the little Anemone softly. "It may hurt me some, but I would rather know something before I die. Please pick me right away, and take me home to your mother!"

"I'll tell you what I could do," suggested Johnny. "I could take you up, roots and all, without picking you off the stem, and carry you home in my basket. And if any one can make you live a little longer than twenty-four hours, Mother can."

"O, you dear, lovely boy!" said the grateful little Anemone, as Johnny lifted it carefully into his basket, roots and all. "Now you can talk to me all the way, and tell me things; for, as you say, I have n't any time to spare."

"Well," said Johnny as he trudged along, "I'm sure I did n't think I should ever be a

teacher. Do you know,"—he paused again, in his endeavor to speak very politely,—“do you know—*anything?*”

“Not much,” said the little flower humbly. “I only know what you’ve told me this morning.”

“Well, that’s something to begin with,” said Johnny, encouragingly. “I don’t always know what my teacher has told me in the morning. Dear me! that reminds me; he did tell me this morning that if I were going to the woods to-day, he wished I would bring him an anemone for his collection. Now, if you like, you can be pressed and put into a book, and have your name written under you, and be shown to lots and lots of chil-

dren; and then, don’t you see, *you*’ll be a teacher, too; and, between you and me, it’s a great deal better fun to teach than to learn!”

“Is it?” said the Anemone, eagerly. “I like learning so much, that it does n’t seem as if I could like teaching any better. But I think I shall let you press me and put me in the book!”

And when Johnny brought his teacher the Anemone, and told him about it, the teachersmiled, and wrote on the black-board as the day’s motto for all the children to learn by heart: “Remember, nothing is so insignificant but it may teach something, and no one so wise but he may learn something!”

A LULLABY.

BY IRENE PUTNAM.

NIGHT is here, night is here;
Lullaby, oh, baby dear.
Now the crickets carol shrill,
Fairies dance on moonlit hill,
In the forest dark and green
Merry elfins sport unseen.
Lullaby, oh, baby dear;
Night is here.

Singing low, singing low,
Little night-winds come and go;
Hear their footsteps as they pass
Softly o’er the dewy grass.
Nearer now, and now away
In the dusky trees at play,
Little night-winds come and go,
Singing low.

Hush, my love! hush, my love!
For the bright moon shines above;
Starlets blink their yellow eyes
All night long in peaceful skies;
All night long their watch they keep,—
Lullaby, oh, baby, sleep.
Now the bright moon shines above;
Hush, my love!

Angels white, angels white,
Guard my pretty babe to-night;
Softly o’er his cradle lean,
Tell him of your home unseen,
Where there is no night nor gloom,
Where unfading flowers bloom.
Guard my pretty babe to-night,
Angels white.



HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELI BADGER'S chief feeling, when he saw what he and his hickory cane had accomplished, was not pity for his victim,—whom he might have thought rightly served, whatever the result,—but alarm at his own share in the affair.

To be summoned before the court to answer the charge of soundly beating a boy caught pillaging his vines, was something he had generally thought he could stand, if the boy could. But breaking skulls, in punishment for the offense of stealing a few grapes, was quite another thing. And he was not certain that this boy had touched a cluster.

"Who are ye? Why don't ye speak?" he said, trying to get the boy into a sitting posture. "None of your make-believe with me!"

But the boy would not sit; and it was soon too painfully apparent that there was no "make-believe" in the business. Something warm and wet dropped from the still face upon his hand; and he was filled with consternation.

He lifted the limp and nerveless body, and was not relieved when he found what a mere lad he had set upon with his cruel bludgeon. If he had knocked down a man, like himself, it would n't have seemed quite so bad.

It was a sorry job for Eli, who foresaw that it might cost him much money and more trouble. But he was not so brutal a person as many believed. He had not intended to hurt the boy so badly, and he now carefully lifted the unconscious Christopher and carried him to the house.

Mrs. Eli Badger was washing the supper dishes at the kitchen sink, and Miss Lydia Badger (aged seventeen) was wiping them, by the light of a kerosene lamp, when the door was burst open, and in came the husband and father bearing his burden!

The shock of the spectacle, as the lamplight shone on Kit's insensible form, cost the family a plate, which escaped from Miss Lydia's hand and fell clattering to the floor. Mrs. Badger dropped her dish-rag and ejaculated:

"The land! What's the matter?"

"I've hit a boy I caught hookin' grapes," said Eli. "I'm 'fraid he's hurt. Make room on the lounge there!"

"Merthy thak'th! Who ith it?" said Lydia—a plump young lady with very light banged hair, a fair, full face, and a lisp.

"I have n't the least idee," said Eli. "Don't stan' starin', but bring your camfire-bottle, quick!"

This last remark was addressed to Mrs. Badger, as any one acquainted with the family might have known by the tone of voice. Eli had a mild way of speaking to his daughter, and a harsh way of addressing his wife, which revealed much concerning his domestic relations.

"Do you know him? I thought prob'bly you might."

This was uttered in the gentle voice, and Lydia answered accordingly:

"No, I don't believe I ever thaw him before. What made you thtrike him tho hard, Pa? He 'th too nithe looking a boy to be thtstealing grapeth!"

She was tenderly wiping the stains from Kit's face, when a faint voice, half-muffled by the wet napkin she was using, startled them, almost as if the dead had spoken.

"I was n't stealing grapes!"

It was the voice of Kit, reviving without the aid of the "camfire-bottle," which the frightened Mrs. Badger was just then hurriedly bringing. The wet napkin had quickened his breath and brought him out of his swoon.

Thereupon Eli forgot his terrors, and remembered his wrath.

"Wa'n't stealin' grapes!" he repeated, as soon as he saw by Kit's opening eyes that the worst danger was over. "What was ye at my trellises fur?"

Kit sat up with some difficulty, and lifted his hand with a vague and unhappy notion that the head on his shoulders belonged to somebody else, and that it was sadly in need of repairs. He dropped his arm quickly, however, with a twinge in the part that had come in contact with the Badger cudgel, and sat staring in a feeble and sickly way at Eli, on one stout knee before him, at Miss Badger with her sympathetic face and flaxen hair, and lastly at Mrs. Badger, thrusting an impertinent bottle at his nose.

Then he made a faint effort to explain.

"I was coming to find you,—if this is Mr. Badger,"—said Kit, judging by the square build of the man that it was indeed he. "Please don't!"

This querulous appeal was addressed to the holder of the bottle, as the powerful odor of the camphor gave his nostrils a most unpleasant surprise.

"That's my name. What did you want of me, ef not grapes?" said Eli, incredulous.

Kit answered in broken sentences:

"I was at the oyster saloon. In the village. I heard some young fellows talk of robbing your trellises.—To-night.—I thought you ought to know."

So saying, he put up his hand again, still curious to know what there was so peculiar about the head he was carrying.

In answer to Eli's questions, he told all he could

He turned again to Christopher.

"What did you run fer, if you was comin' to see me?"

"You frightened me," said Kit. "Besides, I did n't know it was you. And I did n't know that you would know that I —"

Here he put up his hand again to that troublesome head of his.

"Where do you feel hurt?" asked the compassionate Lydia.

"My head. And my shoulder, I guess. And



"'I'D LIKE TO TAKE BACK THAT LAST BLOW,' SAID ELI."

remember, or had strength to repeat, of the conversation he had overheard.

"And you whacked him over the head when he wath comin' to give you warning!" exclaimed the excited Lydia. "If thatith n't jutht too awful thad!"

"Of course, I took him for a thief, himself," said the father, in his mild voice — "comin' on to the premises that way!"

"What a drefle mistake!" murmured Mrs. Badger.

"How do you know whether 't was a mistake or not?" growled the husband in his gruff voice. "I caught him at my grapes. And I struck him. Though I did n't mean ter strike him quite so hard. How do I know now but what he was helpin' himself, or goin' to?"

my—I don't know; I feel bad all over," murmured Kit, looking very pale, and sinking back on the lounge.

"Bathe his head in the camfire," suggested the wife.

"Why don't ye do it then, and not stan' talkin' o' doin' it?" cried the surly voice of Eli.

"Had n't we better thend for the doctor?" hinted the daughter.

"I'll see, bime-by; I guess he'll come out on't; I hope he will," the amiable voice made answer.

"If he was comin' to find me, why under the sun did n't he come in the front way?"

At that, Kit roused up again.

"I thought the lane was the front way. I did n't see any other. I never was here before."

Miss Lydia arranged a shawl under Kit's shoulders, and he lay on the lounge, tranquil but very pale, while Mrs. Badger bathed the rapidly swelling bunch she found on his organ of self-esteem.

"Where 's my cap?" he faintly inquired.

"Here 't ith," replied Lydia. "It dropped off when Pa wath bringin' you into the houthe."

Eli had risen and was walking the room, while his wife and daughter attended the sufferer.

"If ye was re'ly comin' to give me warnin'," said he, "I 'm sorry I was so hasty; I 'd like to take back that last blow."

"I 'd like to have you take 'em all back!" murmured Kit, with a pallid smile, his sense of the humorous asserting itself in the midst of his weakness and pain, "and keep 'em for those other fellows!"

"I 've been pestered to death by boys hookin' my fruit," Eli went on, in self-defense. "You would n't wonder that I was mad sometimes! It 's hard to catch 'em at it; and if I do once, they 're full of their humbug excuses — innocent as babes! T'other evenin' one came walkin' right in among the vines where I was keepin' watch, and two others after him. I got right up from where I was hidin', and faced him. Did he run? Not a step! But jes' 's I was goin' to grab him, he looks me cool in the face and says, 'Good-evenin', Mr. Badger! We 've called to see if you 'll be willin' to sell us a few bushels of your nice grapes, when they git ripe; we don't suppose they 're quite ripe enough to pick yit.' They 'd have thought they were ripe enough if I had n't been there. But what could I do but give 'em a piece o' my mind? I 've regretted ever since that I did n't give 'em a whalin'! Mebbe I gave it to the wrong one, when I give it to you," he said, pausing and looking down at Christopher. "But how do I know this story 'bout your comin' to warn me is n't of a piece with their pretense about wantin' to buy?"

Kit had experienced so much trouble lately in getting people to accept his explanations, that he had not heart to answer. He said, however, rather stolidly, after a pause:

"You need n't believe me; but if you find your grapes gone in the morning, perhaps you 'll wish you had."

"I shall keep watch," said Eli, with a peculiarly grim expression of the square-set jaws. "Who are ye, anyway? Where do ye live?"

"My name is Christopher Downimede, and I live in East Adam."

"East Adam! That 's a long way off! What 's your business around here?"

"I 'm on my way home from Peaceville," Kit

answered. He did not deem it a favorable moment to introduce the horse question.

"Been to the cattle show?" asked Eli.

"Yes, I have," replied Christopher.

"I was there yesterday," Mr. Badger resumed.

"I had some grapes and pears on exhibition which had oughter take prizes. 'T aint much of a show; Fair 's are all runnin' to hoss-racin' nowadays."

Lydia smiled to see her father so civil to the young stranger, whose hurts she was nursing. He was rarely so gracious to any one but her.

"Seems to me you came consider'bly out o' your way," he added.

"I had a little business this way," Kit replied.

"Did n't expect to get to East Adam to-night, did ye?" persisted Eli.

"No; I was going to stay in the village back here. But I thought I ought to come — and tell you — about the grape-thieves."

His voice faltered; he looked as if he were going to faint again. Miss Lydia regarded him with tender concern.

"He wont have to go away from here to-night, will he?" she appealed to her father. "I don't thee how he can!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

ELI BADGER was still averse to calling the doctor, but he did not see that he could do less for the boy to whom he had given so gratuitous a beating, than to put him to bed in his own house. The bed was accordingly prepared, and Kit was weary and weak enough to fall asleep almost as soon as Eli had helped him into it.

"He got a pooty hard hit, that 's a fact!" said the dealer of the blows, as he returned to the kitchen.

"Ith he any worthe? Are you going for the doctor?" Lydia inquired, seeing her father put on his hat and button his coat.

"He does n't want a doctor," said the soft side of Eli. "I 'm goin' for Mahoney."

Mahoney was his hired man, who lived a little farther up the road.

"To get him to watch with you?" Mrs. Badger meekly asked.

"What else do you s'pose I want him for, at this time o' night?" Eli's hard side sharply responded. "You go to bed, you two, and never mind about me. Have the lights out by nine o'clock, anyhow. There 'll be fun by moonlight about 'leven, ef this boy tells the truth."

"Of courthe he tellth the truth; anybody can thee that," said Lydia. "I hope you wont whack the wrong perthons again."

"No danger this time!" replied the father.

And he went out of the house, and did not return to it until midnight.

Kit awoke the next morning with a sore head, a lame shoulder, and a stunned and dizzy feeling which recalled, disagreeably, his adventures of the night before. He lay thinking it over, and wondering what he should do about Dandy—at the same time gazing listlessly at the odd figures on the wall-paper of Mrs. Badger's best room—when Mr. Badger walked in.

That square-visaged, broad-backed worthy was in his most amiable frame of mind. He inquired after Kit's health, and said cheerily:

"Got along pretty well 'thout a doctor, hey? Wa' n't hurt so very bad, after all, was ye?"

"I should n't care to be hurt much worse, unless I wanted to put my friends to the trouble of a funeral," Kit replied, with a smile of feeble pleasantry.

"Wal!" said Eli, with a grin of satisfaction, "that's a toler'ble stiff stick I thumped ye with, no mistake! You should 'a' come in t' other way. But ye meant it for a favor to me; and 't was a favor."

"Did they come for the grapes?" Kit asked, eagerly.

Eli Badger indulged in a sinister laugh.

"They did! They was true to their app'ointment. They came with a one-hoss team and baskets and boxes, prepared to jest clean my vines out. But I was on hand, an' so was my man. We 'd been hid fur nigh two hours, an' had had a pretty lonesome time on 't too, when we heard somebody come 'round reconn'iterin', an' bime-by a wagon stopped jest a little way down the road."

"Farther than the corner of the lane?" asked Kit.

"Yes; some rods. If it had stopped there, it would n't have got away; I was hid by the fence, on the watch for 't. As 't was, we gave our 'tention to the men; waited till the rascals were well started pickin', an' then rushed out on 'em." Eli chuckled grimly. "'T was moonlight. You should 'a' been there to see the fun! You 've no idee on 't!"

"Yes, I have," said Kit, remembering his share in some very similar fun a few hours earlier, and imagining the surprise it must have been to the rogues when the ponderous Eli made his onset. "Did you catch anybody?"

"I knocked one down, and my Irishman grabbed him. Then I thumped another and grabbed him, and I might have disabled a third, if I had n't been afraid o' strikin' too hard with that stick; my overdoin' the thing with you had taught me a lesson! He drove away with the wagon. We did pretty well, though. We got two baskets and a bushel box, 'sides our prisoners; and I know who they all are."

"What did you do with the two you caught?" Kit asked.

"Marched 'em down to town, found a watchman, and had 'em locked up," said Eli. "I 'll have out warrants for the others this mornin', and make things lively for the hull lot. I 'm much obliged to *you*!" he added, with hearty emphasis.

"You are quite welcome, I am sure," murmured Kit.

Just then came a little rap at the door, and Miss Badger's lisp was heard.

"Breakfatht, Pa! Can he come? I 've got hith ham and eggth a-cookin'."

"Come, can't ye?" said Eli. "Ye 'll feel more chipper after ye 've got suthin' warm into yer stomach; don't ye b'leeve ye will? Guess ye will!"

"I hope so. I 'll try," Kit answered, bestirring himself.

He had already made two or three attempts to rise, but had sunk back again with a faint and giddy sensation. The stout-limbed Eli, full of kindly and hospitable feelings for his guest, now came to his assistance; and the boy, sitting up, put his bare feet upon the painted floor; then carefully rested his weight upon them.

"I shall be all right after a while," he said. "Don't keep your breakfast waiting for me."

"It can wait as well as not," replied Eli. "We 're in no hurry this mornin'. My Irishman, after bein' up half the night, wont be around for an hour or two. And I 've nothin' to do but to look after our grape-stealers. Can I do anything more for ye?"

"Nothing," said Kit, glad to be left alone.

He limped to the wash-stand, and felt refreshed after a free use of cold water about his head and neck. Then he stood before the little square looking-glass, by a small dressing-table covered with a white cloth, and with Mrs. Badger's best hair-brush and comb completed his toilet; wincing as he arranged the locks carefully about that part of his cranium which had been visited by the hickory stick.

He found the breakfast waiting for him, and sat down with the family, feeling already much more comfortable in body and cheerful in mind than when he awoke.

Two or three circumstances, however, interfered with his perfect enjoyment of a plain, substantial meal.

There were some not altogether agreeable things about the otherwise charming Lydia. She seemed to take her father's treatment of her mother as a matter of course, no doubt thinking it fully atoned for by his gentler manner toward herself. With her full, fair features and flaxen hair,—long and

flying behind, but combed straight down in front, and cut precisely from ear to ear across the eyebrows, completely concealing her forehead, if she had one,—she sat opposite their guest, and seemed

thieves, Eli relating over and over again how he had lain in ambush and rushed out upon them with his club, capturing or putting them to flight. At length, shoving back his chair, he remarked

that he must drive to the village and see about swearing out warrants for them, the first thing.

"You'd better not be in a hurry about leavin' us," he said to the guest. "Stay and git recruited a little."

He put on his hat and was going to the barn, when Kit rose to follow him.

"I think I should like to—to go out—and look at your horses and stock," he said, glancing around, "if I could find my cap."

"Here'th it!" said Lydia, bringing it with alacrity.

Eli waited for him to put it on, which Kit did cautiously, wearing it well on the back of his head to favor his painfully enlarged bump of self-esteem; and the two went out together.

"Now do you see how you blundered?" said Mr. Badger, showing the lane and the way into the lower part of it from the back door of the house. "If you'd come down further, you'd 'a' been all right, though the front way'd 'a' been better. The lane, ye see, goes straight to the cattle-yard."

The cattle-yard surrounded the barn, and at the



"WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO TAKE A RIDE?" ASKED MISS LYDIA." (SEE PAGE 675.)

much of the time quite oblivious of her breakfast, in the interest she took in his own. But Kit disliked being stared at when he was eating, especially by a young lady with banged hair.

Another thing tended to dampen the ardor of Kit's attack on the ham and eggs,—the thought of Dandy.

There was much talk at table about the grape-

end of the barn was the stable, the door of which stood broadly open. Kit, as he entered with Eli, and heard the sound of horses champing in their stalls, felt his bosom swell with intense expectation.

"I lost a hoss a week ago," Mr. Badger remarked, taking a curry-comb from a corner brace of the building. "One of the best hosses I ever owned. He broke his leg by puttin' it through a hole in the bridge, an' so he had to be killed. Town 'll have to pay the damages, or I miss my calc'lation. Whoa! stan' 'round!"

He slapped the hip of the first horse with his comb, and passing into the stall, undid the halter.

"I bought a new one to takè its place day 'fore yesterday. Had a chance to buy cheap, over at Peaceville, at the cattle show. Back, ye brute!"

Kit held his breath; it seemed to him that the slightest thing might burst his hope like a bubble, and awaken him from an illusion.

Eli tied the halter to a staple in the rear of the stalls, and began to curry the animal.

"'T was as good a trade as ever I made," he said, between strokes of the comb. "I thought at first there might be suthin' wrong about the hoss, it was offered so cheap. But I know a good hoss when I see one; and I know a broken-down, spavined, ring-boned beast when I see one. Nothin' wrong about this critter!"

"I—should—think—not," breathed Kit, almost too excited to speak above a whisper, and forgetting all his hurts and pains in the thrilling joy of the moment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I COULD N'T tell whether the critter balked or not till I tried him," Eli Badger went on, full of the satisfaction inspired by his excellent bargain. "But I can't find that he has that fault, either. Stan' 'round, you brute!"

The horse "stood around" again, turning toward Christopher, in the broad light of the open door, a peculiarly marked, mottled side.

"There might have been something wrong in the man's title to him," the boy suggested, with more confidence in his tones of voice.

"I thought of that," said Eli. "But he told a pretty straight story. He 'd had to take the hoss for a debt, and was obliged to turn him into money, 'T was a good chance, anyway; I wanted jest such a hoss, and I thought I 'd take the risk. If anybody has a better claim to this animal now than I have, he 'll have to prove it, that 's all. Stan' round, will ye!"

Kit observed the crinkles that had not yet disappeared from the lately braided foretop, and said,

in as careless a tone as so deeply interested a boy could use:

"Suppose a man with a claim on the horse should—happen along?"

"What 'd I do?" said Eli. "What 'd any man, that *is* a man, do in my place? I 'd hold on to the beast as long as I could, sure as fate! Anybody who knows me 'll tell ye that."

"I suppose so," faltered Christopher. "But you might be putting yourself to a good deal of trouble and expense."

"Likely enough; but I 'd be puttin' the other fellow to a good deal of trouble and expense at the same time. That way I might force him to a compromise. 'Here,' I 'd say, 'is a hoss worth a hundred and forty dollars. You 've lost him; I 've bought him. Give me half that amount o' money and take him. I 'll git back what he cost *me*, anyhow, if an owner *does* come along and prove property,—which is n't at all likely," added Eli, plying his comb.

"Going to drive him this morning," Kit softly inquired.

"No; I drove him yis'day; guess I 'll drive t' other one this mornin'. Thought I 'd rub him down, though, and see how he looked. Stan' round, I say! Mighty likely hoss that, now," said Eli, "for seventy dollars!"

"I should think he was well worth twice that, as you say," replied Christopher.

"I b'lieve he is," said Mr. Badger, "if he 's worth a penny. Oh, I struck a good bargain when I bought him!"

The other horse was then curried and harnessed, and Eli, telling Kit to make himself at home and "get recruited," drove away to see about "fixin' the grape-thieves," leaving Dandy Jim in the stall.

Kit went out and looked about the place, trying to calm his excitement and determine what he should do. Then he went back and feasted his hungry eyes on Dandy Jim once more. There could not possibly be any mistake this time about the identity of the horse. It had all Dandy's characteristic marks; it carried itself like Dandy, it looked like him out of the eyes, and it was shod behind and not before.

The boy studied the horse a long while, then strolled up the lane, and looked off in the direction in which Eli had gone, all the while struggling with a great temptation.

He was startled from his reveries by a lisping voice in the vineyard.

"Don't you want to get thome grapeth? I think you detherve thome, after latht night!" And the face of the fair Lydia looked over at him sweetly from its frame of flaxen hair.

He accepted the invitation, but instead of climbing the fence, as on the night before, went around by the passage between the house and the cattle-yard. Lydia met him, and picked for him the finest clusters she could find. He thanked her, and, wishing to be alone, made off again toward the stable.

She followed him, however, with her hands full of lovely Delawares and Concords, which she ate herself, and continued to urge upon him.

"I gueth you 're fond of hortheth!" she remarked, seeing how absent-mindedly he let his longing eyes wander in the direction of the stalls.

Kit confessed that circumstances had caused him lately to take a lively interest in those useful animals.

"My father bought a firht-rate one for a mere thong, two or three dayth ago," she said, plucking grapes one by one from a bunch. "Have you theen him?"

"Your father showed him to me," replied Kit. "It's a pretty fair-looking horse. Is he easy under the saddle?"

"I don't know," said Lydia. "I never ride horthback. do you?"

"Sometimes; once in a great while," Kit answered dryly.

"Do you like riding?" she asked, turning her beaming face full upon him, while she squeezed a plump Concord between her lips.

"Yes, if I don't have too much of it at once," he replied, negligently eating the last of his Delawares.

"Pa 'th got a thaddle thomewhere," she went on, as they stood in the stable door. "You can take a little ride, if you think you would fanthy it. Would n't you like to?"

Here was his temptation again, in a more terrible form even than at first. Once on Dandy's back, and starting off for a little ride,—with Miss Badger's smiling acquiescence,—would he be able to stop before he had ridden once more safely into Uncle Gray's front yard?

He saw himself riding triumphantly through East Adam village, waving his cap at his mother as she ran to the door or window in answer to his gleeful call; and finally astonishing Uncle and Aunt Gray, as he swung himself from Dandy's back at their door. And what was to prevent him from taking Duckford and Maple Park on his way?

But could he repay Miss Badger's kindness by such an act of seeming treachery? Strange as it may appear, her tempting proposal made it still more difficult for him to take possession of Dandy in an underhand way.

He had tried his hand once at stealing him,—for he remembered how much it had seemed like stealing when he was betrayed into acting against the dictates of his conscience by Branlow's persuasive cunning. Would it seem less like it now,—to secure his uncle's property by fraud or force, with or without Lydia's innocent coöperation?

He could imagine her parting smiles, as she saw him set off for his "little ride"; then the growing solicitude with which she would watch for his return,—her anxiety becoming alarm, as the conviction was gradually forced upon her mind that, if not a grape-thief, their youthful, honest-seeming guest was what was worse,—a horse-thief in disguise! Then he could foresee Eli's rage on coming home and learning what had been done in his absence.

"Thank you," said Kit, hesitatingly; "I don't think—I care—to ride."

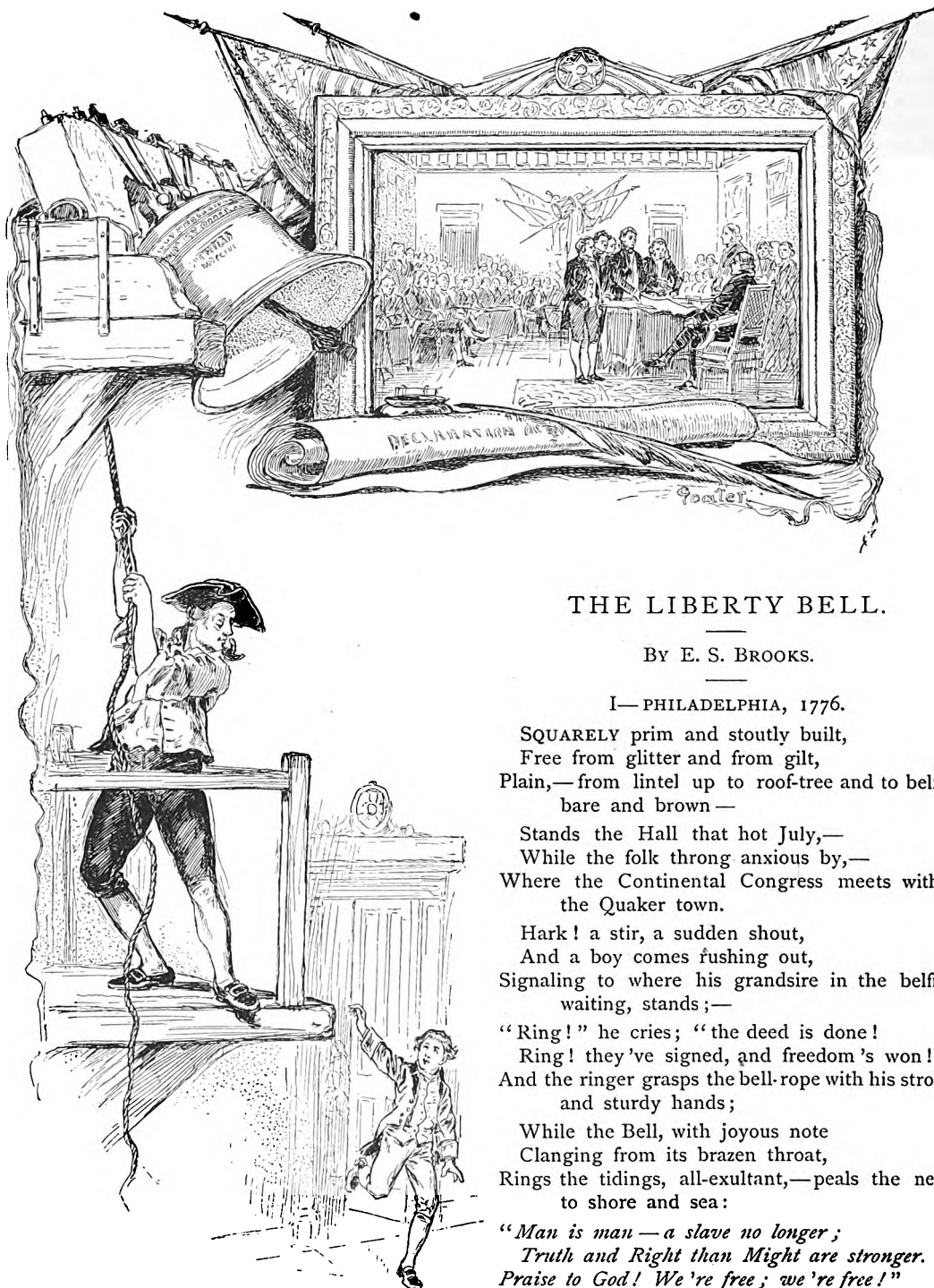
He had mastered the temptation in its most enticing shape. And surely the proposed exercise was not such a novelty to him just then that he should desire merely to be jounced up and down by a hard-trotting horse.

"I thuppothe you don't feel like it tho thoon, after lath night," said the sympathizing Lydia.

"I 'm afraid it would be a little too much for my nerves" (meaning his good resolution), he replied, in a regretful tone.

"I 'm thorry!" said Lydia, sweetly. "I 'd be tho glad to thee you have a nithe ride!"

(To be continued.)



THE LIBERTY BELL.

By E. S. BROOKS.

I—PHILADELPHIA, 1776.

SQUARELY prim and stoutly built,
Free from glitter and from gilt,
Plain,—from lintel up to roof-tree and to belfry
bare and brown—

Stands the Hall that hot July,—
While the folk throng anxious by,—
Where the Continental Congress meets within
the Quaker town.

Hark! a stir, a sudden shout,
And a boy comes fushing out,
Signaling to where his grandsire in the belfry,
waiting, stands;—

"Ring!" he cries; "the deed is done!
Ring! they've signed, and freedom's won!"
And the ringer grasps the bell-rope with his strong
and sturdy hands;

While the Bell, with joyous note
Clanging from its brazen throat,
Rings the tidings, all-exultant,—peals the news
to shore and sea:

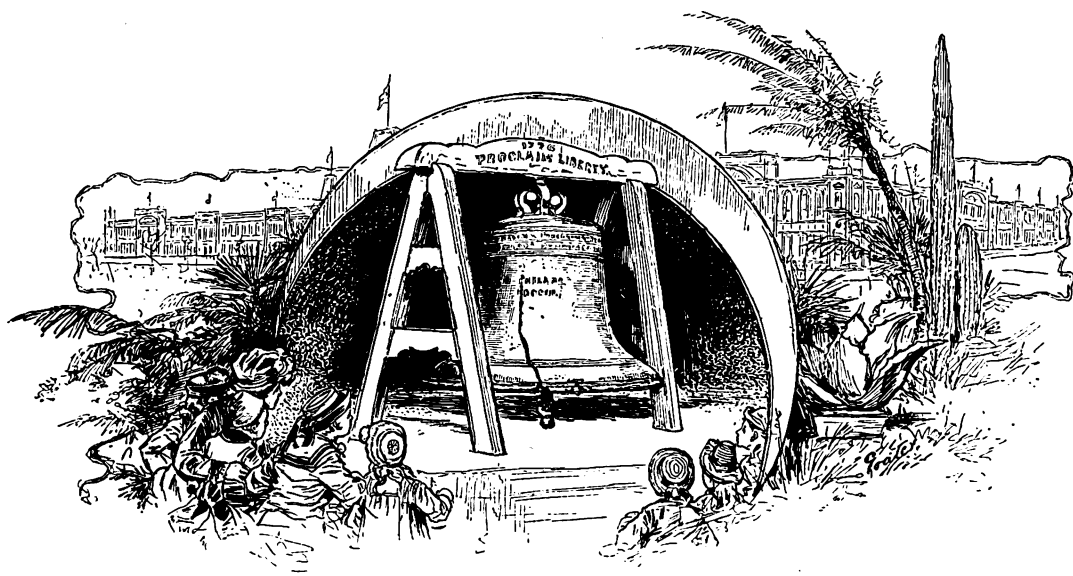
*"Man is man — a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"*

II.—NEW ORLEANS, 1885.

III.

TRIUMPH of the builder's art,
 Tower and turret spring and start—
 As if reared by mighty genii for some Prince of Eastern land;
 Where the Southern river flows,
 And eternal summer glows,—
 Dedicate to labor's grandeur, fair and vast the arches stand.
 And, enshrined in royal guise,
 Flower-bedecked 'neath sunny skies;
 Old and time-stained, cracked and voiceless, but where all may see it well;

Prize the glorious relic then,
 With its hundred years and ten,
 By the Past a priceless heirloom to the Future handed down.
 Still its stirring story tell,
 Till the children know it well,—
 From the joyous Southern city to the Northern Quaker town.
 Time that heals all wounds and scars,
 Time that ends all strifes and wars,
 Time that turns all pains to pleasures, and can make the cannon dumb,



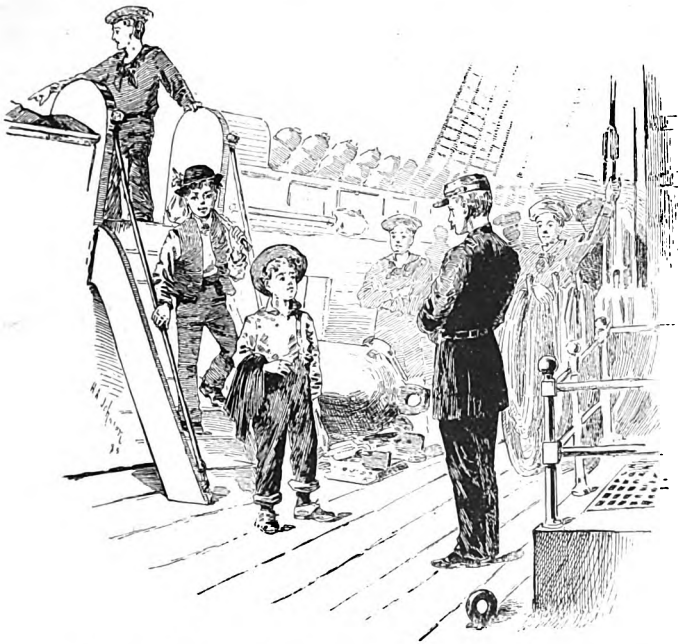
Circled by the wealth and power
 Of the great world's triumph-hour,—
 Sacred to the cause of freedom, on its dais rests the Bell.
 And the children thronging near,
 Yet again the story hear
 Of the Bell that rang the message, pealing out to land and sea:

Still shall join in firmer grasp,
 Still shall knit in friendlier clasp
 North and South-land in the glory of the ages yet to come.
 And, though voiceless, still the Bell
 Shall its glorious message tell,
 Pealing loud o'er all the Nation, Lake to Gulf, and Sea to Sea:

*"Man is man—a slave no longer;
 Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
 Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"*

*"Man is man—a slave no longer;
 Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
 Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"*





THE ARRIVAL OF SOME NEW SCHOLARS AT THE RECEIVING SHIP.

The admission to the school is simple enough. A boy must be of robust figure, intelligent, of a sound and healthy constitution, free from any physical defects or malformation; he must be able to read and write; and be of the standard-height and measurement. All of these requirements our young Decatur could meet satisfactorily; yet it is a test which many boys fail to stand; for, at a recent examination in Boston, out of nearly one hundred applicants, only twenty-six succeeded in passing the requisite physical examination.

Then Decatur Jones signed his name to what are known as the "shipping articles," by which he agreed to serve continuously in the Navy of the United States until he was twenty-one years old; and, having exhibited a printed form signed by his mother, in which she gave her consent to the step he had taken, he was declared a voluntarily enlisted third-class boy in the

United States Navy, with the pay of \$9.50 per month, besides what is known as the navy "rations" of thirty cents per day.

The very next day saw Decatur Jones with a squad of other new recruits on board one of the steamers of the Fall River Line, bound for Newport, at which place they were at once transferred to the school-ship "New Hampshire," anchored off Coasters' Harbor Island.

Some six years ago, the State of Rhode Island presented this island of Coasters' Harbor to the United States, with the understanding that it was to be used as a naval training station. It lies within a mile of the beautiful old city of Newport, and is separated from the main-land by a narrow strait spanned by a causeway. Anchored off this island lies the bluff-bowed old line-of-battle ship "New Hampshire," with numerous decks, from the ports of which protrude the muzzles of ugly-looking guns. This is the cradle of the training fleet—the real school afloat. All the other



COURT AT THE MAST. (SEE PAGE 684.)

doffed his cap and saluted the brass-buttoned officer of the deck.

"Master-at-arms," said that dignitary, "you will see that this boy has a bath and that his hair is cut; then take him down to the sick-bay to be vaccinated. After that, get him his bag and hammock; show him his 'swing' and how to 'lash and carry.'"

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded "Jimmy," briskly, although the order was rattled off at such a rate that poor Decatur had no idea what the gentleman in brass buttons was talking about. But "Jimmy Legs" did; and turning to Decatur, he said, "This way, lad," and led him at once into a large deck-house on the upper deck, where stand a dozen or more bath-tubs, beside the steam pump and boiler.

The bath was soon over, and then, on the deck next below, Decatur's abundant hair was neatly clipped down to the regulation "short cut" by a boy barber; after which he was taken to the hospital-room, known as the "sick-bay," upon a still lower deck, where he was vaccinated by the surgeon, a kind-looking old gentleman.

After this intimation that cleanliness and health are among the most important considerations in the school of the sailor, Decatur was left to himself and given a chance to look about him. He wandered through the great ship, gazed up at the tall masts and lofty spars with their masses of rigging, and felt certain that he would surely become dizzy were he to try to skip aloft, as could most of the five hundred boys who, in their natty blue uniforms, seemed to be in every part of the ship. He examined the great guns on the gun-deck, the ponderous capstans and heavy anchor-chains, the racks of burnished rifles and shining cutlasses, the brightly scoured mess-tables on the berth-deck, with their outfits of knives, forks, spoons, and pans shining like polished silver, until, tired and hungry, he began to wonder whether he was to have any supper and where he was to sleep.

Just at the right moment along came "Jimmy Legs" again. "Here's your station billet, my son," he said, handing the boy a small piece of printed paper. "Watch number, 22, port forecastle; that's your hammock number also. At quarters you go with number two's gun crew, first division. Then here you have your station given for all the exercises with sails and spars. You belong to the first cutter's crew—that's your boat, d'ye see? All the information in a nut-shell. There's the call for mess formation sounding now, so run along and join your crew—number two, first division."

"Dear me," thought Decatur, "I never can remember all that. Number two—first division; I wonder what it means?"

But in the midst of his wondering a manly-

looking boy, with two red chevrons on his arm, stepped up to him.

"What's your name?" he asked. "Jones?"

"Yes; Decatur Bainbridge Jones."

"Well, my name's Nelson, and I'm captain of your gun's crew—number two, first division," said the new-comer. "Follow me, and I'll show you where we fall in."

Decatur, greatly relieved, followed his new friend along the line of boys, and was properly placed with his own crew. Then, after muster, all the crew marched down to a supper of bread and milk, and Decatur picked up plenty of information.

"Who's Commodore Duff?" he asked, catching at the curious name as it passed among the boys. "Is he the head of the ship?"

"Well, we could n't get along without him very well," was the laughing reply. "Why, Duff's our caterer, you know. He's an Italian with a jaw-breaking name, and we call him Duff for short; and does n't he feed us well, though? You just ought to have seen our last Christmas dinner,"—and there sounded a chorus of appreciative smacks in recollection of that Christmas dinner.

Supper over, "Jimmy Legs" made his appearance again, loaded down with a hammock, mattress, blankets, a large black canvas bag, and a small square box.

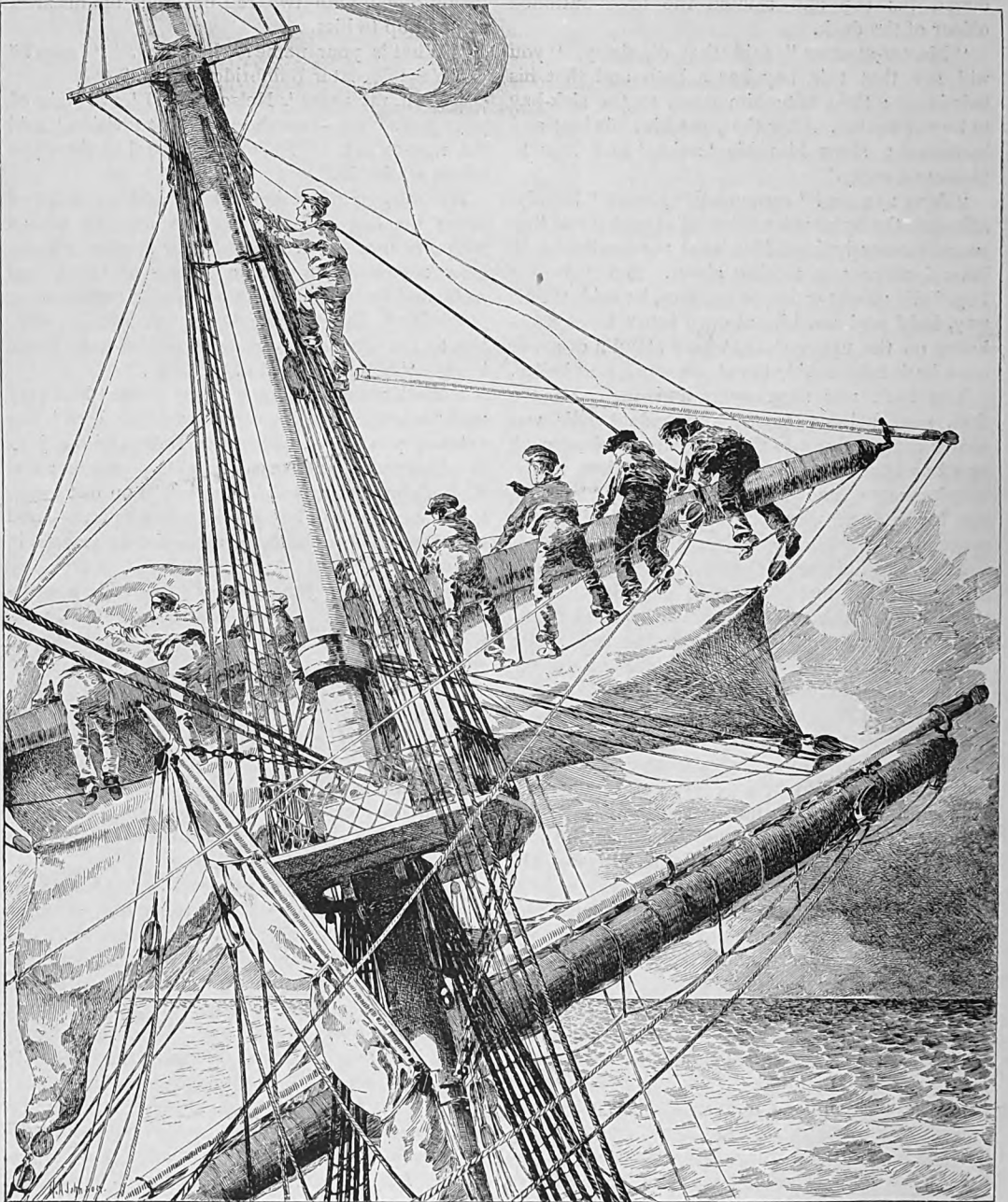
"This is your bed," he said to our friend Decatur, pointing to the hammock. "This is your clothes-bag, and this is your ditty-box for sewing gear, writing materials, and odds and ends. You will draw your clothing to-morrow, when the officer of your division has had a look at you. Now, come along and I'll show you where to swing your hammock."

He led the way to the gun-deck. "This is your berth," he said; "number twenty-two, same as your hammock number and watch number. I'll take care of your bag and box until to-morrow."

Then he put up the hammock, arranged the bedding, and trotted quietly away, while young Decatur, thoroughly tired out, found that a hammock is a much more comfortable bed than he imagined, and was soon sound asleep.

The next morning, when Decatur had donned his blue shirt with its rolling collar, the loosely fitting trousers, and the jaunty cap with "New Hampshire" lettered in gold upon it, he felt himself in reality "every inch a sailor." And as he now becomes one of the five hundred, and hence loses to a great degree his identity, we must leave him to share the fortunes of his comrades, while we take a more general look at what these fortunes are.

The blast of bugles and flare of drums at early daylight is the "veille," warning the young apprentices that it is time to "turn out." Should



REAL SERVICE OUT AT SEA — REEFING THE TOP-SAIL.

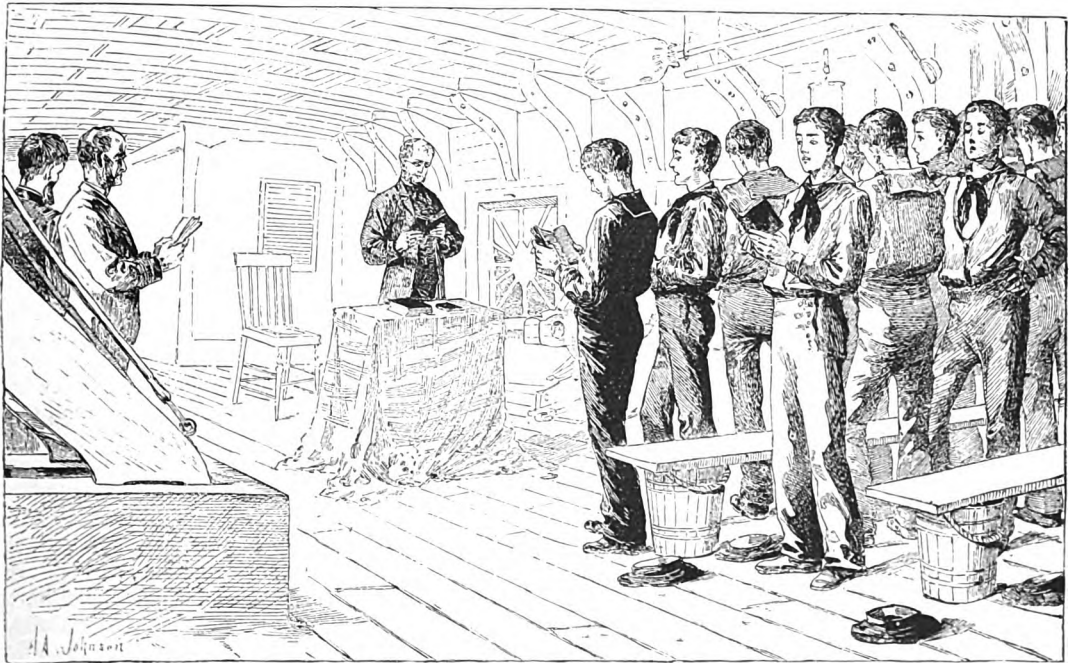
they forget this fact, there are any number of petty officers ready to impress it upon them. Twelve minutes are allowed in which to turn out, dress, lash hammocks, carry them on deck, and stow them in the nettings provided for the purpose. The next step is to carry out the morning orders,

under the direction of the officer of the deck. The decks are swept clean, and the running rigging laid up neatly on the pins. The order is then passed to scrub and wash clothes. Each boy becomes for the moment his own washman, and, brush in hand, goes heartily at this laundry work.

Smirched clothing is never tolerated; so every day is wash-day, thereby giving all hands an opportunity to keep their clothing neat and clean.

The cleanliness of the ship itself is a matter considered equally as important as that of the crew. The boatswain's mates pipe "Wash down the decks," and the work begins. Buckets of water, hickory brooms, sand and holy-stones, squillgees and swabs — all are brought into use to drive every particle of dirt from the oak planks of the decks, which soon shine with a whiteness that any housewife would envy. Then the ship must be cleaned outside, and the copper sheathing scrubbed and

The great event of the forenoon is "quarters." All the crews assemble at their guns for muster, inspection, and drill. Four guns' crews, of seventeen boys each, make up a division, which is in charge of an officer. The drills are varied and interesting, and pertain more particularly to that part of the training which makes "fighting men." The boys are exercised in loading, pointing, and firing the heavy cannon which constitute the ship's battery. The target is towed out to the proper distance from the ship. There is about this gun-practice much "make-believe" — as the phrase goes — at first, but when the boys are thoroughly



AT CHURCH ON THE GUN-DECK.

oiled until it looks like a band of reddish gold above the water-line. The ship having received her share of attention, the boys are given a half-hour in which to prepare for "early inspection," at which the master-at-arms and a number of subordinates make a critical observation of the toilets.

Then comes breakfast, and, after that, more cleaning. There are no intervals of idleness. This time it is the guns that need care; their brass-work must be made to shine like a mirror in the sun. While this is going on, a bugle sounds sick-call, and all those who are too ill for the day's work flock down to the dispensary, where the old surgeon and his young assistant are busy feeling pulses, peering down throats, and prescribing generously for each patient.

posted in their duties, real powder and shell are brought in. The deafening reports are at first a sore trial to delicate nerves, but our young friends are soon able to stand unmoved while an eight-inch Dahlgren gun belches forth flame and smoke.

Broadsword and cutlass drills, under the supervision of an expert swordsman, and pistol, howitzer, and infantry drills form a part of the routine, which goes toward strengthening the youthful arm that may some day be raised in defense of our country's flag.

After quarters, exercises and studies, with an interval of one hour at noon for dinner, fill up the time until four o'clock. Evening quarters, for muster only, are at half-past four, and supper is at five. Hammocks are piped down early in the evening,

and every one must be turned in at nine o'clock, when silence fore and aft is the order of the night.

The school of instruction for the apprentices is divided into three departments, viz. : Seamanship Department, Gunnery Department, and Department of Studies. Each department is in charge of an officer, with several assistants. In seamanship, the boy is first taught the names of all the spars, ropes, and sails. He is then sent on the "monkey yard," which is slung a few feet above the deck, and there taught how to handle a small sail. Encouraged to take a run up the rigging every morning, the boy soon forgets his fear of falling, and is then allowed to take part in the regular exercises aloft—such as loosing, furling, reefing, bending, and unbending sails, sending up or down light yards and top-gallant masts, etc. Cutting and fitting rigging, knotting and splicing rope, sail-making, boxing the compass, heaving the lead and log signals, pulling oars, swimming, and the use of the diving apparatus come under this head. The course of instruction in gunnery includes the theory of gunnery, in addition to the practice mentioned in a preceding paragraph as divisional drills. The Department of Studies embraces the rudiments of an ordinary English education—reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, moral and religious instruction, and singing.

This, then, is the every-day work of the apprentices, but it is not all work and no play. On Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons, those whose conduct record may warrant are given liberty to visit the quaint old town of Newport. For those who do not care for this, the island close at hand is a rare place for base-ball, foot-ball, and other field sports. Boating is always in order—the ship's boats for rowing, and the little brig *Toy* or the schooner-yacht *Wave* for sailing. These last two, manned by the boys themselves, make pleasant cruises in Narragansett Bay, and often visit the surrounding towns. And it is a pretty sight on some breezy day to see the boys walk out on the long boom and drop into the cutter that bobs and dances alongside. In the pleasant summer evenings the band plays for "stag" dancing on board ship, and a singing-master leads the choruses, which make the air resound with "Nancy Lee," "Life on the Ocean Wave," and other songs of the sea. A library and reading-room are open during recreation hours. On Sunday mornings church service is conducted by the Chaplain on the gun-deck, when all are required to be present.

For the bad or unruly boy, or the one who lazily or willfully shirks his duty, there is first justice and then punishment. Such a boy is duly reported to the officer of the deck and the culprit is speedily

summoned to answer to the charges against him before a court composed of the captain, the executive officer and the chaplain. It is like a regular police court, too, in which if the boy can plead a good excuse or can prove by witnesses that no blame attaches to him he may do so. Everything is done according to exact justice, and punishment is only given when proven to be merited.

After a year on the ship, those boys who have advanced far enough in their profession to be considered available for sea are generally transferred to some of the cruising ships of the training squadron, when the fleet rendezvous at Newport in the early spring, preparatory to the summer cruise.

The transfer day is a gala day. The fortunate boys are bustling around getting their bags and hammocks ready and saying their good-byes. "Commodore Duff" always provides a grand farewell dinner on this occasion, to which every departing apprentice will look back with pleasure when fresh provisions give out at sea, and "salt horse" (salt beef), "soup and bully" (canned beef), and "hard-tack" have important places in the bill of fare. The draft turns out in blue mustering-clothes, and, amid a volley of cheers and swinging of caps, boards the tug, which has been waiting alongside, and are soon distributed among their new homes.

Once upon the high seas, much of the romance of the sailor's life fades quickly away. It may be pleasant to stroll along the cliffs and to watch the great waves break in a line of white foam and a shower of spray, but once afloat in a wave-tossed ship, many a young sailor has felt contemplation give way to an indescribable feeling of misery and woe. There are few people who are proof against sea-sickness, and the land-lubber who can endure the rolling and pitching without a qualm is a hero indeed. But the lad who "tackles it" manfully, with a dogged determination to crush out the first symptoms of weakness, generally conquers, and is soon able to laugh with the rest. One or two days is the average time allowed for getting one's "sea legs."

The coast-line soon fades away in a purple haze as the small fleet bowls along before the wind out into the broad Atlantic. The change is exhilarating. To many it is a new world—the blue above and the blue below. The weather is fair to-day, but to-morrow the clouds may bank up around the horizon in dark, foreboding masses, the gentle breeze may increase to a howling gale, and the speeding ship be stripped of her lofty canvas until she is left wallowing in a heavy sea and drifting bodily to leeward. It is then that the stout heart and the steady hand of the sailor boy stand him in good stead. There are to-gallant sails and royals to be furled, the lofty yards of which sway

from side to side with the motion of the ship, making the dizzy height all the more perilous, and the youngsters must reef top-sails, working with their hands, and acquiring the knack of "hanging on" without the help of those useful members.

Day and night the watch is set, to pass four hours on deck ready to answer every call, whether it be to man the "jib down-haul" or "spanker brails"; then four hours below, with nothing to do. The "dog watches" of two hours each (from 4 to 6 P. M. and from 6 to 8 P. M.) break the continuity, and enable the watches to alternate, and thus secure eight hours below every other night.

Thus a year—several months of it spent in sea-voyaging—slips quickly by, and the young tar has advanced steadily in his calling. His fund of

general knowledge has been increased by visiting foreign countries. At no time has the training in the three departments of Seamanship, Gunnery, and Studies been lost sight of, although self-reliance has taken the place of that dependence upon others which is necessarily so common at first.

Upon attaining his majority, the apprentice is in every way fitted for general service as a man-of-war's-man, and may serve—according to his choice—in any squadron that stands in need of men. Whether he chooses the much-sought-for European squadron, or visits the celestials in China, or wanders in the Pacific or South Atlantic, let us hope that he will at all times prove himself worthy of his *alma mater*, and help to regenerate that fast-disappearing class—the American seaman.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. HENRY AUGUSTUS ADAMS.

HERE are two letters that were written by two boys who became great and good men. Now, while we are about to commemorate the anniversary of our Nation's birth, it is pleasant to look back to the days when those two great patriots were only boys like the rest of us.

The first letter is from Richard Henry Lee, who spoke so boldly and acted so bravely for our country in the time of her great peril and need:

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elephant and a little indian boy on his back like uncle * jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

"RICHARD HENRY LEE."

To this letter Washington sent the following reply:

"Dear Dickey I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word.

Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I must n't tell you who wrote the poetry.

"G. W's. compliments to R. H. L.

And likes his book full well,

Henceforth will count him his friend,

And hopes many happy days he may end.'

"Your good friend,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

In less than half a century after writing this child-letter, this same George Washington stood before a vast assemblage of people, and, with his hand upon the Bible, took the oath as the first President of the United States.

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States," shouted one who stood near, and the people caught up and repeated the shout. But the first person to clasp Washington's hand was his life-long friend, Richard Henry Lee.

After all, boys are boys. If these two great men were once boys like us, why may not we some day become great men like them? To be *great*, one need not be famous.

* Faithful old family slaves were called Uncle.

DAUGHTER ITHA.

BY THE COUNTESS EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

ITHA lived with her father in a small German village. He was a very learned man, but very poor, and so he walked into the town, two leagues distant, every morning to give lessons to the young people of rich families; and in the evening he walked back to the village and took little Itha on his knee, and made her tell him what she had done with herself all the long day. And when they had eaten their supper, he would sometimes say:

"Now you shall hear a story about what happened when the world was young."

Many were the beautiful wonder-tales that he knew, but the one Itha liked best was the history of a fair and gentle lady who was borne away to the sunless kingdom of the dead; and so great was the grief of her husband that he went to seek her in that shadowy land, and by his sweet singing compelled her captors to yield her back to him. Itha was never tired of hearing this story.

At other times, the poor scholar would take down his favorite book and read aloud, in a rich, full voice, something that sounded like a great river rolling along. Itha would sit upon his knee all the while that he was reading, and one day she said to him:

"Let me read, too, in that book."

So he taught his little daughter how to read in the book, though it was written in Greek; for it was the book of a wonderful Greek poet who lived thousands of years ago, when the world was young. And it was the only book that Itha ever read, for her father had forgotten to teach her how to read German, which was her own language.

One December evening,—it was the eve of St. Nicholas's day,—as the poor scholar was trudging back from the town, he remembered that he had not been able to do anything with his little pupils all that day, because they were all whispering to each other guesses as to what St. Nicholas would put in their shoes next morning; for every German child, when he gets up from his bed on the sixth of December, expects to find a nice present in his shoes, and the nurse tells him St. Nicholas put it there. One of the scholar's pupils wished for a pair of skates; another hoped it would be a brand-new doll; a third wanted a box of sugar-plums, and the poor scholar thought:

"My little Itha will have no gift from St. Nicholas to-morrow morning."

And he sighed sadly. When he had gone a little farther, he met a peddler.

"Ah! surely," he cried, quite joyfully, "you must have something in your bag which will do to put in my little child's shoe."

"I have not such a thing with me," said the peddler; "I am sold out, excepting a few bone-handled knives and some tin-ware." He passed on, but in a minute he ran back and said: "I forgot a bit of a thing I picked up at a sale in an old country house a week ago—it might do for you, perhaps, but I can not tell."

He pulled out from the bottom of his sack—a little violin!

"What is your price?" cried the poor scholar, trembling with eagerness to secure the prize.

"Three florins," said the peddler.

He had just that in his pocket, and he brought it out, not thinking for a moment of how he had intended to buy himself a new hat with the money, because his pupil, little Master von Rebel, had secretly sat upon his old one and crushed in the crown, "just for fun!"

As for the peddler, he went on his way rejoicing, for he had bought the violin for one florin, so he had made a clear gain of two. He was not accustomed to deal in such things, and he did not in the least suspect that the little violin was worth much more than even the sum he sold it for; still, this was really the fact. Inside of it, almost marked out by age and dust, stood the name of Joseph Guarnerius, of Cremona, a great and famous maker.

Joseph Guarnerius was a strange man, and perhaps he made this particular little violin by way of a joke, for it was very small, and what is called the tail-piece had a carved head on it, the likeness of a curious, good-natured-looking little monster, something like the gargoyle heads you see in old churches. Or it may be that it was intended as a keepsake for his jailer's daughter, who was very kind when he was once in prison, and brought him the needful materials so that he might not have to leave off making violins. When the dust was rubbed off the case, it showed a bright amber color, which pleased the poor scholar as he sat that night rubbing it up to make it look as nice as possible; but he did not know its value any more than the peddler, and therefore he was not aware that it was one of the great secrets of the old makers how to give the instruments this glowing, yellow tint. When he had done polishing it, as it was too big to go into the shoe, he put the

shoe on the head of the little carved monster, and placed it silently by Itha's bed.

As soon as Itha woke in the morning, she saw the little violin, and she was very, very happy; she kissed it and kissed it, and could not kiss it enough. She wondered how it ever came to be in her shoe, but her father said, with a smile, "St. Nicholas put it there!" When she touched the strings, and when they went "twing, twing," she jumped for joy, she was so glad. After that, she drew the bow across the strings, and it made a sweet, long sound, and she could have cried with pleasure. You see, little Itha was not in the habit of having many pretty things given her, and so she thought all the more of this one. She asked her father what it should be called, for she wished to give it a name, and he told her to call it *Psyche*.

After that St. Nicholas day, whenever her father was away in the town, little Itha played on her violin. At first she only made different kinds of sounds, but she soon found out how to play the little tunes with which her mother had been used to sing her to sleep; and then she would make up tunes of her own to play, and discover all sorts of new ways in which to play the old ones. She would say softly, as she nursed her little violin in her lap, "There are three in the house now: Father, Itha, and *Psyche*!" She used to take *Psyche* to bed with her when it was cold weather.

But when the new year was half gone by, a great misfortune happened — the poor scholar lost his eyesight. Now he could no longer go into the town to earn money by teaching rich children, and every day there was less bread in the house. Little Itha was very happy that she could read to her father out of his dearly loved book; she sat on his knee, as in old times, and he held the book in his hands whilst she read. Every day she made him tell her how Homer, the great poet who wrote the book, was also blind and poor when he grew old, for the story seemed to be a comfort to him.

One day there was no food, and no money to get it with. The poor scholar said to himself, "If it was only I, I could starve; but the child must eat." He went to the shelf where his dear book lay, and he took it down and dusted it with his sleeve, and for a few moments he held it in his hands. Then he felt his way to the door, and walked out, with his stick, to a neighbor's house. For a minute he stood still; a thought struck him: "The violin would do as well — but no! It would break Itha's heart to part with it." He called to the neighbor:

"Neighbor, your son Hans is going to the town; will you let him sell this book and buy bread?"

In the afternoon, Hans came back with a loaf, and said "it was all right."

When they had done their supper, Itha went to the shelf, as usual.

"Father!" she cried out, "I cannot see Homer."

"He is sold to buy bread, my child," said the poor scholar.

Itha sat down on his knee, and all that evening they both cried. Next day two men came to the house, and the poor scholar gently bade Itha go out of the room while he spoke with them; but through the door she heard sounds of harsh voices and hard words, and when they had talked for some time, Itha's father came out to her and said:

"My child, you know we are very poor, and since my trouble I have not been able to pay my rent. I owe these gentlemen forty florins, and they are going to put me in prison till I can pay it. Good-bye, my little Itha."

Meanwhile, the two men looked around the house.

"These things wont fetch twenty pence, all put together," said one.

"What's this? A fiddle, I declare! That may be sold for a trifle, perhaps," said the other, roughly handling *Psyche*.

"Well, we can see about that, when we come back presently," rejoined the first speaker. "Little girl," he continued, with just the air of one who thinks he is doing a great favor, "we shall try and get you into the town orphan-house."

"I am not an orphan, and I will go with my father!" cried Itha, sobbing, and clinging to her father's neck.

"You're little better off than an orphan," muttered one of the men, and they forthwith led the poor scholar away and slammed the door on his little daughter. Itha wept bitterly when they were gone; but of a sudden she got up and took hold of her little violin, and said:

"*Psyche*, you and I must save father;" and she ran off as fast as she could. She did not go toward the town, for she knew the cruel men lived there, but right the other way, across the fields of barley and rye. That night she slept under a hedge, but the next day she came to a village, and she played her violin all along the village street. The people were pleased to hear the music, and threw out pence, and one gave her a piece of bread with some sausage. A good man let her sleep in some straw under his shed, and when morning came, she made her way to another village. Thus she went on, and on, from day to day, and she kept all the money she earned tied up in her pocket-handkerchief, till it got to be quite heavy with pence and small coins. Still, there were not nearly forty florins, and the life was a very hard one; but

Itha said, over and over again, "Psyche and I will save poor father," and that made her able to bear it all. When the winter began, it was terrible to have to wander about like this; yet, little Itha's heart was light, for her handkerchief grew weightier every day, and all the florins were there, save one! But her strength was almost gone, and as her shoes

chestnuts, had disappeared; there was nothing left of the ginger-bread man but his gilded toes; now came the supreme moment, when the Marzipan was put on the table. The musician stood up and said to his children:

"Once upon a time, in the month of March, there was a great siege, and nothing was left in the



"ITHA PLAYED HER VIOLIN ALONG THE VILLAGE STREET."

were worn out, she had to walk with bare feet. It was in this plight she reached the very old town of Nuremburg one cold December day.

They were keeping Christmas in the great musician's house. The roast goose, stuffed with

town but sugar. So the people boiled down all the sugar together, and ate it instead of bread. And the children thought it so good, that ever since, at Christmas, they have eaten the March-bread, such as you have before you to-day."

The children screamed with delight when the

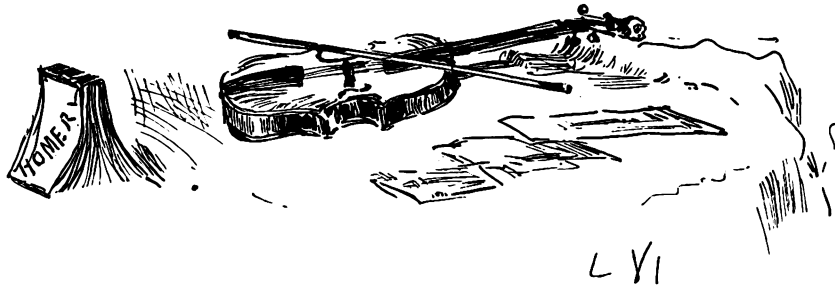
Marzipan was uncovered; it was big and round, and there were splendid figures on it in colored sugar.

Just then the musician's ear caught a little sound coming up from the square, and when he went to the window he saw a poor little ragged child playing the violin; and all along where she had trodden, there were stains of blood on the snow; for her naked feet were cut and frost-bitten.

"Keep quiet for a minute, children," said the musician to the merry band at the dinner-table. He listened and listened till the music stopped; then his face lit up brightly, as though with deep

joy, and he exclaimed: "Here is one who will become a great artist!"

So Itha's pilgrimage ended. The musician took her into his house and gave her good food and warm clothing. They started off together to free the poor scholar; and what was more, the musician did not rest until he had found the old copy of Homer and bought it back for him. Then Itha and her father went to Nuremberg, and Itha studied for some years and grew perfect in her art, and in time her name came to be known over all the world for her beautiful playing on the violin.



SHEEP OR SILVER?

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.

CHAPTER III.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

As Prince Braunfels had intimated, he had determined to "go back to civilization,"—that is, to Germany. His own subjects had become Americanized, and no longer treated their Prince with the respect his rank demanded.

"Dey sits down in mine bresence, Madame," he complained to Mrs. Frierson, "unt mit dere hats on dere hets. Dey stops at mine gate unt shouts to me: 'I say, Brince, pring me *ein lassen vasser!*'" Houf! I dell you I must leaf dis hor-rid countree!"

In leaving, however, he needed to make satisfactory disposition of a valuable, full-blooded Merino ram that he had imported from Spain at a heavy expense, together with several Merino ewes. The Prince was enthusiastic on the subject of sheep-raising.

"But *ack!* Mein beoples!" he exclaimed; "dey are such foolish ones, dey would eat dese grand, dese noble sheep for mutton. Stupids!"

The Prince had formed a high opinion of the ex-

cellent sense of Ruthven; and the proposition which he made was that the Friersons should take his small but extremely valuable flock of Merinos in charge, paying him a fixed percentage upon the yearly returns and increase.

Ruthven and his mother hesitated at first. They had had some experience with the Mexican sheep of that region, but to undertake the care and raising of valuable, full-blooded stock was a very different matter.

"We have no inclosed pasturage large enough," objected Ruthven. "We are too near the public roads and the towns. Dogs will kill the sheep, or Mexicans will steal them. I know nothing about the diseases of sheep, nor about their housing and food. One week may sweep off every one of them; and these Merinos are delicate as well as valuable creatures."

"You forget what the Prince told us of old Jock, his Scotch shepherd. Ruthven," said Mrs. Frierson. "The old man brought these sheep across the Atlantic, you know, and has had charge of them ever since. He thoroughly understands sheep and has regular shepherd dogs."

"But, Mother, the Prince says that Jock has refused to stay in Texas," Ruthven replied. "The old Scotchman is as disgusted with the climate as the Prince is with the people. And more than all, Manchac Springs is no place for sheep. The Prince himself acknowledges that."

But while their minds were occupied with the proposition of Prince Braunfels and the question of what was the best course to be pursued, a train of emigrants from the North rested one day near the house, and refreshed themselves with the water of



OLD JOCK AND DON QUIXOTE.

Manchac Springs. Manchac, indeed, was famous throughout that section as a favorite resting-place with the scouts and guides who piloted the numerous emigrant trains over the Texas plains.

This special train consisted of three ambulances, six great road-wagons, several cows, and a score or so of negroes. Upon a mattress in the largest ambulance lay a sweet-faced woman in the earlier stages of consumption. She proved to be Mrs. Edwards, a widow of considerable wealth, accompanied by her son, Harry, and her two daughters, Barbara and Madge, all young people of about the ages of Mrs. Frierson's children.

"We have come to Texas," Harry told Mrs. Frierson, as he met her under the live-oaks before the house, "in the hope that the climate may benefit my mother. She is in raptures over your magnificent spring and the charming situation of your house. In fact," he added, "she is tired out, and is really crying like a child at the idea of leaving this bit of paradise for the hot, dusty road."

Mrs. Frierson's heart went out to this tired invalid searching for health. She walked down to see her, with kind words and kindly offices. The

Edwards train remained a week in camp near the springs; a mutual liking soon developed into a strong friendship between the two families, and finally the proposition came from Mrs. Edwards that Mrs. Frierson should lease Manchac Springs to her for three years.

"But where shall we go?" asked Mrs. Frierson, in some perplexity.

"You forget Prince Braunfels' Merinos, Mother," said Waldo.

"If we only had a suitable tract of land, we could accept both Prince Braunfels' proposition and that of Mrs. Edwards," said Ruthven, deep in thought. "We can not go far enough away from civilization to preëempt land. Mrs. Edwards is willing to advance money if we will lease the place to her, but even that —"

"Well—I'll be shot!"

This singular and most unlooked-for exclamation came from Uncle Cyrus.

Every one looked at him in amazement.

"Whatever is the matter, Uncle Cyrus?" asked Hessie.

"Why, this is the matter," he replied, "and I can't imagine why I did n't think of it before. I bought a land patent of old Jack Lubbock a dozen years ago to help him out of a tight scrape. I got it for a mere song—fifty dollars, I think,—and I've kept it clear of taxes ever since. It's a perfectly magnificent tract of land in the Lampasas region. Let us all go there. It's the very place for sheep; plenty of mesquit grass and running water—just the thing, Bessie; just the thing!"

And Uncle Cyrus's plan *was* "just the thing." It completed the chain of circumstances that was to lift the Friersons out of their debt and distress. Ruthven was full of plans and arrangements; Waldo was now the best of friends with Uncle Cyrus; and as for that gentleman, a cloud seemed to have rolled from his face.

"He never was cheerier in the old days," Waldo said to Bessie. "He insists on deeding the land to Mother, and begins to feel that he may yet undo the harm that he has done. It's a great plan, Bessie, but I know it is n't *the* plan he's been hinting at so long. I believe I have an idea of what that is, and if it's true—why, Bess, it'll be perfectly glorious for us all!"

So the great change came about, and it seemed, as Mrs. Frierson said, "as if all things worked together for good." Turning over Ruthven's carefully kept note-book, one sees that Uncle Cyrus made his unexpected appearance in the Frierson household on January 7; the Prince's proposition came on March 15; the Edwards family camped by Manchac Springs on March 20; on the 25th of March Uncle Cyrus so suddenly begged to be shot;

and the 30th of March saw Waldo and Uncle Cyrus on their way to prepare a place for the family as well as they could in the Lampasas, a hundred miles away, taking with them three Mexican laborers and an abundance of tools and weapons. Ruthven was to follow a month later with old Jock McGilveray, the Scotch shepherd of Prince Braunfels, driving the costly old Merino ram, Don Quixote, and the ewes.

It was toward the last of April that Ruthven and old Jock were approaching the creek which is known as the Lampasas, and which gives the name to the whole region around about. Jock, who had never been known to ride, was trudging sturdily along, driving the flock before him, while a little behind, rode Ruthven in an old ambulance containing the baggage and camp outfit. Suddenly the Lampasas, here some twenty yards wide, appeared before them, flowing silently along. Jock stared as he saw the bed of the creek, shining as if coated with silver; even the flock drew back in affright at the strange sight. Don Quixote how-

ever was thirsty, and in a moment stooped to drink, but only to draw back with a sudden spluttering and choking. It was the same with Ruthven's horses.

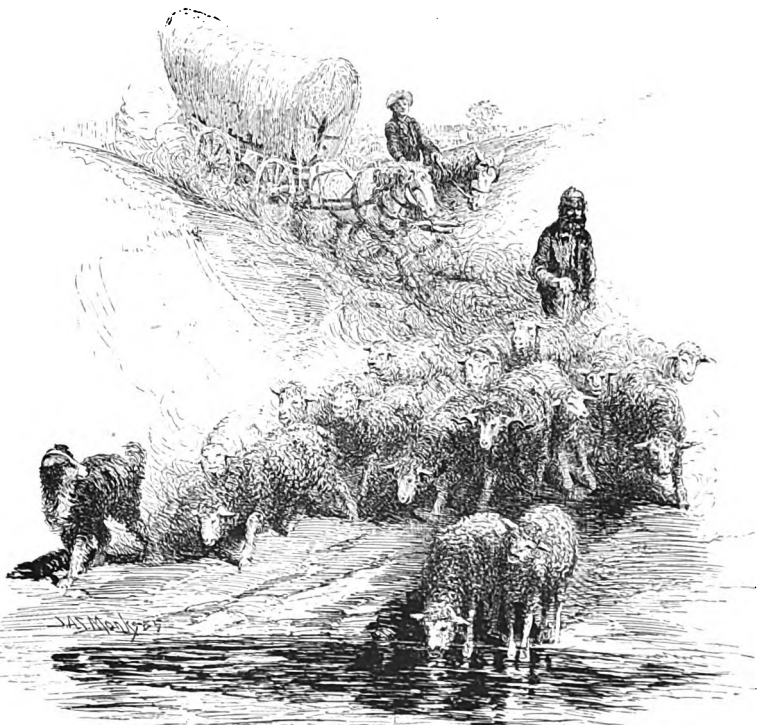
"Hech, mon! It is just like this most meeser-able Texas," said Jock, indignantly; "and is it to pizen the sheep we have come hither?"

"It's only the sulphur, Jock," Ruthven explained. For he knew that the whole Lampasas region was full of medicinal springs, in which were all sorts of queer-tasting waters, sulphur being the strongest of all.

Several days passed before old Jock, his flock, or the horses could reconcile themselves to these waters. In less than a month, however, they all began to endure the horrid taste; in two months they drank the water with eagerness. Some day this Lampasas country will be as famous as Saratoga.

May was a busy month, both at the sheep ranch on the Lampasas and at the house at Manchac Springs. And on June 3, the whole family arrived at the new home, with their horses, cows, and a score or so of Mexican sheep. Only the most necessary housekeeping articles had been taken along, most of the household goods having been leased to the Edwards family.

The newness of everything, the change of air and scene, the perpetual pressure of "getting



RUTHVEN AND JOCK ARRIVE AT LAMPASAS CREEK.

settled" did them all good, and the young people had never been happier than during the weeks when they worked like Trojans, out in the pure air from dawn to dark.

"I never knew that food *could* taste so well," Hessie often declared; "and as to sleep—why, it is perfectly delicious to sleep as I do!"

It is hard to explain just what forms the singular charm of the Lampasas region—whether the rolling hills, deep with the sweetest of grass; the peculiar dark green of the groups of live-oaks, or the transparent purity of the air and the sky. The distant hills hang in the horizon like folds of emerald fleece, and there is a sort of velvety smoothness in the vast landscape, changing through all shades of verdure as the shadows of the clouds chase one another over the prairies.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with especial vigor by all, for it seemed a double holiday to this happy family, freed from the tyranny of debt and despondency.

"We are independent of the world!" cried Waldo, as he fired a great salute.

And he was right. For much had been accomplished. Upon the noble hill, in the center of its diadem of oaks, a four-room cedar cabin had been erected, a twelve-foot hall running through the center, and smaller shed-rooms in the rear,—the whole sweet with the fragrance of cypress clap-

He was over sixty—over seventy for all anybody knew—and as gray and craggy as one of his Scotch hills. Not Damon and Pythias were more inseparable than were Jock and Don Quixote, the big Merino ram whose horns swept back from his black nose, giving his kingly head the aspect of Gibraltar. By day-break the ram, the ewes, and their keeper were upon the sunny slopes; before dark, for fear of wolves, the same companions were together in the sheep-fold of wattled stakes, Jock sleeping in a long shed opening into the fold, his two shepherd collies, Laddie and Scotty, at his



DON QUIXOTE, THE MERINO RAM.

boards and cedar walls and floors. Near the cabin were a long stable, store-rooms for supplies and for the future fleece, and a kitchen-garden, planted with potatoes, onions, cabbage, and other needed vegetables. The Mexican laborers had a camp of their own, and Uncle Cyrus, slipping off before day with Waldo, would rarely return to a late breakfast without an abundance of large or small game.

"The only thing that keeps me uneasy, Jock," Mrs. Frierson often said to the old Scotchman, "is that you have to leave us so soon."

"Were ye iver in Scotland, mem?"

That was about the only reply Jock would ever make.

feet. The old man was almost as silent as his charges, and seemed to live but for two things: first, to get back to Scotland at the earliest possible moment; second, to secure Don Quixote, his ewes and lambs free from harm until he must leave them.

"He'd know," said Waldo, "if a mouse ran through the fold. And when it is too dark to see the sheep, he goes among them to make sure by actual handling that they are all there."

"Jock and Don Quixote have never been separated since the old man went to Spain with Prince Braunfels to select the sheep," Ruthven explained, "and Jock believes that what the patriarch Abraham was to the children of Israel, Don Quixote is to be to all American sheep."

"I do love to see the old man," said Bessie, "out on the prairie, half lying on the grass, the sheep feeding around him, the dogs by his side. Every now and then he glances up from under his heavy eyebrows, says a word to Laddie and Scotty, and off they dash, rounding the sheep toward a fresh pasturage, Jock following on behind. If we can only make him like us, perhaps he will give up his dream of Scotland and be content to stay with us."

Just then, with the noise of shouting and singing, with loud laughter and halloing, there dashed helter-skelter past the ranch a band of two or three hundred men, some in a sort of half uniform, some in red mining-shirts and all dusty, dirty, sunburned, and slouch-hatted. Mrs. Frierson would have been terrified had not the men lifted their hats to her as they rode by.

"They are Texas rangers!" cried Waldo excitedly. "They've been out fighting Apaches."

Then he disappeared and an hour after returned from a long talk with some of the rangers.

"I was right," he said. "They have been out fighting the Apaches. How I wish I could have gone with them! One of them gave me this handful of Indian arrows. They told me —"

It is unnecessary to repeat here what Waldo had been told. But the coming of this band of Texas rangers was to again change matters wonderfully in the Frierson household.

CHAPTER IV.

THE APACHE'S GIFT.

ON the Wednesday following the October Monday on which the rangers rode by, Waldo and his uncle were hunting along the trail upon which the rangers had come, some twelve miles north-west of the ranch on the Lampasas. Suddenly Waldo's quick eye, now trained to all signs of game, detected a bear on the prairie. The recognition was mutual. The bear made for a bayou thickly fringed with cotton-wood and pecan trees, Waldo hard after him. Reaching the deep ravine, the two hunters separated, Uncle Cyrus standing with gun in readiness, Waldo beating the underbrush below, with many a yell and shout. Soon Uncle Cyrus's gun rang out once, twice, and Waldo found the dying bear lying at the bottom of the ravine in a foot or two of muddy water.

"Stake the horses, Waldo, and fetch along the spare rope," said Uncle Cyrus. "We'll have to noose this old chap around the neck and drag him up the bank."

Waldo did as directed, and was returning with the rope, through the underbrush, when suddenly

he gave a yell and a leap in the air that brought his uncle to him, post-haste.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"There—look there!" Waldo replied, in open-eyed astonishment pointing to the ground at his feet.

Uncle Cyrus, too, stared in surprise; for there, just before them, stretched out by the water, lay an Indian, apparently dead. He was terribly emaciated, hideous with war-paint, his eyes closed, and his hands drawn together on his breast. What seemed especially strange was the absence of any weapon upon or near the body.

"Take care, Waldo!" cried Uncle Cyrus in warning. "An Apache is a dangerous customer!"

But Waldo was already bending over the Indian; and as he studied his face, he thought he detected a slight twitching in the left eyelid. Kneeling beside the poor fellow, the lad lifted the long and bony arm and disclosed a bullet-hole in the left side. Placing his ear close to the heart he listened a moment, and then crying out, "Oh, Uncle! he's alive!" Waldo ran to where the horses were staked and returned with a flask of whisky, always carried on these hunting expeditions for fear of snake-bites. After working over the Indian some time, Waldo and his uncle were rewarded by seeing the eyes slowly open. Then Waldo started back in terror, as, with a look of hatred and ferocity, the wounded man made a desperate struggle to rise, and fell back motionless.

"He's one of the rangers' wounded prisoners," Uncle Cyrus explained, "and a chief, doubtless, or they would not have tried to bring him in. He 'played dead,' and then crawled off here from their camp."

And so it proved. For, as they learned afterward, this was none other than Hungry Wolf, a fierce Apache chief.

Somehow, between them, Waldo and Uncle Cyrus managed to bring this sorely-wounded savage to the ranch. And here a strange thing occurred. Old Jock took a deep interest in the wounded Apache, sharing his cabin with him, keeping him clean, dressing his wound, and cooking mutton broth for him.

Though he had been shot through the lungs, there was just a bare chance of the Indian's recovery; but for a long time it was an impossibility for him to move, much less to escape.

For weeks Hungry Wolf was almost literally a wolf—silent, sullen, enduring his agony without a groan, glancing at every one with eyes wherein venomous hatred slowly gave place to astonishment, and this, still more slowly, to gentleness.

"We must remember," Mrs. Frierson said, "that this man is not a savage merely. Many

generations of savagery are in his blood. Such things as pity, forgiveness, gratitude, love, or even kindness to any one, least of all to an enemy,—why really, my dears, a wolf is not more ignorant of such things than is he. And yet he is a human being, and we can only do our best for him.”

So it became a regular thing for Hessie and Bessie to carry him appetizing food, and for Ruthven and Waldo to try to encourage him by gestures and smiles, tobacco. But seemed to take

“Did you see said one Jock reads to for hours, especially on Sunday, and from the Bible. Of course he must know that the Indian can't understand a word. Perhaps he thinks the very sound may do him good.”

Perhaps it did. The poor wounded Apache would listen as if he did understand, and every one could see that he was growing gentler. Gradually he and Jock came to understand each other in one sense.

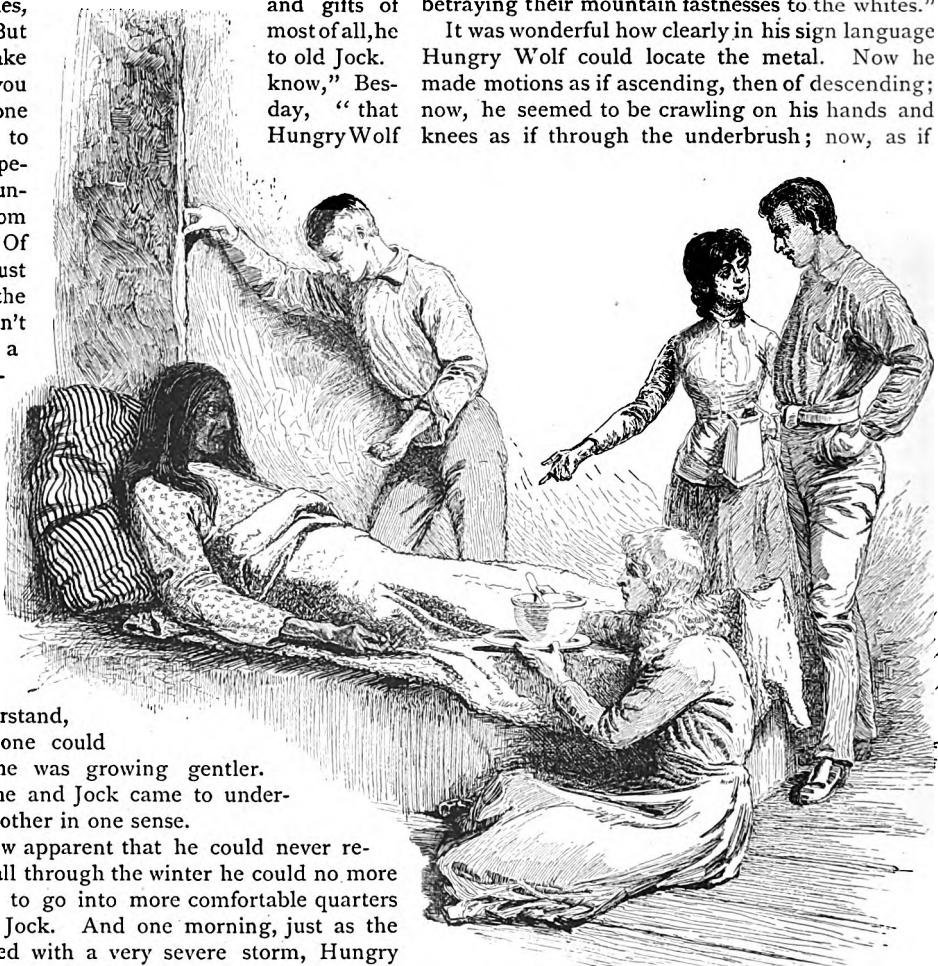
It was now apparent that he could never recover, but all through the winter he could no more be induced to go into more comfortable quarters than could Jock. And one morning, just as the winter closed with a very severe storm, Hungry Wolf was found in the cabin, dead.

It was not until he was buried and they all were speculating what he might have been had he grown well beneath their care and attention, that Uncle Cyrus made known a matter which had hitherto been a secret between old Jock and himself.

Very slowly the Apache chief had grown grateful for the astonishing kindness shown him. He must have known that he had not long to live; and one Sunday afternoon he suddenly arrested Jock's monotonous reading and began to tell,

in the sign language they had established, of a place in the Sierras, unknown to the whites, where silver could be found. Silver, he knew, meant wealth for the white man; and wealth for his kind friends, whom he had grown in his savage way to like, meant comfort and satisfaction. And so, before he died, he revealed the secret which, as Uncle Cyrus said, “was as strong as death to the Apaches; for to tell it was almost the same as betraying their mountain fastnesses to the whites.”

It was wonderful how clearly in his sign language Hungry Wolf could locate the metal. Now he made motions as if ascending, then of descending; now, he seemed to be crawling on his hands and knees as if through the underbrush; now, as if



THE FRIERSON BOYS AND GIRLS MINISTER TO HUNGRY WOLF.

going up and down canyons, the sides of which he could almost touch with his extended hands; now, by a rapid motion of his fingers and a noise of his lips he intimated that water was flowing by. Old Jock contrived to take notes of it all, and when at the end of his imaginary travels Hungry Wolf threw up his hands and looked over his shoulder at the shepherd, old Jock exclaimed, “There 's wheer the siller is! Yes, I see! I see!”

Then Jock told Uncle Cyrus, and after many weeks of gestures and signs, and a frequent use of names and maps and savage localities, at last a rough map was draughted, upon which, at a seemingly clearly indicated point, according to Hungry Wolf's directions, silver would be found.

"And there, Bessie, you have my secret, my long cherished plan," Uncle Cyrus said to his sister. "You know I once spent a summer among those mountains, and I know that the country is full of gold and silver. I am of no use here; Ruthven is amply able to direct and care for everything, and we must make money faster. Before you know it, the girls and boys will be too old to go to school, and they are worthy something better than roughing their lives out on this ranch. Here is the chance for us to become independent and regain all you have lost. Here is wealth in our grasp. My plan has always been for Waldo and myself —"

"Never!" Mrs. Frierson broke in, indignantly; "never, so far as Waldo is concerned! If you tempt my boy to go off there with you, I tell you frankly, Cyrus, I shall never forgive you!"

And Uncle Cyrus knew that she was in earnest.

For a few days he seemed greatly cast down. He had shown the family the map made out in his conferences with old Jock and the Indian, and had been full of enthusiasm.

"Very well," he said at last, "Waldo shall not go with me. But go I must. There is nothing I can do here. I am as certain of finding silver as I am sure of my own existence. Let me succeed and you will forgive me. But go I must!"

And go he did. He joined a party of prospectors bound for some of the other mining districts in Arizona. But Waldo remained behind, almost desperate. He chafed and rebelled at what he called the uneventful monotony of his daily life.

"Another party of men is being made up to go," Ruthven told his mother. "I am afraid that Waldo will run away, if you do not let him join the party. Suppose we risk it and let him go. He will join Uncle Cyrus at once. There is not much danger, and he will never be content until he has made the experiment."

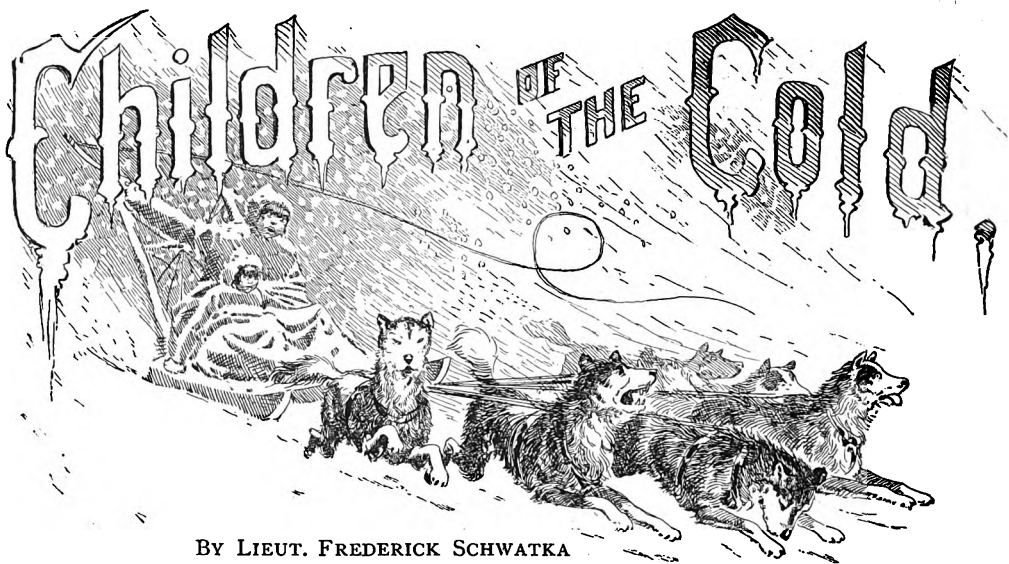
Mrs. Frierson was too sensible a woman not to see how matters were tending. Reluctantly she consented, and rapid preparations were made. Waldo overwhelmed his mother with assurances of how prudent he would be.

Almost before one could believe it, he was off, having joined a party of twenty men. And so the search for wealth began, and Hungry Wolf's silver mine among the mountains of Arizona was the secret magnet that drew both Waldo and his uncle Cyrus away from the comforts and home happiness of the ranch on the Lampasas.

(To be continued.)



A DUET.



BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA

FIFTH PAPER.

IN common with the children of workers all over the world, little Boreas must commence to take his share in the family toil as soon as he is old enough to learn and strong enough to do. Most of the sports of the boys are, in fact, such as will enable them to learn something that will be useful later in life, such as playing with the young dogs, harnessing and driving them, shooting with the bow and arrow, and throwing the lance at live animals. The girls, also, in making their dolls, learn to sew and to make coats and other garments of reindeer skin, and boots and shoes of sealskin leather.

When the men have very nearly finished building the *igloo*, the boys are expected to take the big, broad wooden shovel, described in my first article, and throw the loose snow against the sides of the *igloo*; for between the blocks of snow will be many "chinks" and crevices that would let in a great deal of cold air, if not stopped up. Besides throwing on this loose, soft snow about two feet deep, the boys have still another way of "chinking." Little Boreas, with the snow-knife in his right hand, cuts from the upper edge of the block, in the joint which is to be "chinked" a thin slice of snow, and with his left fist doubled up rams it into the joint between the blocks, his left fist keeping a constant punching as the knife runs slowly along the edge of the joint.

Of course, during the first three or four courses of blocks, the boys (and sometimes the girls) can

"chink" the joints while they are standing or kneeling on the ground; but after it gets above and beyond the reach of their arms, they have to crawl on top of the house, which looks so frail that you are almost certain the little fellows will tumble through the thin snow walls of the hut. But when it is completed and made of good snow, three or four big men can go on top of it, so much stronger is it than it appears to be. Sometimes, however, the boys are surprised and disappointed; for, when the snow is soft, or happens to be full of sand or little specks of ice, they come tumbling through the top of the *igloo*, generally on the heads of those who are making the bed or setting up the lamp inside of the house; and then the *igloo* has to be built all over again. Fortunately, however, these cases are of rare occurrence.

Sometimes, in very cold weather, the boys will both "chink" and "bank" the *igloo* (banking being the covering with loose snow), and then, with a small lamp, it is quite easy to heat up the little snow house to a comfortable temperature; but this, you remember, must never rise to the point where snow melts, or the house will come tumbling in on their heads. After Boreas's father has cut enough snow blocks to go two or three times around the *igloo*, if there is no other man in the party, he will tell Boreas to cut the rest; and the lad generally manages to furnish his father with enough blocks to complete the house.

After the *igloo* is finished, the bedding of reindeer skins is taken from the sledge; but before these go in-doors, the snow that has worked into them (especially if there has been a strong wind

during the day) must be beaten off with a snow-stick; and this comparatively light work generally falls to the children, unless there is a great hurry to get into shelter from some terrible wind, in which case all the party turn to and work with a will.

When the house is finished, Boreas must see that the dogs are unharnessed and turned loose. The seal-skin harness, which the dogs would eat if in their usual hungry condition, must be put inside the snow house or fastened to the top of a tall pole, stuck upright in the snow, so that the dogs can not reach it.

In the morning, when the dogs are needed for the day's work, the boys have to scamper around with two or three harnesses in their hands, catch and harness the dogs, hitch them to the sledge, and then start out after another lot. It frequently happens that some particular dog takes an especial delight in giving his catchers just as much trouble as he possibly can. As soon as he sees that the other dogs are being harnessed, he will trot away to the top of some high ridge, and coolly sitting down,

ways noticed that, like spoiled children, they invariably go from bad to worse, until finally their master becomes so angry that he ties one of the dog's fore-feet to its body every night, so that he will have no trouble in catching the would-be runaway on the next morning.

The dogs are also used in various ways in hunting. When the weather is so foggy that Boreas's father can not see very far, and there is consequently but little prospect of killing anything unless the hunter almost stumbles upon it, the father will take his bow and arrows, or his gun, if he be fortunate enough to own one, and giving the best-trained hunting-dog in charge of Boreas himself, they start out reindeer-hunting. Boreas puts a harness on the dog, ties the trace around his own waist, or holds it in his hands, and follows his father out into the fog.

Of course, the older Eskimo has some idea of where the reindeer will be grazing or resting, and he soon finds out which way the wind is blowing over the place where he suspects the reindeer to



ESKIMO BOYS CATCHING A RUNAWAY DOG.

will maliciously watch the efforts made to catch him. Of course, everybody now turns out, the dog is surrounded, and probably after he has broken through the circle thus formed around him two or three times, he is finally caught and receives a severe trouncing from a harness-trace in the hands of some angry young Eskimo; but this lesson seldom does the dogs much good, as I have al-

be. Then, with Boreas and the dog, he goes around in such a way that the game will not be disturbed, to some place where the wind blowing over the reindeer will come toward the hunters. As soon as this place is reached, the dog smells the reindeer, and commences sniffing the air as if anxious to go toward them. Boreas allows the dog to advance slowly, still holding on to the harness so

that it shall not run away. As soon as the dog scents the deer, it goes directly toward them, and when it is quite near, it grows excited, and commences to jump and to jerk the harness-trace by which Boreas is holding it; being a well-trained hunting-dog, however, it never barks so as to frighten the deer by the sound.

Boreas's father now knows from these excited actions of the dog that the reindeer must be close at hand, although he can not see them for the fog. So he tells Boreas to hold the dog and remain in that spot while he takes his bow or gun and crawls cautiously forward in the proper direction. Before he has gone far, probably not more than twenty or twenty-five yards away, the huge forms of two or three reindeer loom up through the fog. If he is a good hunter he will at least bring one down, and perhaps two or three of them, and so have something for supper. When there is snow on the ground, the boy will generally take two or three dogs along, and after a reindeer is killed, will use them to drag it into the snow house. As Boreas loves excitement, this is good sport, and in this way he soon learns to hunt quite well.

The ice on the ocean forms from six to ten feet thick, and through this deep ice the seals manage to scratch a hole to the top, and then form a little *igloo* in the foot or two of snow that usually covers the ice. In the top of this little snow dome is an opening as large as your two fingers; and to this

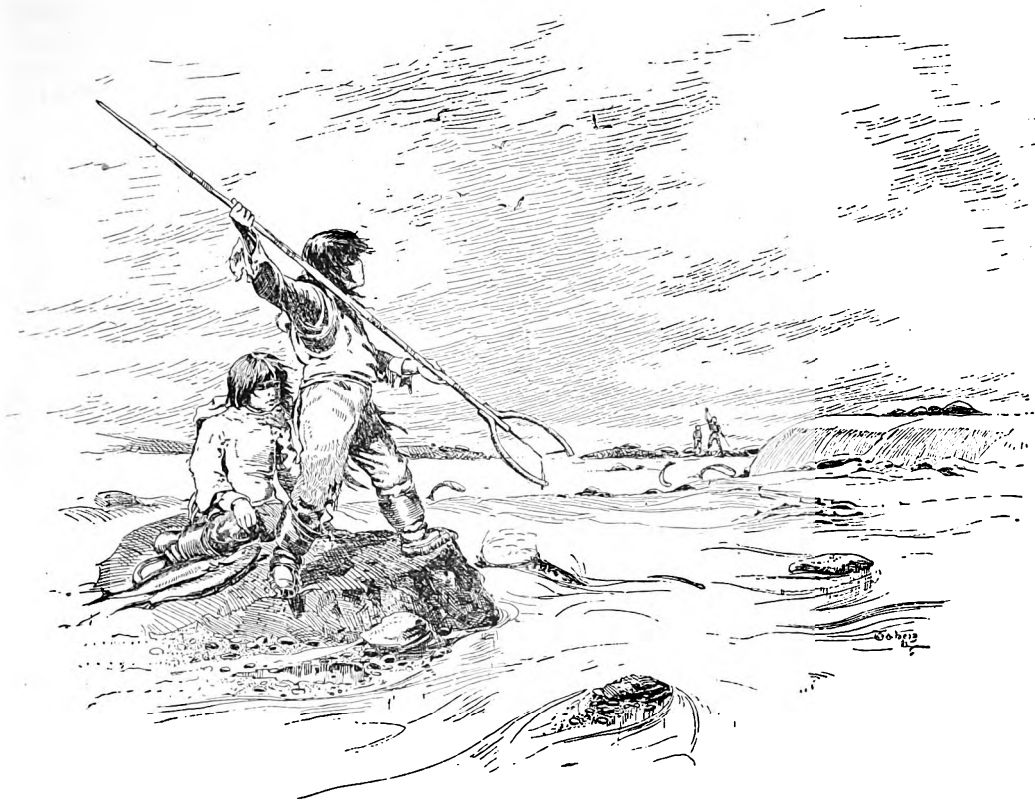
the dog will scent a seal-hole a hundred yards away, and will lead the hunter to it. As it is very uncertain just how long he will have to wait for the seals, the hunter proceeds at once to cut out two or three blocks of snow to make a comfortable seat on which to rest and wait. As I have already said, the seal breathes, or "blows," as it is called, every fifteen or twenty minutes; but oftentimes he is traveling, and each time comes up to a different hole to blow. It is possible, too, that he may hear or smell the hunter or his dog,—for seals are very timid animals,—in fact, there are many reasons why the hole may not be visited by a seal for a long time, and after watching for a whole day, the hunter may have to leave the place, unrewarded. Where the natives, as is often the case, have been almost starving, owing to the scarcity of seals and other game on which they live, the best and most patient seal-hunters have been known to sit for two or three days at one hole watching vigilantly for a seal's nose. But, however long it may be before "pussy" (as the seals are sometimes called) comes around to breathe a little whiff of fresh air, as soon as the first "blow" is heard by the hunter, who is, perhaps, half asleep, he is at once full of expectation and excitement. He places the point of his seal-spear close to the "blow-hole," and by the time "pussy" has taken two or three whiffs she is astonished, by a sudden thrust of the spear crushing in through the dome of snow; the cruel barb on



igloo the seal comes, about every quarter of an hour, to breathe. When he puts his nose close to the little hole at the top of the dome for some fresh air, he breathes in a series of short gasps that any one near the hole can readily hear. These holes are so small that even the close-observing Eskimo hunters, while walking over miles of ice-fields, could easily pass them by without observing them. But if there is a dog along, as in reindeer-hunting, and if the wind is in the right direction, and a seal has been breathing recently in the *igloo*,

the spear-point catches into her flesh underneath the skin, and the hunter draws her to the top of the ice, crushes in the snow with his heavy heel, and then kills the captured seal.

Sometimes the mother seal seeks a breathing-hole under the deepest snow and makes a much larger dome, so that the ice will form a shelf two or three feet in width. Here the little "kittens," or baby seals, spend their time until they are big enough to try to swim with their mother and learn to care for themselves. Here, too, she brings



ESKIMO BOYS SPEARING FISH IN THE RIVER-RAPIDS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

them food, and when disturbed, hurries away, leaving her kittens on their ice shelf, where they are safe from harm, because they are of the same color as the snow and, therefore, can not be seen by the wolf or bear who is out seal-hunting. The Eskimo, however, when he comes to one of these *igloos*, has an instrument like a long knitting needle, which he sticks in through the blow-hole, and, working it around, soon finds out whether any babies are to be kidnapped from Mother Seal's snow house.

After little Boreas's father has gone into camp, and while he is building his snow house, the boys of the party go to work to dig a hole through the ice on the fresh-water lake, near where the camp is built, in order to get fresh water, with which to cook supper. The first thing necessary is to select a good spot for the well, which is generally about a foot and a half or two feet in diameter, and from four to eight and ten feet deep, depending, of course, upon the thickness of the ice.

But, before they begin to dig, the boys fling themselves down on the ice, even flattening their noses hard against it, so as to bring their eyes as close to it as possible. From some peculiarity

in the color and appearance of the ice they can judge as to there being water underneath it, for there is nothing so disappointing, after having dug the well five or six feet down, as to find lumps of ice coming up full of mud or sand, showing that the bottom is dry. The boys, however, seldom make a mistake in their observations, although now and then they will get "fooled" about it, and will find that they have spent a quarter of an hour's hard work for nothing.

The deeper the snow has drifted on the ice the thinner the ice will be, as the snow protects it during the intense cold, just as in our climate the deep snow protects the delicate plants on the ground, and keeps them from being killed by the coldest weather. And as it is so much easier to shovel off the soft snow than to dig through the hard ice, the boys always look for a deep snow-drift very near to the spot where they have peered through the ice and seen clear water beneath. If they can get near a crack that extends entirely through the ice, it will also make it much easier to dig the well, as one side is thus already prepared for them.

Having selected as favorable a place as possible,

they commence their digging. The first instrument used is nothing more than a chisel, a bayonet, or a sharpened piece of iron, lashed on the end of a pole, ten or twelve feet long. With this they cut a circular hole in the ice of about two feet in diameter, and a foot deep. Then, when it becomes difficult to use the ice-chisel, they scoop out the accumulated pulverized ice with thin ladles made from musk-ox horn, of which I told you in a former paper. One of these ladles is also lashed to a long pole, and is used to dip the cut ice out of the well. And so the boys work away at their well, first cutting down a foot or so with their ice-chisels, and then scooping it out with their ladles, then cutting again, then scooping, until finally they have bored clear through, and the fresh water comes rushing up to the top, and all the thirsty people in camp, who have had no water all day,—as well as the dogs, which are equally thirsty,—get a good drink, and have plenty of water with which to prepare supper.

If the boys had not been successful in finding water, the girls would be obliged to collect a lot of ice or snow, and melt it in the stone kettles over the *igloo* lamps, and at least an hour would be wasted before their hot supper would be ready—and this is quite a serious affair, as in that terribly cold country, people want their supper just as soon as it can be made. Besides this, a great deal of oil would have had to be used in melting the ice and snow, and oil is very precious.

In digging the ice-well, the boys are careful to keep the hole the same diameter away down to the water, especially when they come near the bottom, for if there are any fish in the lake or river they will try to catch them through this hole in the ice. Most of the lakes and rivers of the Arctic regions of North America are full of delicious salmon, and the poor Eskimo who have to eat so much fishy seal meat and strong-tasting walrus flesh, appreciate these fine salmon much more than do we, with our great variety of food. Their fish-lines are made of reindeer sinew, and are much stronger than are our lines. The fish-hooks are simply bent pieces of sharpened iron or copper, and as they are not barbed at the end the native fisherman has to pull in very fast when he hooks his fish, or he will lose it, as every boy knows who has fished with a pin-hook.

If a lake is well stocked with fish, the natives will often camp by it for two or three days and dig a number of holes, so that the women, and every boy and girl as well, can be busy catching salmon while the hunters are roaming over the hills looking for reindeer and musk-oxen. Here they will sit, on a couple of snow-blocks, nearly all day long, holding the hook a couple of feet below the ice.

and bobbing it continually to attract the notice of the fish. Sometimes they attach small, polished ivory balls near the hook, to attract the fish, which seeing them, from a long distance, dancing up and down and glistening in the light, at once swim up and try to eat the reindeer bait on the bent hook, to their certain and speedy disgust. As a protection from the wind, the young fishers often build a sort of half *igloo*, and shelter themselves behind it. This also serves as a place to hide the fish that are caught; for there are always a crowd of half-starved dogs sneaking about, trying by hook or crook to steal a fish.

But this is not the only way that the Eskimo boys and girls have of catching fish. In the spring of their year, about the middle of our summer-time, when the ice is breaking up and running out of their rivers, they catch fish in great quantities at the rapids in the rivers, and store them away for use in the winter. For this purpose they use a curious spiked and barbed fish-spear, which is shown in the illustration on the preceding page.

When the fish are very numerous, the men and women, as well as the boys and girls, manage to get a footing on some rock in the rapids, where they can stand easily, and, as the fish rush by, they impale them on these spears until great quantities have been caught. The fish are then split open, and spread over double rows of strings stretched from rock to rock. Here they are left to dry, though in the cold, short arctic summer the fish only become about half as well dried, as they would in our climate. These dried fish are then stored in seal-skin bags and kept for future use; a great many are fed to the dogs to put them into good condition for the winter.

When the reindeer have been killed, their skins are stretched on the ground to dry, with the hairy side down, and although they may freeze as stiff as a board, in the course of a week or two the water will dry out of them. These skins are then taken and put through a process by means of which they are made as nice and soft as a piece of buckskin or chamois-skin,—or, if it be a fawn reindeer, as soft as a piece of kid. This is done by scraping them with a peculiarly shaped instrument which tears off all the flesh that may have adhered, and scrapes away the inner thick skin that makes the hide so stiff and unpliable. When the skins are thick and heavy, the men do the work, for it is then very difficult; but otherwise the women, and very often the little girls, scrape the skins and give the finishing touches, and then make them up into coats, dresses, stockings, slippers, and all sorts of clothing.

For cutting these reindeer skins into shapes for garments, a very queer kind of scissors is used..

It is, in fact, a kind of knife, and an odd knife at that. It looks very much like the knife that is used by saddlers and harness-makers; and when it is used in cutting, it is always shoved away from the person using it. This knife is used for everything that is to be done in the way of cutting, from seal and reindeer skin to the thinnest and most fragile strings. At meals, too, some one will put to his mouth a great piece of blubber or fish as big as your fist, seize as much as he can with his teeth, grasp the rest in his hand, and cut off a huge mouthful with this knife. If you were watching him, you would feel certain that he would slice off his nose in this awkward movement, but the Eskimo are so very dexterous

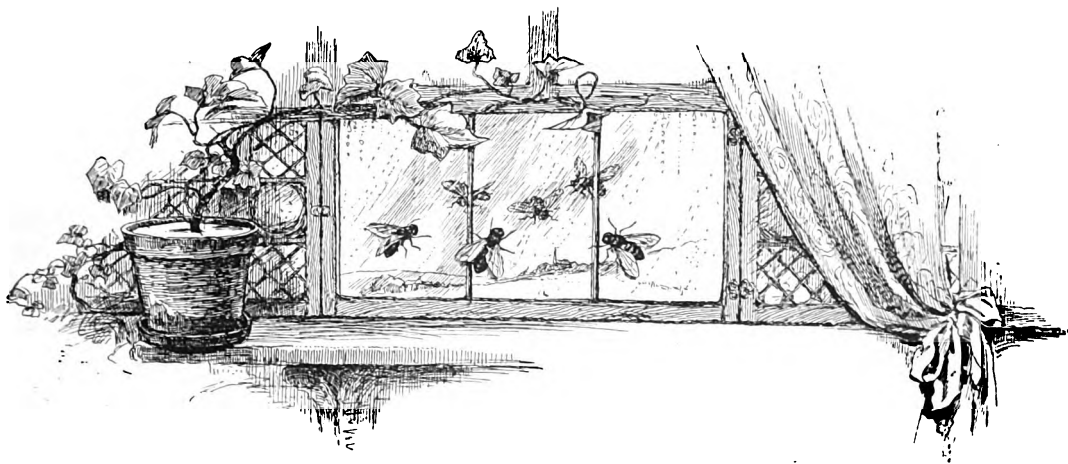
that there is not the slightest danger of such an accident.

When the reindeer skins have been dressed, and made up into garments, and these have been put on,—girls and boys, men and women, are dressed so nearly alike, that at any considerable distance you cannot tell them apart.

The Eskimo girl wears a long apron. And just over her shoulders, her coat-sleeves swell out into large pockets; and in her stockings, just above the outer part of the ankles, she also has pockets, in which she keeps her sewing, moss for lamp-wicking, a roll of sinew for thread, and any other similar article that she may need to carry with her.

THE SIX LITTLE FLIES.

By D. W. C. L.



THREE little flies in the room, on a pane —
Three little flies just outside, in the rain.

Said the three little flies as they hummed on
the pane,
To the three little flies who were out in the
rain:

“Don’t you wish you were here on this side of
the pane,
Instead of out there in the cold and the rain?
And then we must tell you there’s dinner
a-cooking,
Though, really and truly, we have n’t been
looking.”

Said the three little flies outside in the rain
To the three little flies inside on the pane:
“We think it’s much nicer out here in the
rain
Than shut up where you are, inside on the
pane;
And then there’s more fun than the boys
have at ball
In dodging the rain-drops as fast as they fall.”

And now I am sure that my lesson is plain:
Whenever you feel there is cause to complain,
Remember the three little flies on the pane,
And the three little flies just outside in the rain.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

AULD LANG SYNE.

AND now, in this month sacred to Independence Day, let us consider some of the memorable facts in regard to that great epoch in our national career.

Of course, every young patriot knows all about the origin of the Declaration of Independence; the struggles and privations endured and the obstacles overcome by our forefathers; the noble zeal of the statesmen representing the people in the Continental Congress; the achievements of our battle-heroes both on land and on sea. From Lexington to Yorktown, you can easily follow the path of war.

But though familiar with the causes that resulted in the independence of the colonies, you may not know the course of events that led to the formation of the republic and the creation of its present form of government, nor of the difficulties that accompanied the nation during the early period of its career. You perhaps do not know that the most arduous task remained to be done after the war had closed. Liberty had been secured. How was it to be maintained? That was the great question to which Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and other leaders of the people applied the power of their minds.

The great "Continental Congress," consisting of representatives of the colonies, immortalized itself by the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, 1776. It convened at Carpenter's Hall (since known as Independence Hall), in the city of Philadelphia, on the 10th of May, 1775, and continued in session until 1781.

While the Declaration of Independence was still under consideration in Congress, but before final action upon it, a resolution was passed (June 11, 1776), appointing a committee

"To prepare the form of a confederation to be entered into between these colonies."

The committee performed the labors assigned to it, and on the 15th of November, 1777, "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union" were approved by Congress and submitted to the colonies for their adoption. Those Articles were agreed to

by all the colonies and signed by their authorized delegates in March, 1781. In the same month, the First Congress under the new arrangement convened.

To this confederacy, thus entered into, was given the name of "The United States of America," but the States comprising it were like so many empires. They did nothing more than enter into a friendly league or partnership, in which each State retained its "sovereignty, freedom, and power"—in other words, each State had supreme control over its own affairs, and the Congress itself could only meet and discuss what *ought* to be done, without having the power to say what *should* be done or to enforce obedience. Congress could give advice, but the States could follow it or disregard it, as they chose.

Such a league, therefore, was found to be but a worthless arrangement. To be sure, it could have done no harm, even had it tried; but the purpose in establishing it was to derive some benefit from it; and the people soon discovered that it was unable to do any work at all.

The upshot of the whole matter was that Congress advised that a convention of delegates, to be appointed by the States, should be held at Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1787, to suggest some "remedy" (to quote the words of the resolution) for these "defects"; and the representatives were accordingly chosen, and assembled on the 25th—eleven days later than the time fixed.

These delegates were merely to "revise" the articles of confederation, and report their opinions to Congress and the various State legislatures. But after a brief deliberation, they came to the conclusion that it was better to construct an entirely new federation, vested with complete powers. In other words, they resolved, on the 29th of May, "That a *national government* ought to be established, consisting of a supreme government, legislative, executive, and judiciary."

With this in view, they began their work, and kept steadily at it until they had finished. It was a memorable event—that gathering of free and independent States, quietly arranging to merge their own sovereign rights into one mighty authority, protective, general, central, and supreme!—one of the grandest spectacles, as has been said, recorded in the annals of the world! And this,

boys and girls, is the wonderful story that is epitomized in the motto of our republic:

E PLURIBUS UNUM! — "One composed of many."

George Washington was chosen to preside over that great constitutional convention. Finally, on September 17, after a consultation of four months, it forwarded its report, and presented to the Congress of the Confederation the form of "a more perfect Union" and government for that Union. This was the *Constitution* — to which I have so frequently referred, and it was speedily transmitted by Congress to the various State legislatures, "in order to be submitted to a convention of delegates chosen in each State by the people thereof."

It is needless to dwell upon the ordeal of criticism that it underwent in the State conventions. Eleven of the thirteen States having given their assent, in the mode of formal ratification,* the new Union and government came into existence, and the First *Constitutional* Congress of the United States assembled in the city of New York on the 4th of March, 1789.

That Congress met in joint convention, and counted the electoral votes previously cast for President and Vice-President. This action resulted in declaring George Washington and John Adams duly elected to the respective offices for the first term. On the 21st of that month, Mr. Adams was, with proper courtesies, received by the Senate and "introduced to the chair"; and on the 30th, as I have already described, General Washington was inaugurated as President of the United States.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOVERNMENT.

HAVING thus recalled the several historic steps by which our Government was formed, let me now endeavor to help you to comprehend the theory as well as the workings of that Government. To properly understand the interests intrusted to the Federal law-makers, it is necessary to remember that at the time of the Revolution the people of this country were gathered into various "communities" or "societies," called "colonies," under a certain form of "government," which they found did not protect their interests as it should have done. They declared themselves "free and independent," and, in doing this, asserted, in the following words, the great principle which I have explained:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal;† that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalien-

able Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying the foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

So they threw off the government of the King of England, not only as a matter of "right," but as a matter of "duty" to themselves and children, and provided "new guards for their future security." Instead of "nations," they called their communities "states"; and the people of each State agreed upon a new arrangement, or government, and appointed the necessary officers to attend to the objects of that government.

But they all were engaged, during the Revolution, in fighting one great enemy. They had, therefore, a common interest; and so they said, "Let us join hands, and help one another." They did so,—and they won the fight.

But after they had won, the people of the various States found that they were not only likely to be attacked again by a common enemy, but that they were also likely to get into wrangles among themselves. The people of each State had declared themselves free and independent; they had had enough of fealty to a superior power; they resolved to be their own sovereigns and govern themselves, and thus "assume among the nations of the earth, that separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God" entitled them.

It was, therefore, but natural that they should have been disinclined to create and arm with wealth and power a general government, that might also be made to wield, some day, the scepter of tyranny and oppression, and crush out the independence of the States and the lives and liberties of the people. They had writhed under the lash of a king, and they did not wish to establish a "system" that might eventually become a worse despotism than that which they had escaped. So they said, "Let us enter into some sort of arrangement, and appoint some men to make certain rules, which shall be for our union and guidance. And they did." They entered into the "Articles of Confederation." But, as I have explained, this alliance of interests was found to be unsatisfactory. Once more the States counseled together, and through their representatives determined to make a wiser and more helpful arrangement, that, in the words of these representatives, should "*secure a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, pro-*

* The remaining States (North Carolina and Rhode Island) added theirs later on.

† That is, born to equal rights.

mote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"; and they determined to appoint men enough and to give them power enough not only to prescribe, but to carry out the regulations necessary to these *common* and *general* needs.

Yet they made a very natural and proper condition. The people of New York, for instance, said: "Now, we have already a government and officers of our own. We have certain interests which do not affect the people of Virginia or the people of other States; and we should prefer that these officers should continue to attend to these *special* interests, because they are familiar with our local affairs and wants, and can assist us, in those matters, better than officers appointed from other States." And the people of Virginia and other States said: "That suits us; for we, too, have special interests and governments and officers of our own, and we prefer our local officers to attend to our special wants." And it was accordingly agreed that the people of the States should retain their various State governments, with the understanding, however, that the State officers should not meddle with things that concerned the people of other States, and that, on the other hand, the Federal Government and its officers should not interfere with the State governments or officers except in such matters as concerned the *general* and *common* interests of *all* the people, or about which there might be conflict or ill feeling between the people of two or more States.

This agreement and arrangement is the *Constitution*. The people of all the States thereupon became one great nation, with a great Federal Government; and the people of each State retained their local governments.

But you are not to look upon this Federal Government, or Republic, as a "club," or regard it as simply a sort of "constabulary," or "police force." It has a grander purpose than to lock people up, and preserve order in the streets. The United States is a mighty nation. It represents the "sovereignty" of fifty millions of people. The officers of government are but the agents appointed by the people; and the people have a right to remove those officers, whenever they desire other or better men to act for them. The government was created by the people, in the exercise of their own "sovereign authority"; it was established for their benefit and welfare; and it is managed by the people, through agents chosen and paid by them. And these three great facts are embraced in the memorable words of Presi-

dent Lincoln that I have taken all this space to bring to your attention, that the Government of the United States of America is: —

"A government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people."

And I have made this explanation that you may understand the important principles which were voiced by the very preamble of the Constitution, and which speak in all our institutions and our laws!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THOSE WHO EXECUTE THE LAWS AND THOSE WHO INTERPRET THEM.

OUR first law-makers patriotically began at once to organize and equip the various branches of the governmental service, and otherwise meet the intentions and requirements of the Constitution.* They promptly arranged for defraying the expenses of the new government by the levying of taxes. Then followed various enactments, establishing certain executive departments, and furnishing them with clerks and other assistants. They also passed the important "Judiciary Act," which created a system of Federal courts, thus organizing the third "coördinate" branch of the government, and putting into operation the mighty machinery of national law and justice.

During their second and third sessions, moreover, the members of the First Congress established the permanent seat of government at Washington, D. C.; † attended to banking and currency questions; arranged for the payment of the public debt incurred prior to the new form of government in maintaining the interests of the people; and supplied other wants of the nation. Their labors have been continued by subsequent Congresses, so that now the Federal Government is a marvelous contrivance of thoroughness and order.

Let us look at the result of all this legislation of the law-makers, so far as it bears upon the general plan of the two other branches of the system, — the law-executors and law-interpreters.

The executive power is, by the Constitution, vested in the President; ‡ but the business intrusted to the executive power is distributed, under the provisions of numerous enactments, among seven "established executive departments," as follows:

1. The Department of State.
2. The Department of War.
3. The Department of the Treasury.
4. The Department of Justice.
5. The Post-office Department.

* See Sec. VIII., Cl. 18.

† The struggle over this question had been started some years before, under the Confederation, and was fiercely continued by the First Congress, members from various sections contending for different localities. The present location was agreed upon as a "compromise," but actual possession of it by the Departments of Government was not taken until the autumn of the year 1800.

‡ Constitution, Art. II., Sec. I., Cl. 1.

6. The Department of the Navy.
7. The Department of the Interior.

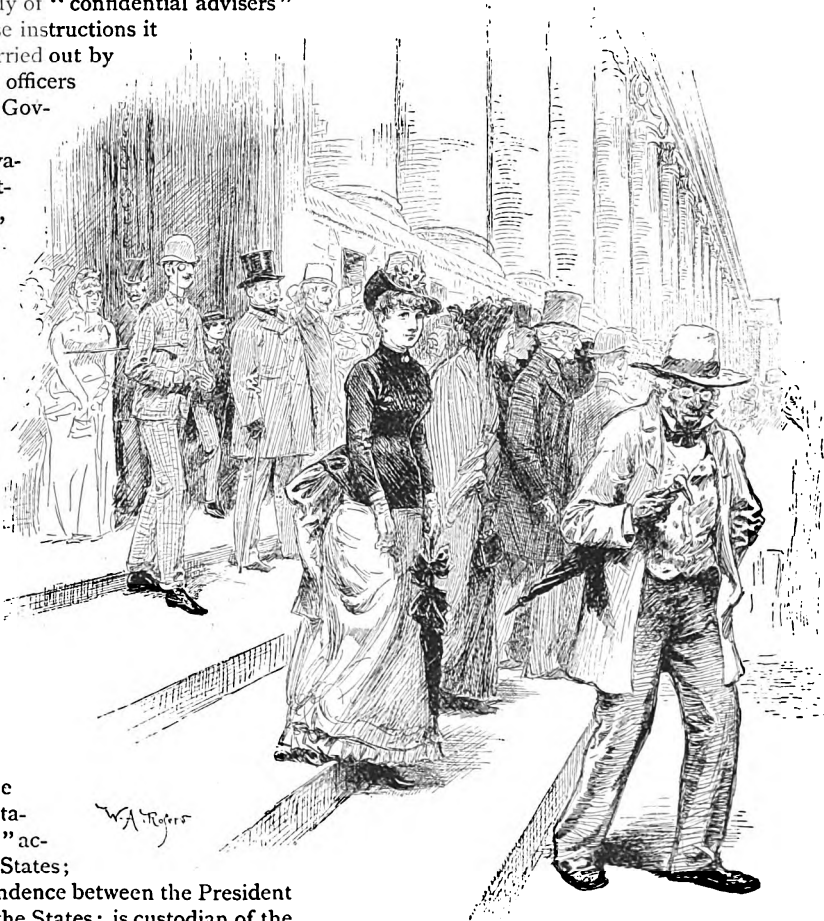
These departments are presided over by officers, styled "Heads of Department," and known respectively as the Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Treasury, Attorney-general, Postmaster-general, Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of the Interior. Together, they form the "Cabinet," or body of "confidential advisers" of the President, whose instructions it is their duty to see carried out by the thousands of civil officers in the employ of the Government.

The duties of the various executive departments are, of course, almost infinite. The State Department was created on the 27th of July, 1789, by the name of "Department of Foreign Affairs;" but this name was changed within two months afterward. The Secretary of State is first in rank of all the members of the Cabinet. He is the "right-hand man" of the President; attends to "the foreign interests of the country, through its ambassadors, ministers, and other agents abroad, or through the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers" accredited to the United States; conducts the correspondence between the President and the governors of the States; is custodian of the great seal, and of the treaties and laws of the United States, and in other ways is a very prominent officer.

The Secretary of War has charge of the military service, and, in that department, executes the orders

of the President, who is, by the Constitution, Commander-in-chief of the Army.*

The Secretary of the Treasury superintends the national finances. He is the tax-gatherer and paymaster of the Government. From customs duties, internal revenue, and other sources, millions flow annually into the public vaults, the key to which is kept by the disbursing officer, or treasurer. The Secretary must not let any of these funds slip away without



TREASURY CLERKS LEAVING THE TREASURY BUILDING
AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY'S WORK.

permission of law, and every cent received and expended must be regularly accounted for.†

* Constitution, Art. II., Sec. II., Cl. 1.

† See Constitution, Art. I., Sec. IX., Cl. 7. The accounts of the government are stated by "fiscal" years, instead of by calendar years; that is, beginning on the 1st of July instead of the 1st of January. An idea may be formed of the magnitude of these financial operations from a few figures. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1894, the "net ordinary receipts" of the Government were \$348,519,869.92, and its "gross receipts," \$555,397,755.92; and during the same period, its "net ordinary expenditures" were \$189,547,865.85, and its "gross expenditures," \$504,646,934.83. And although up to the year 1861 neither the gross receipts nor the gross expenditures, in any one year, reached \$100,000,000.00, but, on the contrary, averaged far below, the total gross receipts of the Government from its beginning in 1789 to June 30, 1884, amount to \$21,078,087,835.31, and its gross expenditures to \$20,650,486,065.71.

The Attorney-general gives the President his opinion in regard to the meaning of congressional legislation and other matters of doubt, when called upon for legal advice, and represents the Government in all law-suits in which its interests are involved.

The Postmaster-general looks after the transmission of the mail, and, as his title implies, is chief of all the postmasters, mail-carriers, and postal agents in the United States.

The Secretary of the Navy has charge of the naval service, and therein executes the orders of the President as Commander-in-chief of the Navy.

The Secretary of the Interior looks after the Indians—the “wards of the nation,” the execution of the laws relating to patents, public lands, and pensions, and he has charge of nearly everything that does not come within the duties of the other departments.

I have named the departments in the order of their establishment by Congress. The Department of the Interior was not established until 1849, and the Attorney-general and Postmaster-general had to wait some years before becoming cabinet officers.

Each of these seven cabinet officers now receives a salary of eight thousand dollars a year. They are appointed by the President “by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.”

To attempt to give you an idea of all the subordinate civil offices created by Congress would be perplexing. The assistants to the Executive are legion in number, and scattered far and wide. The head-quarters of the Executive Departments are, of course, at the city of Washington, and the splendid structures assigned to their use have, with the White House and Capitol, given to that city the complimentary title of the “City of Palaces.” Any one who passes the great Treasury Building in the afternoon at about four o'clock, when the army of clerks is leaving for the day, readily understands why some folks have the notion that every resident in the Federal city is a Government officer. The clerks pour out from all the doors in one continuous stream, to which there seems to be no end. They are of all ages and conditions. An old colored man, who has picked cotton beneath the lash of slavery, comes merrily along, proud of the fact that he can now work for greenbacks and support his family in comfort. A pretty girl, thinking perhaps of a new hat or humming a tune from an opera; a gray-haired veteran, familiar with the secrets of many an administration of by-gone years; a middle-aged woman, with a face furrowed by the iron fingers of care, struggling to maintain her orphaned children; a happy-go-lucky, dandy-looking stripling, twirling his cane with one hand and gracefully twisting his mus-

tache with the other,—these are but a few specimens of those who follow in quick succession.

The judicial power of the Government is vested in the Supreme Court and a number of inferior tribunals.* The Supreme Court consists now of the Chief-justice of the United States, with a salary of \$10,500 a year, and eight Associate Justices, receiving \$10,000 each. They are appointed by the President, with the approval of the Senate. The existence of this, the highest court in the land, can not be disturbed by legislative power, and the justices can only be removed from office by proceedings of impeachment.

Next to the Supreme Court come the nine Circuit Courts and, then, the numerous District Courts of the United States, the judges of which are appointed in like fashion. The powers of these various courts are, in general, to decide all cases which involve any Federal law; and, to assist them in their work and enforce their mandates and decrees, there is a multitude of clerks, marshals, and other officers.

Such, in brief, are the Executive and Judicial Departments of the Government.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARMS AND INSIGNIA.

THIS great system, you will remember, is not the work of a day. The three powers of government were furnished by the Constitution; yet to provide for the wielding of those powers has demanded a century of legislation. But, however otherwise complete or incomplete in the organization of its government and its ability to transact business as a nation, it would have been humiliating indeed if the Republic, in its early days, had been too poor to display a Great Seal to give “authenticity” to its official acts and records, or to flourish a flag as evidence of national sovereignty! The old Revolutionary forefathers understood “the proprieties,” as well as the eternal fitness of things; and it is a curious fact, as indicating the importance attached to a seal, that this matter was considered by the Continental Congress on the very day on which the Declaration of Independence was read, and the separate existence of the States was proclaimed to the world. After the signing of the Declaration, on the 4th of July, 1776, and before the adjournment for the day, a committee was appointed—consisting of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson—“to prepare a device for a seal for the United States of America.” Although the committee made a report within a few weeks, no decisive action was taken for six years. On the 20th of June, 1782, however, the Congress of the

Confederation adopted a device for the Great Seal of the United States.

This device is shown by the accompanying illustrations.* It was used by the old General Congress; and by an Act of the First Congress under the Constitution (September 15, 1789), it was adopted as the Great Seal of the United States, to be kept by the Secretary of State, and affixed by him to proclamations and other executive instruments and acts.

The subject of a flag or standard was also consid-

led to the following enactment, which is yet in force, approved on the 4th of April, 1818.

AN ACT to establish the flag of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white in a blue field.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July then next succeeding such admission.†



Obverse.



Reverse.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

ered in the Continental Congress; and, on the 14th of June, 1777, this resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.†

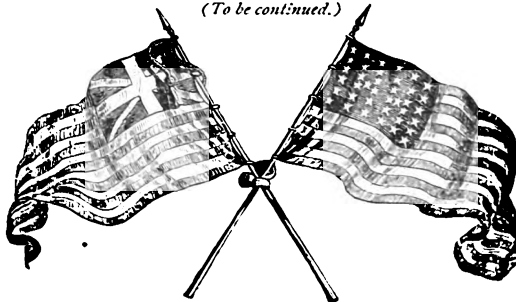
The admission into the Union, after the establishment of the present Government, of Vermont and Kentucky as new States, caused the number of stars and stripes to be increased to fifteen each; and the subsequent addition of five other States

Whenever, therefore, an American sees this glorious ensign of his country, the stripes recall to his mind the birth of the Republic, with the events that surrounded it; the stars suggest its wonderful development in size, in resources, and in power; and, in homage to the national grandeur and protective authority which it represents, wherever he beholds it,—whether in mid-ocean floating at the head of a passing ship, or waved aloft in the streets of foreign lands,—he lifts his hat to it with a patriotic feeling of filial love and pride.

* The eagle and arrows are familiar to all schoolboys. The "reverse," or unfinished pyramid is seldom if ever used. The motto "*E pluribus Unum*"—"one composed of many"—is well known. The mottoes on the reverse, "*Annuat Cœptis*" and "*Novus ordo Sæclorum*," mean respectively, "Heaven favors the undertaking" and "A new order of things."

† For interesting particulars concerning the origin of this device see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1883, p. 66.

(To be continued.)



OUR FLAG IN 1776 AND IN 1885.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

IV.—MOZART.

“THERE can be but one Mozart.” How often have these words been repeated by all who are familiar with the music of this immortal master, the prince of melody! Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg, Austria, January 27, 1756. His musical career began in his infancy. His remarkable genius, together with his serious face, caused the fear that he would not live to grow up. His sister, Marianne, had considerable musical talent, and while her father was giving her lessons, Wolfgang would employ himself in picking out thirds. He soon received instruction with her on the clavier. He was a sweet, tractable child, applying himself to whatever was set for him to learn; but soon everything was given up for music. At the age of six, he composed a concerto for the piano, so difficult that his father could not play it, and Wolfgang was obliged to show him how it should go. Wolfgang then began to study the violin, and one day, when some musicians were practicing together at his father's house, he begged that he might join them. His father requested him to play very softly so as not to disturb the others; but he played so beautifully that the second violin, whom he accompanied, soon ceased and left Wolfgang to finish alone. The child was of a sunny and loving disposition, and would often say: “Next to God comes Papa.” He wished he could “put his papa under a glass case, so that he could never escape from home,” and once, when away from home, he “sends his mamma a hundred million kisses, and kisses Marianne's nose and mouth.”

The father now determined to travel with his little prodigies, and in 1762 they visited Vienna, where they were enthusiastically received. The emperor, when he first heard Wolfgang perform, called him the “little magician.” The children were petted by the whole court, and Wolfgang hugged and kissed the Empress Maria Theresa and the little Princesses; before leaving, the children were painted in full court costume. They next played in London and Paris, completely fascinating the public, and in Paris a painting was made in which we see Wolfgang at the harpsichord, with his sister by his side, and behind them his father playing on the violin. They next traveled in Italy, where they created a great sensation. While at

Rome they heard Allegri's “Miserere,” at the Sistine chapel, a work so prized that people were forbidden to copy it; but Wolfgang took a few notes, and after reaching home, copied it all from memory. At Naples, the people thought his wonderful improvisations were due to the magic properties of a ring which he wore; but when he removed it, and still the enchanting sounds fell from his fingers, their admiration knew no bounds.

In 1773, the family returned to Salzburg, where young Mozart worked steadily until he was twenty-one. He was now anxious to travel and establish himself in his profession; and as his father was unable to leave his business, the mother accompanied her boy to Paris; but to part with Wolfgang was a severe trial to the father.

From that time on, misfortune seemed to pursue this gifted man. Thenceforth he was never free from trouble and sorrow. On arriving at Paris, he found that the public had forgotten the little boy who but a few years before had captured all their hearts; his efforts to support himself were unsuccessful, and it is pitiful to read of the slights he sometimes endured. In 1779 he returned to Salzburg unsuccessful and disheartened. He staid there until 1781, when he left for Vienna, which he made his home for life. He now began a steady battle against the poverty which was always threatening him. If he left the city, some creditor was the last person to bid him farewell, and some wretched debt was his first welcome on his return. His wife, Constance Weber, to whom he was married in 1782, though devoted to him, was unfortunately a poor manager; the young people constantly changed their lodgings, and the house was never in order. The Emperor, who could have relieved all Mozart's distresses by giving him a court position, was dissuaded from doing so by the jealous and inferior musicians who surrounded him. It seemed as if nothing were too petty nor too cruel for some of these men to do, and no other musician ever suffered such wrongs at the hands of his brother artists as did Mozart. He worked incessantly at anything which would bring in money, even to giving lessons; yet he never had anything, and his appeals to his friends for help were pitiful. But through all his troubles Mozart kept his sunny disposition; a friend who once found him and his wife dancing about the room was astonished when told they did it to keep warm, as there was no

wood in the house. In 1785, his father visited him, and was delighted to find his son's affairs in a better condition, and his position in the musical world very high. Haydn, who dined with them, said: "I recognize your son as the greatest composer I ever heard of." The friendship between Haydn and Mozart was strong and lasting; each loved and admired the other. In 1782 Mozart dedicated six quartets to his "dear Papa Haydn."

Shortly after his opera of "Figaro" had been successfully produced in May, 1786, Mozart gladly accepted an offer to play at Prague. On arriving, he found the streets ringing with his music. "Every one," he wrote home, "dances here to the music of 'Figaro'; nothing is sung but 'Figaro'; no opera so crowded as 'Figaro'; forever 'Figaro.'" Perhaps nowhere in Mozart's career did he meet with higher appreciation than during this visit.

In October, 1787, after his return to Vienna, Mozart produced his greatest opera, "Don Giovanni." As late as the night before the performance the overture had not been copied. Mozart wrote on until late into the night, and his wife could only keep him awake by telling him the old fairy tales, such as he loved when a child; at times he would break from laughter to tears, until, growing more and more weary, he fell asleep. At seven the next morning, he arose and finished the score, the ink in some parts being scarcely dry when the copies were placed on the musicians' desks. The musicians had to play the overture at sight, but its beauties aroused the greatest enthusiasm both in the players and the audience. Mozart superintended all the rehearsals, and inspired the singers with his own ideas and feelings. He taught the hero to dance a minuet, and when one of the singers failed to conquer his score, Mozart altered it on the spot. At last the Emperor bestowed a court position on Mozart, but the salary was so meager—it was less than \$500—that it was of little help to him, while his duty, to compose dance-music for the court, was humiliating. Well could he reply, when asked his income by the tax-gatherer, "Too much for what I do; too little for what I could do."

Handel's music had a profound influence over him, and on hearing a motet of Bach's, he was amazed, and said, "Here is a man from whom we can learn something," and he never ceased to study Bach as long as he lived. At last poverty, persecution, and misfortunes of all kinds began to tell upon Mozart, and his light spirits deserted him; he grew very gloomy, and felt that he had not long to live, nor did this feeling ever after forsake him. During 1789 Mozart was obliged to travel in order to eke out his income, and to procure the funds to start on his journey he pawned his

plate. No wonder that he felt saddened and depressed. When Haydn, before his London visit, said farewell to Mozart, the latter replied: "This is our last farewell in this life." Haydn, who was sixty years of age, thought Mozart referred to him, but it was his own fate that Mozart prophesied, and truly, for Mozart passed away while Haydn was yet in London. After Mozart returned to Vienna, he began to write the "Requiem." His melancholy increased, and, finally, his health broke down; he felt that he was writing his own requiem, and told his wife so; but he was, nevertheless, much absorbed in his work, often greatly taxing his strength. During his last illness, he asked some friends who had called upon him, to take the different parts of the "Requiem" and sing it with him; all went well till the "Lacrimosa" (a special section of the "Requiem" near the middle of the score), when he burst into tears, and was unable to proceed. His last words were an effort to tell where, in the "Requiem," the kettle-drums should play. He died on December 5, 1791. His wife was too poor to buy a grave for him, and, as in the case of Bach before him, no stone was placed to mark his grave; a furious storm raged during the funeral, and a handful of men out of all the great city of Vienna followed him to the grave.

This same great city of Vienna, in which his laborious life was passed in so much poverty and distress, has just devoted \$50,000 dollars to raising a monument to his memory. This is more money than Mozart received for all the work of his life, and as a recent writer says: "It is a striking inconsistency of fortune that this tribute should be paid the great composer by the children of those who allowed his life to be cut short by penury, hardship and neglect."

Few are they who could follow the career of this gifted man without the deepest pity and sympathy. Fortunate, indeed, it was for him, that he had an ideal childhood, for his manhood was as great a contrast to it as is darkness to light. Nothing but his genius enabled him to bear up under the poverty and persecution which beset him at every step. No one less gifted could have lived on, pouring out strain after strain of deathless music. He could not help writing, and outward circumstances were nothing to him. He frequently worked out an idea in his head, and wrote it with the greatest ease, "as people write letters." He preferred to compose at night, and some of his loveliest creations were born with the morning light. His music always told the story of his heart, and so every one loves it. As long as music lives Mozart will live; his music is his monument.

HOW SPORT SAVED THE KITTENS.

ON a large farm, there was an old cat with five little kittens. One of the kittens was gray, like its mother; another was black, with one white paw; a third was black all over; while the other two looked just alike.

The mother cat told her kittens to be kind and polite to every one,—and to be very kind to dogs,—and each night, before going to sleep, she made them repeat these words: “Let dogs delight to bark and bite, but little kittens never.”

One day, a big dog named Sport came to live on the farm. Sport was full of fun, and he thought that chasing cats was great fun. Near the barn in which the cat and kittens lived, grew five large apple-trees; and when Sport first saw the cat family, he thought what fun it would be to frighten the mother into the hay-mow, and chase each one of the five kittens up a tree.

So he gave a loud bark, and sprang in upon the happy brood. To his great surprise, the kittens, instead of arching their backs up to twice their size, and hissing in an ill-bred way, all sat quite still, and looked quietly at the stranger, to see what he was going to do next. Then there was a long pause, followed by two short paws which the gray kitten put out toward the dog, as though she would like to shake hands with him if she only knew how. This so amused Sport that he tapped the kitten very gently on the back, and then the cat, dog, and kittens were soon rolling and tumbling about the barn floor in a frolic. From that moment, Sport and the cat family were great friends.

Not many days after this, the five kittens were playing along the bank of a small river which ran behind the barn, and, spying a piece of board which lay with one end on the ground and the other in the water, they all jumped upon it. But they were no sooner upon it than the board broke loose from the shore, and started down the stream!

The kittens were badly frightened, and cried aloud for help, and though the old cat hurried out of the barn, she could not do anything for them. She could only rush up and down the bank, and she was afraid that all the kittens would be carried down to the mill-pond and over the dam. But suddenly she heard a well-known bark, and the next moment Sport—dear old Sport—was at her side! The good dog saw what the trouble was at once, and the thought came to him that, if he should bark just as loud as he could, some one might run down to the river to see what was

the matter, and then the kittens would be saved. So Sport began at once. How he did bark!

In less than two minutes, one of the men came running toward them.

It was the farmer himself. He thought from the great noise Sport was making that the dog must have found a family of wood-chucks, and so when he caught sight of the kittens he began to laugh.

But then he took a long pole, and very slowly and carefully pulled the kittens ashore. Then, he picked them up in his arms, and carried them toward the barn, while the old cat and Sport walked on behind.

That night, the old cat asked her kittens what or who had saved their lives that day.

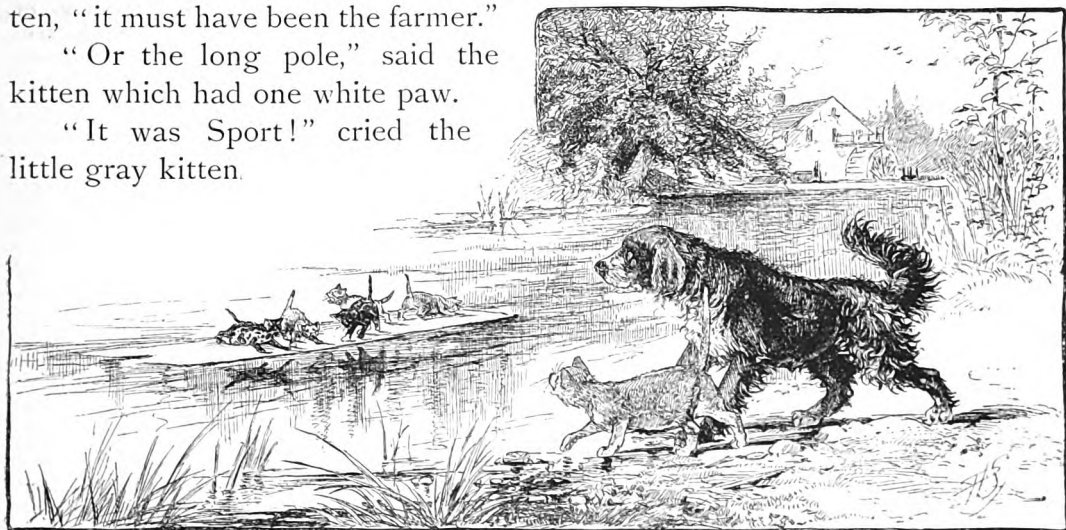
"And we must n't count you?" said two or three in one breath.

A smile lit up the face of the happy mother as her little ones said this, but she only said, quietly: "No; you need n't count me."

"Then," said the all-black kitten, "it must have been the farmer."

"Or the long pole," said the kitten which had one white paw.

"It was Sport!" cried the little gray kitten.



"We owe a great deal to Sport," said their mother; "but most of all to the fact that you have always tried to be polite and kind to every one about you. Sport would never have come to save you if you had been cross, ugly kittens, and I hope you will always remember the lesson of this day,—will you?"

"I will," said the one white-pawed black kitten. "I will," said the all-over black kitten. "We will remember," said the two that looked just alike. "I will re—mem—b" began the little gray kitten, but before she could finish the sentence she was sound asleep!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE is a July Riddle for you!

What is that which bursts its tender coverings and springs up full of life before it is sown? It may be called a distant cousin of the artillery fern, which your Jack has already shown to you,* and it is sown all over the country this month by industrious boys and girls who love the pretty red and yellow things, and carry bunches of them about—but that is before the above incidents have occurred.

Well, who said it *was* a flower? Not I, my chicks!

Now we may discuss

FIFTEEN FEET AND THEIR OWNERS.

OH, Oh, Oh! where did all those letters come from? letters by hundreds, by thousands—letters by quarts, by bushels, by heaps and hills. The dear Little School-ma'am says she never before saw so many letters at once; and they all are addressed to Deacon Green in response to his message last month: **FIFTEEN OWNERS WANTED.** The little lady says he has been reading them from morning till night, day after day, but he has not yet been able to examine all that have come.

Aha! here is the Deacon himself, with his hands and pockets full of letters. His face is glowing with happy pride, and he says:

"Thank the youngsters for me, friend Jack, and tell them they shall hear from me next month."

AN APPLE-TREE INDEED.

SO FAR, it seems that not one of my chicks has been able to tell me, from personal observation, of the very, very oldest apple-tree; but here is something from a fourteen-year-old English boy:

"In answer to your question as to the oldest-known apple-tree, allow me, dear Jack," he writes,

"to send you the following account of a very noble tree, and an American apple-tree to boot. It was printed in last February's issue of *Young England*":

On the land of an old gentleman named Hotchkiss, living at Cheshire, Connecticut, is an apple-tree supposed to be, at the present time, no less than 186 years old. It is said to be the last of an orchard planted by the first settlers in that neighborhood. Mr. Hotchkiss is over eighty years of age, and he has known and owned this tree for nearly half a century. Some time ago, he informed a gentleman that, when he was a boy, he heard his grandmother say that she used to play in her early childhood under its then broad and sheltering branches. The body of the tree is four feet in diameter up to the point where the limbs branch out. There are five main branches, each of which is nearly two feet in diameter. Its height is sixty feet, and from its outermost branches, apples falling perpendicularly lie upon the ground thirty-three yards apart! Mr. Hotchkiss said that he had picked up and measured one hundred and twenty-five bushels of good sound apples out of one year's product of this tree, and he estimates that it has borne from ten to twelve thousand bushels from the date of its being planted up to the present time.

Well, I am astonished! Ten to twelve thousand bushels of fruit, and to think that all of these once were green apples! Enough, the Deacon remarks, to double up half the boys of the United Kingdom, to say nothing of the Dominion of Canada and all the colonies. If such apple-trees grew in my meadows I fear the happy crickets would sing many a dirge before the close of summer; not that crickets care for apples, but they *do* like boys and girls.

THOUSANDS FOR ONE GOWN.

How many silk-worms, do you suppose, are required to make one pound of silk? According to my most learned birds, and you may be sure that they know what they are talking about, it takes almost three thousand silk-worms. And now, if you wish to find out how far a pound of silk goes toward making one of you little girls a nice silk gown for Sundays, you can have some yards of honest dress-silk weighed, and so discover the matter for yourselves at the rate of three thousand cocoons to the pound.

SOME PEOPLE'S QUEER NOTIONS.

THE wearing of jewels of gold and silver began with savages, who could think of no more secure way of keeping their valuables than hanging them in their ears, noses, lips, cheeks, or around their necks or arms. After a while they seemed to forget that security had been the object in thus disfiguring themselves, and from being pleased at seeing their treasures so conspicuously and safely displayed, they actually began to fancy that the effect not only pleased every one else, but that they themselves presented a very attractive appearance.

Think of a person being attractive with a hole in the end of the nose and a gold ring hanging there! Or with the cheek pierced by a large pin! I am told that not only savages, but persons who call themselves civilized, actually pierce holes in their own ears and hang gold and jewels through them! This, however, seems too strange to believe, and I'd thank you all to look sharply at the ears of

* Jack-in-the-Pulpit, St. NICHOLAS, May, 1884.

any civilized person you may meet, and tell your Jack whether the strange story is true or not.

Of one thing I am sure: the dear Little School-ma'am, bless her! and Deacon Green are quite civilized, and *they* do not hang jewels from their ears.

At all events, very odd things are done by mortals to aid or improve upon nature, and some of these things, the Little School-ma'am says, are as horrid as they are odd; while others, she maintains, are full of a grace and poetry which please the eye and delight the imagination.

Japanese maidens, who are pretty enough naturally, I am told, daub their faces liberally with red and white paint, and put a dab of bronze on the lips. Chinamen sometimes allow their finger-nails to grow as long as six inches. Chinese girls glory in deformed feet. A tribe of South American Indians bore a hole in the lower lip and force in there a wooden plug larger than a silver dollar, making the lip look like a shelf! Can it be true that all over the world men and women are busy disfiguring themselves in the hope of looking handsome?

BUTTERFLY HEAD-DRESSES.

A GOOD friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. John R. Coryell, wrote to your Jack, about these same queer notions of people who, to put it mildly, choose to make themselves objects of pity, for beauty's sake, and now he asks me to tell you some pleasanter facts concerning persons who wish to ornament themselves, and yet are not quite ready to bore holes through their flesh in order to shine in society.

For instance, he says there are Cuban women who fasten huge fire-flies in their hair, and let them shine there like stars taken from the sky. This is a beautiful idea, and the fire-fly does not seem to object, for when released, it flies home as if it had a good store of adventures to relate to its waiting friends.

There are many other such graceful fancies, he says, but of them all, none is so fantastically beautiful as that in vogue among the Darnley Islanders, who, in truth, are the last persons one would suspect of any such thing. They live on an island in Torres Straits, between New Guinea and Australia, and are not only ugly looking, but are more than suspected of being cannibals.

On Darnley Island, it appears, there is a kind of very large and most beautiful butterfly called *Papilio poseidon*. It is marked in brown, black, and bright-red colors, and measures seven inches across the wings. This gorgeous creature is captured by the Islanders bent on decoration; a tough but delicate vegetable fiber, in lieu of a thread of cotton, is tied about its large body, and the end of the fiber secured in the man's hair. A half-dozen butterflies will be tethered in this way to the man, and as they soon become reconciled to cap-

tivity, their graceful flutterings about the unhand-some head of the man produce an effect difficult to describe and hardly to be imagined.

THOSE PET BEETLES.

THESE Darnley Islanders with their living head ornaments remind me of pet beetles. You all remember the picture which your Jack showed you last winter, in which a lady was decorated with a living beetle, tethered to her dress and doing his best to act the part of a jewel. A little New Yorker, Grace I. S., now sends a message to you about similar insects. "Last summer," her letter says, "my sister had three brown beetles from Cuba



A BUTTERFLY HEAD-DRESS.

given her, looking like those once pictured in ST. NICHOLAS." After dark she would take them out of the box, give them a bath, when they would show bright spots like eyes on the forehead, and a broad band of fire under the wings, making the water a lovely greenish yellow. She fed them with sugar and water, then let them run over the carpet. They trotted like little slowing trains of cars showing bright head-lights.

ILLUMINATED FROGS.

MARIETTA, OHIO, March 31, 1885.

DEAR JACK: The illuminated frog or toad described in a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS is not new to me.

If any of your readers who live in the region of fire-flies will catch a toad and put him under a glass and feed him with fire-flies, they will soon have a luminous frog.

One evening, two or three years ago, I gave a few live fire-flies to a frog for the benefit of a cousin of mine who never had seen a fire-fly. It afforded much amusement to us, though I fear it was poor fun for the fire-flies. But they had a gay time after they were swallowed, if one could judge by the sudden way in which the frog was lighted up from the inside.

In this way you can have an illuminated frog as long as the animal's appetite lasts.

Hoping for the continued success of ST. NICHOLAS.

I am yours truly, CHAS. HALL.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WE are indebted to Mr. Samuel W. Pennypacker, of Philadelphia, for permission to copy two of the illuminations, or "reward-cards," in his collection, as illustrations to Dr. Eggleston's article in this number on "A School of Long Ago." Mr. Pennypacker has also kindly furnished the following translation in verse of the curious inscription which appears in the engraving on page 644:

Who is humble when successful,
Who is patient when distressful,
Fears not fortune's fickle changes —
Him no ill fate e'er deranges.

He unharmed can have fate grieve him,
See luck come and see it leave him,
Ever ready he for all things,
For the great and for the small things.

When misfortunes crowd about him,
When they overwhelming cloud him,
Patience is his sole reliance —
He may bid them all defiance.

When good fortune smiles and blesses,
Wooes him with her soft caresses,
Then Humility can save him
From the pride that would enslave him.

If his work is not assuring —
What he does has no enduring —
Patience will help him to bear it,
Soothe his trouble and will share it.

If he meets with prosperous breezes
And has all things as he pleases,
No Humility can hurt him —
For his fortune may desert him.

If he meet with sore affliction,
Having no man's benediction,
Needing much commiseration,
Patience is his consolation.

If he far aloft is lifted,
If his burdens all are shifted,
This may only be to try him —
Let Humility sit by him.

Humbleness can all things cower;
Patience has the greatest power;
Patience saves from every sorrow;
Pride humility should borrow.

Patience is for time of mourning;
Humbleness when fate is scorning;
Sweet Humility assures us;
Patience from our ills secures us.

Both these virtues then I cherish, —
Without either would I perish;
Much of comfort have they for me,
Rest and quiet they restore me.

Our readers will be interested in the letters written by George Washington and Richard Henry Lee, while boys, which are to be found on page 685 of this number. They originally appeared in a volume entitled "Mt. Vernon, the Home of Washington," by Benson J. Lossing, published in this country by Messrs. John C. Yorston & Co., of Cincinnati, and in England by Messrs. Ward, Locke & Co., London. Our thanks are due to those publishers for permission to reprint the letters in ST. NICHOLAS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A very dear aunt of ours in America kindly sends us your interesting magazine every month, for we live in Italy, where there are no English magazines published, so far as we know.

I have a little brother and sister here, and a sister and a brother in heaven. Our parents are Americans, but we were all born in Florence and have never seen America. We hope, however, to go there before long, as we have a grandfather, grandmother, aunts, uncles, and cousins, whom we long to see.

We live in a very pleasant part of the city and have beautiful views in every direction. We are right in front of a large square with a pretty fountain in the center, and I can see from our windows the great cathedral, or "Duomo," so much admired, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Campanile, and a large part of the Viale dei Colli, which is considered one of the most beautiful drives in Europe. From the back of our house we can see Fiesole, which is called "the Mother of Florence," and many little villages. We have plants, flowers, gold-fishes, birds, two doves, and a little one, two and a half days old, besides a little kitten that we took to catch mice.

FLORENCE I. H.

NO. EASTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear how highly favored the children of this town (Easton) are. A rich man residing here has had the ST. NICHOLAS sent free into every family from which a child attends any of our public schools. The rich and poor are all used alike; and when the mail arrives which brings this bright and pretty book, you will see the children in crowds waiting anxiously around the post-office to receive the magazine so kindly

given them. Or in the evening, if you should go into any house in town, you would find the little ones gathered around the table looking at the pretty pictures or reading the stories it contains. I do not believe there is another town in the country so blessed in this way.

L.

LAKE GEORGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eight years old, and I have a dear, good grandma, three sisters, and two little brothers. My oldest sister has a pony and a dog. We have two peacocks. They have no name, but my little brother calls them Jenny and Rose. Our house is called Sunnyside. My little sister has two dolls. Their names are Bell and Dinah. One morning our man killed a big hedgehog, which was covered with quills two or three inches long. We have a farm-house, and an apple-orchard, to which we like to row over and get the apples. I hope you will print this for me, as it is the first letter I have written to you, and I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Your little reader,

EDITH K.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. My sister and I collect worms, moths, and butterflies; it is great fun, I think. We find the worms and put them under wire cases on strawberry boxes, which we fill with earth and leaves, while with others we only put leaves. We have a net each, and one or two extra, so if any friends make us a visit and want to hunt butterflies with us they can. We go to Wickford in the summer; there are a great many butterflies at Wickford, and so we get a good many. We have collected more than a year and enjoy it very much. The

moths we catch at night, as there is but one that flies in the day, and that is the humming-bird moth. I like the *imperialis* best of all the moths. By what I saw of it in a picture, I think that you can tell moths from butterflies, because their antennæ are so much larger, and besides, the butterflies' antennæ are clubbed. I think that they are much handsomer than the moths, at least most of them. The worms make cocoons in the autumn, and you have to keep them all through the winter, as they don't come out till spring; you have to water them once or twice, so that they think it is raining. I found a cocoon this winter; it was a *cecropia*. There are a good many of the *polyphemus* and *salernie* in Wickford, but *salernie* are poisonous; they are covered with fuzzy stuff, and if you touch it it makes your hand sting like everything. I was stung by one once, and I hope I never will be again. There is a southern butterfly in Wickford, only one or two. We only saw two of them, but we could not catch either of them. My papa saw a perfect one and I saw an imperfect one, but, of course, it was Sunday when papa saw the perfect one and a week day when I saw the imperfect one; but we caught a good many other kinds, as I said before. The sulphur and the white ones (I don't know the name of them) are the commonest; the archippus, Camberwell beauty, black swallow-tail, yellow swallow-tail, and the tortoise-shell are quite common, but they all have their time. The silver-moon is a very odd kind, it has a little silver crescent on the back of each wing. I found two worms in the early summer, and they came in the silver-moon time. My brother, myself, and a few others went on an expedition after butterflies, when my brother happened to go into some bushes when out came two *prometheus* moths; they had taken refuge in the bushes for the day; we caught them both, but one was imperfect, so we let him go. The luna is a very uncommon moth, and is one of the largest and prettiest, it is of a light-green color, and has a white body, the wings ending in tails. The most scarce of all northern moths is the "hickory devil," and if you should happen to find one it is most likely to die, it is so sensitive, but some of them live, though it is very hard to take care of them; they are the terror of the negroes at the South, though they are harmless. I was very glad to see letters about worms and moths, because it shows that some one else is enjoying finding them. HELEN.

HOTEL METROPOLE, GENEVA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you since last January, 1884. My dear Mamma gave you to me as a birthday present. I enjoy you very much. I watch for you every month. I am nine years old, and my birthday comes on the 26th of January. I have a little sister named Grace, and a brother named Allan. I often read you to them, and they like you very much. Allan is eight and Grace is six. I read the letters and like them too. I am in Europe and am having a very nice time. I stay in Geneva. And I lived in a little country place named Summit, New Jersey. And I came over here with Papa and my little brother, and came to see my cousin Marie, and I am with my dear Grandmamma, and left my little sister with my other Grandmamma. Grandmamma reads you to me very often, and I like the funny little pieces of poetry she reads to me. Yours truly, LULA T.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

READING, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I visited Mt. Vernon recently, and I am now going to tell you about the principal things I saw there. Before entering the mansion of Mt. Vernon, we paused to take a view of Washington's tomb. All members of Washington's family are buried in lots fenced off around the tomb. Washington and his wife are buried inside the tomb, behind a heavy iron door. But outside of this door, in another division of this tomb, behind the grated iron door at the entrance, are two marble coffins. One of them has the name of George Washington and the coat-of-arms of the United States upon it. The other has the name of his wife upon it. This is all of the new tomb, except that the key has been thrown into the Potomac. The old tomb is just a common brick structure. We then had our photographs taken on the piazza of the mansion. The piazza is paved with stones taken from the Isle of Wight. We then entered the mansion. The first room we came to was the state dining-hall. In this hall there is a picture of Washington, on a white horse, surrounded by his officers. It represents a scene before Yorktown. Washington is in the act of reproving the chief engineer for some mis-doing. Then there is a finely carved mantel, made of marble, and sent as a present to Washington from abroad, and upon it is a sea-fan placed there by Washington himself. And upon a table in this room is a miniature cut of the Bastille in a glass case. And in different rooms are the harpsichord presented to Eleanor Custis by Washington as a wedding present; the flute on which Washington once played; the field-glass belonging to Washington still hanging where he hung it himself; the chair which came over in the "Mayflower," and which I had the pleasure of taking a seat in; the bed in which Lafayette once slept; the bed in which the Father of his Country died; also that in which Martha Washington died. A British field-ensign, which is said to have been captured by Wash-

ington on the field of battle, is also in one of the rooms. Now, I would like you to publish this, for it may interest some of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours truly,

A. L. F.

In the number for July, 1880, ST. NICHOLAS published an article entitled "Two Gunpowder Stories," one of which told how Elizabeth Zane, a brave girl, at one of the border forts during the Revolution, faced death from the rifles and arrows of the besieging Indians, in her endeavor to secure fresh powder for the men who were defending the fort, when she knew that every man was needed. A friend and contributor, Mr. John S. Adams, now sends to the LETTER-BOX these verses commemorating the heroic deed of the girl who risked her life to save the garrison.

ELIZABETH ZANE.

THIS dauntless pioneer maiden's name
Is inscribed in gold on the scroll of Fame;
She was the lassie who knew no fear
When the tomahawk gleamed on the far frontier.
If deeds of daring should win renown,
Let us honor this damsel of Wheeling town,
Who braved the savage with deep disdain,—
Bright-eyed, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

'T was more than a hundred years ago,
They were close beset by the dusky foe;
They had spent of powder their scanty store,
And who the gauntlet should run for more?
She sprang to the portal and shouted, "I;
'T is better a girl than a man should die!
My loss would be but the garrison's gain.
Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Zane.

The powder was sixty yards away,
Around her the foemen in ambush lay;
As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe,
Then wildly shouted, "A squaw!" "A squaw!"
She neither swerved to the left or right,
Swift as an antelope's was her flight.
"Quick! Open the door!" she cried, again,
"For a hope forlorn! 'T is Elizabeth Zane!"

No time had she to waver or wait,
Back she must go ere it be too late;
She snatched from the table its cloth in haste
And knotted it deftly about her waist,
Then filled it with powder—never, I ween,
Had powder so lovely a magazine;
Then, scorning the bullets, a deadly rain,
Like a startled fawn, fled Elizabeth Zane.

She gained the fort with her precious freight;
Strong hands fastened the oaken gate;
Brave men's eyes were suffused with tears
That had there been strangers for many years.
From flint-lock rifles again there sped
'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead,
And the war-whoop sounded that day in vain,
Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Zane.

Talk not to me of Paul Revere,
A man, on horseback, with naught to fear;
Nor of old John Burns, with his bell-crowned hat—
He'd an army to back him, so what of that?
Here's to the heroine, plump and brown,
Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town!
Hers is a record without a stain,—
Beautiful, buxom, Elizabeth Zane.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you five years, and I think very much of you. I am always happy if I can sit down with a copy of ST. NICHOLAS and read your interesting stories. I always turn the pages to the Letter-Box as soon as I get you. I like to read the letters of those who value ST. NICHOLAS as I do.

Your loving reader, BERTHA H.

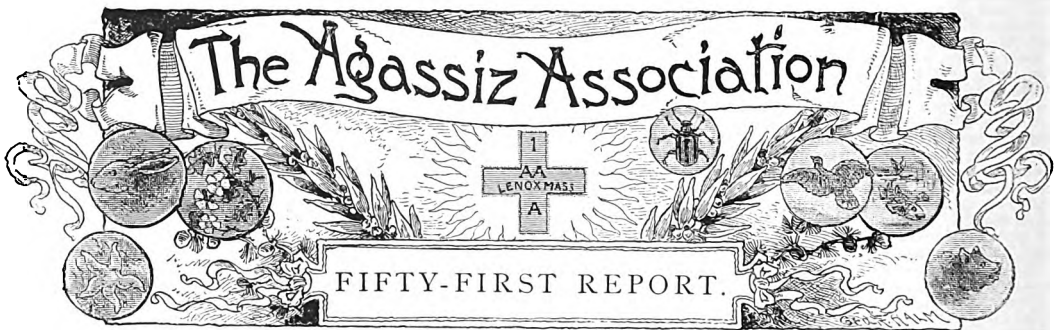
P. S. Would you please tell me how long the ST. NICHOLAS has been published?—B. H.

Since November, 1873.

Will the young friends whose names here follow please accept our thanks for their very pleasant letters, and our regrets that we have not room to publish them all; Julia Carr, Cora A. Knight,

Israel N. Breslauer, Lily Agnes Stevens Brown, Louis S. Darling, Lilian B., Blanche Lawrence, John Stebbins, E. M. T., Hubert E. V., C. F. Grim, Eddie Collins, S. A. W., Jennie J. Duxbury, Gold H. Wheeler, Madge Galloway, "A Faithful Reader," Dick F. F., Hortie O. M., E. B. B., Marie Louise Cooper, F. B. G., Bessie B., Marian Louise W., Charlotte Morton, Jessie Ryan, Anna Lister,

Amy Whedon, M. L. W., N. H., Willie D. Rhea, Pansy T. Kirkwood, May, Bertha V. Stevens, Elizabeth Lovitt, "Two School-girls," Kittie Clover, William Wirt Leggett, Ellie Kendall, M. L. C., Edith and Alice Hookey, Mary P. Sheppard, Marion Gertrude Smith, Loretta, Violet, Lily, and Pansy, Flossie, Nellie and Reggie. Mildred Coxe.



CAUTION.

WE are advised that under various pretexts our Chapters have been solicited to patronize various new papers or magazines, which are stated to be published "in the interests of" the A. A., and our Secretaries are kindly requested to "send in their reports" and "contributions," and otherwise to "aid in making this a helpful medium of inter-communication," etc.

It would seem unnecessary to state that all of these publications, without exception, are issued without any authority or sanction from the Editors or Publishers of ST. NICHOLAS, or from the President or projectors of the Agassiz Association. We should not refer to this had we not observed that a few of our Chapters already have been led to send reports, etc., to these periodicals, evidently supposing that they were in some way regularly connected with our Society.

We may repeat, once for all, as is distinctly affirmed in our Constitution, that ST. NICHOLAS is the official organ of communication between members and Chapters of the Association.

For the fifty-first time, the President of the A. A. has the pleasure of extending to each Chapter the right hand of fellowship, and to each member a hearty greeting. By an error in a recent report April 28 was mentioned as Agassiz's birthday, instead of the well-known 28th of May. If any of our newer Chapters, misled by this, were beguiled into the rural districts a month too soon, we shall feel guilty of Pneumonia in the third degree!

LICHENS.

A LETTER asking for aid in the study of lichens fell into our box one day, closely followed by the following appropriate neighbor:

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MR. H. H. BALLARD:

MY DEAR SIR: I should like to offer assistance to beginners in the study of lichens. I will cheerfully name specimens as far as I am able, and advise as to methods of study. I shall also be glad to make exchanges. Yours truly,

FRED'K LEROY SARGENT, President, Chapter No. 686.
Address 415 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

A COURSE IN ENTOMOLOGY.

PROF. A. W. PUTMAN-CRAMER, the President of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Entomological Society, in addition to the kind invitation printed in our latest report, has volunteered to conduct a class through a somewhat extended course of original observation and field-work in entomology. It is proposed that the course consist of 20 lessons, and be freely open to every one, whether a member of the A. A. or not. To indicate somewhat the nature and scope of these lessons, we print the first lessons here. It will evidently be impracticable to print the course in ST. NICHOLAS, and we have decided to issue the lessons in the form of leaflets, which will be forwarded to students as rapidly as required. To help meet the expense of printing and mailing the twenty lessons, a nominal fee of one dollar for the course will be charged.

All who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity may send their names at once to Mr. John B. Smith, Editor of *Entomologica Americana*, 290 Third Av., Brooklyn, N. Y. If fifty names be received before Aug. 1, the course will be carried on. Every student who shall satisfactorily conclude the twenty lessons will receive a handsome certificate, signed by the Instructor, and countersigned by the President of the A. A.

LESSON I. HOW TO STUDY A BUTTERFLY.

Select any large butterfly — *Danais Archippus*, for example. 1st. Make as neat and accurate a pencil-drawing of it as you can. No matter if you have never drawn a line before. Do your best. If you have a box of paints, you may color your sketch, but this is not essential.

2nd. With pen and ink on note-paper, write a careful description of the insect, noting the following points in order:

a. Measurements from tip of antennæ to tip of abdomen, and from tip to tip of extended wings.

b. The principal, or ground, color, whether brown, yellow, black, etc.

c. Describe any lines or spots you may observe, and state as nearly as you can on what portion of the wings or body they are found. Do this for the under as well as for the upper side.

d. Break the wings from one side, lay them flat on a piece of glass, and with a small camel's-hair brush, clean and dry, gently rub the color from them. Examine this colored dust carefully with a magnifying glass or microscope, and draw portions of it as it appears thus enlarged. To what can you compare the little particles? How are they arranged on the wing? Are they all of the same size and shape?

e. Carefully remove all the color from the wings, and examine the frame-work that remains. What color is it? What does it look like? Do you notice any device for imparting strength or rigidity to the wing? Describe it. Make a careful drawing of a wing after the color is removed; do not draw the veins or ribs at random, but count them, and follow their true direction, for their number and course aid in determining the name of the butterfly.

f. Break off the feelers or antennæ from the head. Look at them through your glass. Draw and describe them, making particular note of the shape of the club at the tip.

What device do you observe, by which the antennæ are enabled to bend freely in every direction, and yet be rendered rigid at the will of the insect?

g. Describe the head. State whether it is hairy or not; whether it is broad or narrow, long or short. Observe whether the eyes bulge out distinctly like a bead, or whether they are nearly flat. State also whether the antennæ, at their junction with the head, are far apart, or almost in contact with each other. This is also a point toward the naming of the insect. You should find attached to the head in front, two other appendages, called palpi, or lip-feelers. Describe them; and state whether they grow below, above, or between the antennæ. At the lower side of the head you should see a small coil, like a watch-spring. This is the tongue. It is not easily examined in a dry insect, but you may note its color, and anything else you may observe.

h. Look, now, at the thorax, as the division of the body behind the head is called. What parts do you find attached to the thorax? How many legs on each side? How many wings? Break off the legs from one side, and carefully draw and describe them. Be especially careful with the one nearest the head. Is it longer or shorter than the others? More or less hairy? Has it the same number of joints? The joint nearest the body is the femur; the next is the tibia. The last is the foot, or tarsus. The plural of tibia is tibiae, and of tarsus, tarsi. How many joints has the foot? Examine closely whether every leg has a foot. Which foot, if any, has fewer joints than the others? How many has it? If the legs are so thickly clothed with hairs that you can not see these parts, lay them on a piece of glass, and place a drop of carbolic acid on each. After half an hour, soak up the acid with blotting paper. You can then easily remove all the hairs with a stiff brush, and can see the joints perfectly.

i. Finally, look your butterfly over again, state anything you know of its habits; where and how and when you got it, and any other facts regarding it that occur to you.

Then carefully wrap up your drawings and descriptions, and mail them to the Brooklyn Entomological Society, to Mr. John B. Smith, 290 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE A. A. IN CANADA.

ONE of our largest and strongest Chapters is No. 395, Montreal, Canada. It has more than fifty members, and has made its influence felt in the city for several years.

Hitherto, our Association has not spread in the "Dominion" with anything like the rapidity of its extension in the United States. It has occurred to the Montreal Chapter that an impulse may be given to the work from that city.

We have, therefore, authorized Mr. W. D. Shaw, Secretary of Chapter 395, to act as our Canadian Secretary. Mr. Shaw will devote himself to the task of extending a knowledge of the A. A. in Canada, and he will receive and classify our Canadian correspondence, and regularly transmit the same to the President.

Hereafter, therefore, until further notice, all residents of Canada who desire information regarding our Association may address Mr. Shaw, at 34 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

NINE SNAKES AND A SKELETON.

Spartanburg, Dakota. I have never seen anything about rattlesnakes in St. Nicholas but once, but to me they are very curious. I don't mind if they are dangerous. I killed nine rattlesnakes last sum-

mer. One of these had fifteen rattles. I killed them coiled, so as to study their exact position. Then I boiled their heads, to examine the structure. My pet rabbit was bitten by one, and I watched the effect of the poison. I am getting a whole skeleton of a man,—I think he was an Indian, for I found it in an Indian burying-ground,—in a bag. My little sister called it my "bag of bones," and would not go near it. No one knows how hard I have worked to put this skeleton together, gluing bones together, etc., but I have learned a great deal about human anatomy. With many good wishes for the A. A.—Jeannie Cowgill, Corresponding Member.

[Is there another girl in the world who has killed nine rattlesnakes and jointed a skeleton?]

682, *Philadelphia (W.).*—We have lectures on zoology at each meeting. A course on physiology was commenced last week.—James E. Brooks, Sec.

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE A. A.?

[For obvious reasons, we withhold the name of the writer of the following letter, which is a sample of many that cause our hearts to overflow with gratitude. One such letter is ample compensation for all the time and labor given to our work. The writer is one of the gentlemen who have volunteered their kind assistance.]

I have received many letters from Chapters relative to their work, all showing the Chapters to be in sober earnest. In all the history of the Chapter in this place, there has never been a brighter outlook than now. At the last meeting there was an attendance of eighteen, with very many visitors. Two or three members are added each week. One thing which has served in great measure to further the cause has been the regular publication of extended reports of these meetings in our local papers. I am informed by the editor of one of these papers, that these reports are copied by the journals all through the State, and that the formation of similar Chapters in every town is strongly urged. Among those who have joined the Chapter here, are many young men who were just at the age when they began to have the sole charge of their own characters, and who have been benefited beyond measure by the Agassiz Association, and its influences. I could now enumerate twenty-five who have been saved to good and useful manhood through nothing but the ennobling effect of having this love of Nature grafted upon them. If this has been the result in this one town in five years, what must it be in the country in entirety? And what will it be in the future? Pardon the length of this letter. I have been so in earnest as to forget myself.

Yours in all sincerity,

EXCHANGES.

Minerals, eggs, insects. Correspondence.—Louis W. Wheelock, 2017 N. 17th St., Philadelphia. (Curator, Ch. 556.)

Texas wild flowers and beautiful varieties of cactus, for eggs, minerals, insects, or back numbers of St. NICHOLAS.—Chesley Alexander, Abilene, Texas.

Aragonite, selenite, and other good minerals. Correspondence.—E. E. Amory, 3525 Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

Mica schist and gneiss, for fossils.—J. McFarland, Ch. 58, 1314 Franklin St., Philadelphia.

Foreign and Canadian insects, birds, reptiles, and minerals. Correspondence.—W. D. Shaw, 34 St. Peter St., Montreal.

A complete collection of unmounted pressed ferns from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for a complete collection of same from Hartford, Conn., or Gainesville, Florida. Write first.—G. Van Duzen, 81 Carroll St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Lizards (salamander, erythronota, and bilineata). G. A. Grove, Fayetteville, N. Y.

Sea-urchins with or without spines, and from one-half inch to three inches in diameter, for eggs, or minerals. Chapter 256, Box 81, Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

Burrs of the long-leaved pine, for minerals and seaside curiosities.—R. S. Cross, Sec., Ch. 601, Purvis, Miss.

Starfish, horseshoe crabs, and Atlantic shells, for tin ore, asbestos, or agates.—Parker C. Newbegin, Dehance, Ohio.

Eggs.—S. Linton, 1243 Dorchester St., Montreal.

Bird-skins, for same. Minerals for minerals.—Miss S. H. Montgomery, Box 764, Wakefield, Mass.

Questions.

Is there any such thing as a "hoop-snake"? A school-mate says 'No,' and brings a clipping from *Forest and Stream* to prove it; while a teacher of the High School names persons that have seen them!

[We will gladly publish the direct testimony of any one that has seen a hoop-snake with his own eyes.]

How does the common fresh-water snail support itself on the surface of the water with the ventral surface uppermost, and how does it propel itself when in that position? G. Van Duzen.

If our atmosphere were removed, would another form?

What may be called impurities of the atmosphere?

Why do dark objects sink into snow more rapidly than light ones?

Why does whirling or the sight of whirling objects produce giddiness?

Of what use to the fish are the stones found over the eyes of the "sheep's head"?

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
827	Bridgeport, Conn. (A)	7..	G. P. Bullock, 87 Courtland St.
828	Cincinnati, O. (D)	25..	Miss Edith Wilson, Oak St., Mt. Auburn.
829	Shelburne Falls, Mass. (A)	9..	Merrill Carley.
830	Titusville, Pa. (B)	5..	Edith W. Cadwallader.
831	Delaware, O. (A)	10..	W. H. Maltbie, Box 780.
832	Buffalo, N. Y. (K)	8..	May L. Perry, 49 Mariner St.
833	Clifton, N. Y. (A)	4..	Mrs. M. M. Johnston, Box 539.
834	Westfield, Mass. (A)	20..	Miss Annie Bourne.
835	Akron, O. (B)	6..	Miss Belle Green, 213 N. Union St.
836	San Francisco, Cal. (H)	4..	Morris Thompson, 2309 Octavia St.
837	New York, N. Y. (V)	4..	G. S. Connell, 134 E. 19th St.
838	New York, N. Y. (W)	4..	J. N. Bulkeley, 351 W. 82d St.
839	Bolton, England. (A)	6..	R. Ainsworth, 49 Chorley R'd.
840	Alamo, Texas (A)	10..	Miss Bertha Harris.
841	Fairview, N. J. (A)	12..	Mrs. C. W. Asbury.

842	Clifton, O. (A)	5..	Arthur Espy.
843	W. Worthington, Mass. (A)	12..	O. B. Parish.
844	Columbia, S. C. (A)	6..	J. M. McBride.
845	Onondaga Valley, N. Y. (A)	6..	Mrs. J. W. Wilkie.
846	Greenwich, Conn. (A)	20..	D. L. Bardwell.
847	Washington, Ind. (A)	10..	Ben Clawson.
848	Harrisonville, Missouri (A)	4..	Miss Bessie Lawder.
849	Boston, Mass. (H)	12..	Miss Sara E. Saunders, 17 State St.
850	Bangor, Maine. (A)	11..	Miss Allie L. Yeaton, 15 Prospect St.
851	Cambria Station, Pa. (B)	13..	Miss Fanny M. Stiteler.
852	Willis, Montana. (A)	6..	Mrs. F. A. Reynolds, (Beaver-head Co.)

DISSOLVED.

793	Ashland, Ohio.
791	St. Louis, Mo. (J).

REORGANIZED.

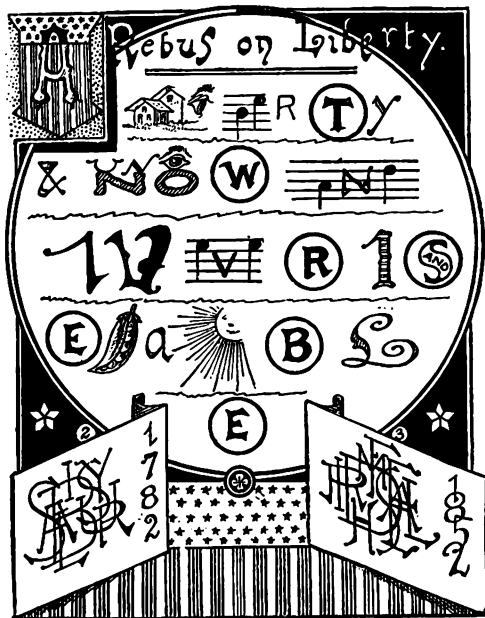
291	Providence, R. I. (B)	A. A. Packard, 115 Angell St.
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The address of Ch. 762 is now W. H. Hugg, P. O. Box 3, Baltimore, Md.

Address all communications for this department to the President of the A. A.

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of LENOX ACADEMY, LENOX, MASS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



THE answer to this rebus is an extract from an oration. The seven letters inclosed in seven similar circles, will spell the name of the orator. The letters of the monogram in the lower left-hand corner will spell his birth-place, and the right-hand monogram will spell the place where he died.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To save. 2. An instrument for paring. 3. The central part of an amphitheater. 4. Splits. 5. To obliterate. "LYON HART."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-nine letters, and am the patriotic utterance of a great statesman, and his surname.

My 55-6-35-57-6-33 is a city famous in American history. My 57-28-43-57-48-3-40-23 is a business which was seriously interfered

with at the beginning of the Revolution. My 27-11-14-56-36-26-20-39 is an American statesman and jurist who was born in Virginia in 1755. My 40-9-52-21-58-38 2-47-5-4-57-13-29 is the Christian and surname of our author. My 17-46-42-7-1-31-24-10 is his nationality. My 51-40-37-12-4 is the surname of a statesman upon whom our author pronounced a famous eulogy. My 16-45-5-19-44-54-57 is an official body of which our author was the leading member during 36-32-59-7-41-35-6-25's administration. My 53-34-56-50-6-3-4-30-18 became a State during Polk's administration. My 22-15-49, when read as Roman numerals, will hint at the age at which our author died.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

EXPERIENCE
CONSIDERED
AND HATE
PARTICULAR
N. P.

ACROSS: 1. Given to luxury. 2. Complete views. 3. Sentenced. 4. One who is proposed for an office. 5. Placed. 6. Minute portions of matter. 7. Offers. 8. Untainted. 9. An opening through which cannon are discharged.

DIAGONALS: From 1 to 3, regions; from 2 to 3, particles of stony matter; from 3 to 5, to get away from; from 3 to 4, a hard substance; from 1 to 5, a familiar sort of picture; from 2 to 4, a kind of rock.

CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In July. 2. A margin. 3. Gowns of state. 4. Independence. 5. Gay. 6. An inclosure. 7. In July.

II. 1. In firearms. 2. To proclaim. 3. A basket used by anglers. 4. Independence. 5. A city of Japan. 6. A game at cards. 7. In firearms. "DYCIE."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

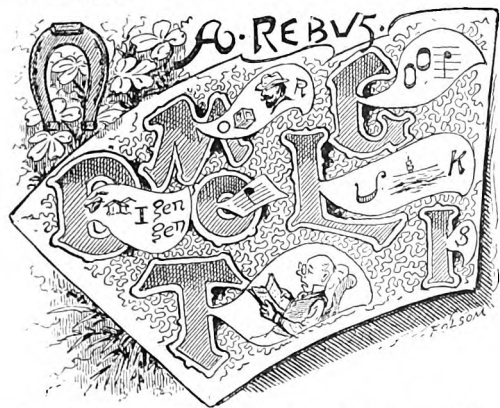
My primals form a famous and familiar saying (in Latin) of Caesar's. My finals form the modern name of the country to which Caesar's saying referred.

Cross-words (of unequal length): 1. A city which surrendered to General Grant on July 4, 1863. 2. A republic of South America. 3. The most celebrated river of the ancient world. 4. An island in the Mediterranean that was visited, not long since, by a terrible earthquake. 5. One of the New England States. 6. A river of Afghanistan. 7. The capital of the State of Delaware. 8. One of the loftiest mountains of the Bolivian Andes. 9. A river of Holland which flows into the Zuyder Zee. 10. One of the north-central of the United States. 11. The capital of Sardinia. 12. A famous city, formerly the metropolis of Persia. "IMMO."

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Ohio; my second, in Pennsylvania; my third, in Indiana; my fourth, in Vermont; my fifth, in New Hampshire; my sixth, in Kentucky; my seventh, in Maine; my eighth, in Florida; my ninth, in Nebraska; my tenth, in California; my eleventh, in Michigan; my twelfth, in New York. My whole is what our forefathers fought for.

F. A. W.



EACH of the seven letters in the above rebus has an addition, which, when read in connection with the letter, makes a word. When properly arranged, these seven words will form a maxim of Poor Richard's.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail egg-shaped, and leave a tank. 2. Behead and curtail to venerate, and leave always. 3. Behead and curtail a Mohammedan nymph, and leave a possessive pronoun. 4. Behead

and curtail a surly look, and leave an uproar. 5. Behead and curtail high in situation, and leave to arrange. 6. Behead and curtail a French coin, and leave hastened. 7. Behead and curtail a straggler, and leave an ancient engine of war. 8. Behead and curtail a girl's name, and leave a useful article. 9. Behead and curtail a speech, and leave proportion. 10. Behead and curtail a Scotch landholder, and leave a tune. 11. Behead and curtail to long, and leave a part of the head. 12. Behead and curtail custom, and leave to bend for want of support.

The beheaded letters, when transposed, will spell a national holiday; and the curtailed letters, when transposed, will spell what it celebrates.

PAUL REESE.

REVERSIBLE DIAGONAL.

1 . .
2 . .
3 . .
4 . .
5 . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sheltered place; reversed, a long, snake-like fish. 2. Moisture; reversed, to marry. 3. The juice of plants; reversed, a step. 4. A snare; reversed, a number. 5. To scour; reversed, the prickly envelope of a seed.

Diagonals, from 1 to 5, a person afflicted with a certain incurable disease; from 5 to 1, to drive back.

"ALCIBIADES."

BEHEADINGS.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters; and the beheaded letters, when read in the order here given, will spell the name of a very prominent person.

1. Behead one, and leave the egg of an insect. 2. Behead a fine fabric, and leave a single point. 3. Behead a measure of time, and leave something which contains a drum. 4. Behead active, and leave to meddle. 5. Behead to dispatch, and leave to terminate. 6. Behead to discover, and leave an emissary. 7. Behead to barter, and leave a measure. 8. Behead a sheet of canvas, and leave to be ill. 9. Behead harness, and leave part of the head. 10. Behead to rave, and leave a small insect. 11. Behead to assist, and leave a wager. 12. Behead exact, and leave a summer luxury. 13. Behead recited, and leave ancient.

"THE CARTERS."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

PUZZLER'S CROSS. Upper Diamond: 1. P. 2. Cam. 3. Josos. 4. Console. 5. Passerine. 6. Mooring. 7. Sling. 8. Eng. 9. E. Right-hand Diamond: 1. R. 2. Res. 3. Sects. 4. Retreat. 5. Recreates. 6. Steamed. 7. Sates. 8. Ted. 9. S. Lower Diamond: 1. R. 2. Bud. 3. Prier. 4. Brannew. 5. Ruination. 6. Dentine. 7. Reins. 8. Woe. 9. N. Left-hand Diamond: 1. N. 2. Mew. 3. Dices. 4. Mistake. 5. Nectarine. 6. Wearing. 7. Skins. 8. Eng. 9. E. Central Square: 1. Sleet. 2. Leave. 3. Eager. 4. Evens. 5. Terse. HEXAGONS ACROSS. I. 1. W. 2. Sop. 3. Stray. 4. Porte. 5. Aries. 6. Ken. 7. D. II. 1. R. 2. Cam. 3. Laved. 4. Edile. 5. Tenon. 6. Ten. 7. S. HALF-SQUARE. 1. Tunes. 2. Utah. 3. Nap. 4. Eh. 5. S. AN HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE Centrals, Vacations. Cross-words: 1. Baseviols. 2. Heralds. 3. Maces. 4. Man. 5. T. 6. Lid. 7. Smoke. 8. Oranges. 9. Footsteps.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from William H. Donohoe, 1—E. M. and L. Peart and J. Spiller, England; 5.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before MAY 20 from Paul Reese—"The Carters"—S. R. T.—Arthur Gride—Maggie and May Turill—F. W. N. and Co.—Tiny Puss, Mitz, and Muff—Bessie V.—M. M. M.—Carey E. Melville—"Clifford and Coco"—Willie Serrell and Friends—Jennie R. Miller—Alice and Lizzie Pendleton—Fred, Ellist, and A. B. S.—John True Sumner—Helen J. Sproat—Aunt Henrietta, and Lillie, Olive, and Ida Gibson—San Anselmo Valley—Francis W. Islip—"Edipus."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Alice H. Robinson, 3—Florence E., 1—John K. Ricketts, 1—H. I. S., 10—Jean B. G., 1—Susie Hubbell, 3—Sallie Viles, 11—Amelia N. F. and Annie L. D., 3—Louise G. Ilsley, 1—Y. E., 3—Mary L. Richardson, 9—Lizzie Wainman, 3—Annie W. North, 11—Merion S. Dumont, 1—John and Lawton Kendrick, 6—"Can. Dan," 8—"Lady Ann," 8—Sutheby Wilby, 4—"Delta," 2—G. Timpon, 3—Mamy Neuburger, 1—Violet and Daisy, 9—Frank Smyth, 8—Henry P. Cofran, 1—Daisy H. K., 3—Cora M. Ledger, 1—Maud E. Benson, 2—Mamma and I, 1—R. O. Haubold, 1—Daisy Burns, 4—W. B. Read, 1—Helena Chalmers, 1—Woodbury G. Frost, 5—Kenneth B. Emerson, 8—"Poggedly," 8—"The Trio," 3—Elic K. Talboys, 11—Bessie Perault, 7—Warren D. Brown, 1—Willis S. Covell, 2—"Locust Dale Folks," 9—Bessie and Helen, 3—"Pepper and Maria," 11—Laura Gordon and Wm. A. Bokers, 9—Grace Perley and Floyd Ford, 7—Arthur E. Hyde, 5—"Goose," 1—L. and S., 6—"Papa's Pet," 2—Sylvia, 3—H. B. Saunders, 4—Lottie L. Smith, 1—M. D. D., 2—"Chimpanzee and Marmoset," 8—J. D. Haney, 2—Helena E. Haubold, 1—Chester and Amey Aldrich, 11—Clara Gallup, 1—Isabel Warwick, 5—Clara M. Upton, 7—Stella Sweet, 9—E. Sedgwick, 2—Edith M. Boyd, 1—"Pupil of Johnny Duck," 1—Abby A. Howe, 3—Charles H. Kite, 2—K. Grigs, 3—Anna Calkins, 5—Helen Tufts, 5—Bessie Adam, 1—Percy A. Varian, 8—Bessie Burch, 10—Florence Clark, 3—J. A. Halsted, 3—Willie B. La Bar, 8—Daisy, Helen, and Louise, 1—Nellie B. Ripley, 8—Cora L. Kenyon, 2—Genie and Meg, 8—"Sinbad the Sailor," 7—"Fred and Gill," 12—Nellie and Reggie, 8—Fanny and Di, 7—M. Margaret and E. Muriel Grundy, 10—"Puz," 12—Ada M., 9—Maud S., 11—R. H. Papa and Mamma, 12—Georgia L. Gilmore, 11—George Habenicht, 11—Ida C. L., 11—"Olive R. T. Wist," 11—J. J. Nicholson, Jr., 6—M. B. F., 12—Hallie Couch, 9—"P. K. Boo," 11—E. C. M. and M., 9—Ella Ware, 7—Herbert Gaynes, 8—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 12—Fanny R. Jackson, 12—Arthur L. Mudge, 3—Lily and Lou, 10—C. F. Mel, 4—"Shumway Hen and Chickens," 10—Mertice and Ina, 11—B. B. Y., 12—"Pernie," 11—Edith L. Young and Jennie L. Dupuis, 11—Mary P. Stockett, 10—Jennie Balch, 10—C. Wolfe, 1—M. C. Washburn, 1—E. M. and L. Peart, and Edith Mason, 9—J. B. Sheffield, 4—Goldwin G. Goldsmith, 9.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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LITTLE DAME FORTUNE.

BY RACHEL CAREW.

THE von Lyndons were a very "æsthetic" family. The Herr Baron had been wounded in the war with France, and had come home to Munich with a limp which was declared to be far more graceful than the ordinary gait of man, and this limp gave him an excuse for devoting his time to *bric-à-brac* and to his cabinets of rare old coins. He had a very pretty wife, who painted figures and flowers more or less true to nature; and a daughter, Gisela, four years old, in looks a rosy little angel, but with the record of needed chastisements which usually belongs to most maidens of four years.

In the year of grace 1884, the von Lyndons lived in a modern Munich house, a fine new building; but, nevertheless, the astonished stranger, upon entering their doors, was whisked back in a trice to sixteenth century days, the family being lovers of old-time objects in furniture and equipments. When this same stranger again appeared in the street and looked at the horse-cars, telephone-wires, and other modern contrivances, he was apt to feel like a guilty ghost of the past, who, instead of figuring in this nineteenth century, ought to be turning up stone toes in some dismal church as a sixteenth century carving, for travelers with guide-books to ponder over.

A boy in yellow stockings, knee-breeches, and a long-tailed blue coat, gathered full around the waist, opened the von Lyndons' door to visitors. Recovering from their astonishment at this boy's appearance, they were next confronted by verita-

ble suits of chain and plate armor, complete from jambes to casque, stuffed out with make-believe knights. On each side of the hall stood six of these knights with halberds in their steel-gloved hands, and with tattered banners hanging above their helmets. Huge clothes-presses, with brazen lions' feet, opened their heavily carved doors upon recesses big enough to take in the whole family. The inlaid floors were polished to a dangerous degree of brilliancy. The plate-glass in the windows had been replaced by dull little round panes not larger than an Albert biscuit, set in lead; this darkened the rooms considerably, but it gave them "such a deliciously mediæval look!" Faded, moth-ventilated tapestry hung on the walls, and old Venetian mirrors set deep in their crystal frames gleamed dimly among the shadows, like tiny dark pools peeping up from rocky banks.

Silver tankards, quaint old glassware and earthenware, and broken porcelain cleverly darned, or riveted, with wire, comprised the table-service of this consistently æsthetic family. They sat in solid wooden chairs, time-blackened, slippery as glass, with rigidly straight backs; and, to make these more forbidding, beasts' faces and claws started into rasping prominence from amid the other carving. These chairs had been coaxed from a private museum, and the price paid for them would have given satin-covered ease to the whole establishment; but anything so vulgarly modern as comfort was opposed to all the Baroness von

Lyndon's ideas. If she had any furniture or ornaments of a later date than the sixteenth century, she carefully concealed the disgraceful fact, and it was a great grief to her that her husband refused to eat saffron-cakes, lentils, and other dainties of the past, instead of the more prosaic but perhaps equally palatable modern dishes.

With this background of dingy relics of departed grandeur, mother and daughter made a very winsome picture in their fresh young beauty and their æsthetic costumes carefully copied from old pictures. The Baroness wore a clinging velvet skirt with long-pointed bodice and puffed satin sleeves of a different color from the dress, peaked satin shoes worked with gold thread, and perched on her blonde braids a coquettish little cap of white velvet thickly embroidered with pearl beads and gold thread, with a point over the brow and two gold discs above the ears. A chatelaine of beautifully wrought silver, studded with rough-cut turquoises and carbuncles, hung around her slim waist, and she carried one of the feather fans with handles a yard long, with which patrician ladies used to reprimand their daughters in days of yore.

At one time the Baroness gave away all her fashionable dresses, and began to wear her antique costumes in public. The result proved very unsatisfactory; she attracted far more attention at operas and concerts than the performers, an admiring crowd always assembled to watch her in and out of her carriage, and at the end of a few weeks she sent for her French dress-maker again, reserving her æsthetic robes for home wear only.

Gisela was a quaint little body in a blue velvet skirt hanging in straight folds down to her baby feet, a white apron closely plaited like a fan, wide insertions of lace, a pink satin bodice, sleeves puffed at the elbow, a carved and jeweled silver chain around her plump neck, and a white lace cap fitted closely over her head, leaving a little golden fringe of hair peeping out across the forehead and on her round, white neck.

She ate her bread-and-milk with an apostle-spoon, of which she had four, for her four birthdays; and, like a mediæval child, she was going to have the whole twelve toward her wedding outfit, if the stock at the antiquarian shops kept pace with her growing years. She danced grave minuets; with one chubby finger she played a tune on a crazy-legged spinet; and she could tell story after story about the pictures in heavy old books, studded with jewels and decorated with silver settings and clasps. Gisela's dolls were strictly sixteenth century in their dress and belongings; they slept in a canopied bed, and took the air on the balcony in a tiny white and gold coach with bunches of ostrich feathers on the top.

Hugh Balbirnie lived in a cheap, shabby quarter of the city, not very far distant from the von Lyndons' picturesque dwelling. He too was a lover of art, but he worshipped her in a different way, working hard at painting, and succeeding best with children's faces and figures, for whose rosy prettiness he had a keen eye and warm admiration. Like many other artists, he was very poor, the little sum of money which came to him from far-away Scotland barely meeting his few needs. He slept on a cot in his studio, ate the coarsest, scantiest food, and as for his clothes,—even among shabby, careless artists, he was noticeably threadbare and down-at-the-heel.

He had decided talent, and was very industrious, but success seemed as far away as when he came to the strange city a year ago, and all his heart for further effort often failed him. Then he would remember his invalid sister Bessie at home, dependent on him for support when the little money left them by their parents was gone, and he would stretch a fresh canvas and hope for better luck.

Hugh Balbirnie knew that his work was good; wise heads had assured him of that; but there was an army of talented young fellows contending with him for fame, and the chances for success in such a host is small when one has neither friends, money, nor influence. He hung his lovely child-faces in the exhibition-rooms; and they were nodded at approvingly by gorgeously dressed mammas, sometimes noticed in the journals, and then forgotten. No one knew anything of Hugh Balbirnie, and no one bought his pictures. If he could but find one patron among the rich nobles of the art-loving city, he knew that his fortunes would brighten from that moment.

He spoke very little German, and was shy and reticent with the other students, who left him alone to brood over his troubles much more than was good for him. He had debts, too, to torment him, not having paid for his last frame and a fresh lot of colors. As the weeks slipped away, leaving him as obscure and unknown as ever, he made this gloomy resolve,—he would sell his one valuable possession, a small collection of coins left him by his father, and send the money to Bessie. Poor Bessie, she would not be greatly enriched, for the dealers in old coins would give him a very niggardly price, and he knew no one to whom he might appeal for their real value. He would then put aside his love and talent for painting as a means of earning a living, would work his passage out to Australia, and there begin life over again as a common day-laborer.

In order to give himself one more chance, he would finish the picture he was engaged upon at the time—a ragged little orange-vender. If this

came back unsold, then farewell to fame forever, and he would try to forget that for six years he had toiled in vain to be an artist.

Full of such dismal thoughts, Hugh Balbirnie sat in his studio one bright May morning, waiting for his model, the little orange-girl, whom Felix, an acquaintance, had promised to send.

It was a charmingly fresh morning; the trees in the park were out in new spring suits, and they turned and twisted to see themselves in the lake, like any fashionable lady pluming herself before her mirror. Doors and windows were wide open everywhere to let in bird-music and the sweet breath of flowers. Gisela von Lyndon, having few springs to look back upon, remembered none so bewitching as this; she wished to go out alone into the brightness, and for days the naughty little maiden had tried to escape nurse Lina's vigilant eye and slip out of the house without any big brown hand holding hers. To-day the sly mouse managed to creep down the stairs and out of the big door-way unnoticed. She turned off the broad street where her father lived, and trotted complacently down a rough, rambling street which offered great attractions at its windows in the form of sugar cats and ginger-bread men and women with currant eyes.

People turned to look after the strange little figure in its antiquated dress, but Gisela was blissfully unconscious of anything unusual in her appearance. She returned their gaze with a friendly confidence in her blue eyes, and many a hard face grew softer in the warmth of her sunny smile.

In all the motley crowd of people, busy and idle, good and bad, she went her way unmolested, singing a quiet little tune to herself. A policeman, suspecting for a moment the truth about her,—that she was a little runaway, whose friends would soon be in search of her,—took her hand for a few paces. But she nodded and smiled up at him so sweetly, and seemed so sure of her way, that he concluded some of the painters in the artists' quarter were going to put her in a picture, and so he let her go again.

After a while, Gisela's feet in her embroidered satin shoes began to find the pavement very hard and hot, and she rather wished she might slide her hand into Lina's big strong fist. She was a plucky little midget, however, and she did n't mean to cry until affairs were very black indeed. Soon, at the



end of a dark stone court, the runaway baby saw bright green willow branches waving above an open door, with a room beyond, where somebody was whistling "Bonny Dundee." She went in without ceremony and trotted over to the window, where a pale young man with threadbare clothes and the kindest brown eyes in the world sat at an easel cleaning his brushes. Gisela had never seen Hugh Balbirnie before,—for it was he,—but she knew by childish intuition that in him she had found a

friend. Little did the struggling young artist realize that the goddess Fortune had come to him in this pink-cheeked lassie who seemed to have wandered back from the girlhood of three centuries ago!

Gisela climbed into his lap, laid her head confidently against his shoulder,—such a charming, ridiculous little head in its tight cap fringed around with baby curls,—and gave a comfortable sigh of relief at having found a resting-place at

Felix found you," said Hugh; and he began pulling his easel forward for a favorable light.

"I shall let my orange-girl wait for a while," he continued to himself, "and try a study of a patrician baby of the sixteenth century. I wonder who dressed her so carefully and correctly; her mother must belong to the theater. What is your name, little one?" Hugh's German sufficed him for this last question, and the child answered:

"Baroness Gisela von Lyndon."



A POLICEMAN TAKES THE LITTLE RUNAWAY'S HAND.

last. Hugh was used to little girls coming to his studio as models, but they were far less pretty than this one, and never so good-tempered and affectionate. A woman's eye would have seen at once that the dainty elegance of this child's clothing, the sheen of her hair, and the purity of her skin, were not to be found among poor people's children who were sent out to earn money as artists' models; but Hugh Balbirnie's eyes, though tender and sympathetic, lacked a woman's penetration.

"You are a decided improvement on the cabbage-woman's ragged daughter. I wonder where

"Some fellow has painted her under that name. A 'baroness,' indeed!" Hugh said to himself with a laugh. "I shall call her a baby Princess Mary, or something that shall be a tribute to Scotland. The child is strikingly picturesque, and I believe I can make a success of her. I'm very much obliged to Felix for sending her to me."

The two chattered together very amicably, one in English, the other in a jumble of French and German, and neither was in the least troubled that they did not understand each other.

Hugh had a collection of hideous rag dolls and

a squirming wooden alligator for the amusement of his youthful models; with these delights, some barley-sugar sticks, ginger-cakes, and a big red apple, Gisela sat down contentedly on a satin cushion, and Hugh began to paint her with enthusiastic energy. She was accustomed to sit for her mother's attempts at portraiture, so Hugh found her a docile-enough subject. Nor was she, like some models, inclined to criticise and comment on his work; she troubled her small head very little about what he was doing, and confined her attention exclusively to her rag family and her luncheon.

At the end of two hours, Hugh had made rapid strides with his picture; he had caught the child's unaffected, sweet expression with marvelous accuracy, and while she took a half-hour's nap he made a careful study of her costume.

When the little girl's face and attitude began to show signs of fatigue, Hugh unlocked his tin treasure-box to take out a silver piece as payment for the morning's sitting. He noticed that his stock of current coin was alarmingly low, there being little left in the box but his father's collection of old pieces. His funds at that moment, as he discovered soon afterward, were less even than he supposed.

He put a coin in Gisela's hand, with the injunction to keep tight hold of it, and take it and herself safely home to her mother, and to come to his studio at the same hour on the following day.

Baroness Gisela von Lyndon, with her first earnings clutched close in her fat little fist, trotted along the street again in the direction she believed led toward home. But she was mistaken; she wandered aimlessly about for half an hour or more, and then sat down on a door-step and began to cry. A policeman, more sharp-sighted than the last one, took her in his arms and carried her to the station-house, where lost children were cared for until claimed. The whole von Lyndon establishment, from the boy with the queer coat to the Herr Baron, had been scouring the city for Gisela since early morning; so after her appearance at the police-station her distracted friends were notified without delay.

The Baroness, in her delight at recovering her lost darling, as a matter of course forgot the list of dire punishments she had arranged for her.

"Here, Mamma, man said this was for you," the child said, opening her hand, which had so faithfully guarded her treasure.

"Why, Gisel, where did you get this?" said the Baroness, in astonishment. "An old coin, and of considerable value, I imagine."

"Nice man with funny alligator gave it to me, and he had dolls and ginger-bread with pink sugar on

it, and I went to sleep, and there was a big tree outside all full of birds."

This rather vague account was all the little runaway seemed able to give of her morning's adventure, and her friends were obliged to fill in the gaps in her story with whatever their imagination suggested.

"Look, Conrad, at the strange coin our naughty little runaway brought home with her," said her mother.

"It's a *hirschguld* of 1679! There are only nineteen of them extant, and I have thirteen. I wonder who was fool enough to give that baby such a prize? A mistake, probably, and I don't see how we are going to rectify it, Gisel's story is so untrustworthy. If the fellow turns up, he shall have his coin, or the value of it, refunded to him. In the meantime I'm very well pleased at this addition to my collection," said the Baron, unlocking his sixteenth century cabinet of ebony and silver.

A few months later, all the wealth and fashion of Munich were flocking to a great gallery to see the latest display of the new paintings. The Baroness von Lyndon, in mignonette satin and a Rembrandt hat weighed down with cream-tinted feathers, sat resting on a velvet sofa—perhaps not quite unconscious of the fact that she herself was a picture as charming as any in the gallery.

"Come with me a moment, Clara. I wish your opinion upon something in the next room," said the Baron, touching her on the shoulder.

For a minute the lady stood in speechless astonishment before the life-size painting of a little girl—a very pretty, winsome little girl, sitting on a satin cushion and ready to bury her pearly teeth in a big rosy apple. She wore a sixteenth century costume, a close-fitting lace cap, blue velvet petticoat, pink satin bodice brocaded in gold, a wrought silver chain round her soft, baby neck, and she had white satin shoes worked with gold.

In the catalogue she was called "Princess Mary of Scotland"; but she was Gisela von Lyndon, to the life.

"Well, dear, what do you think?" asked the Baron, who keenly enjoyed his wife's amazement.

"It is a marvelous likeness. Who can have painted Gisel's portrait so admirably from memory? It seems almost like witchcraft. Who is the artist?"

"Hugh Balbirnie is the name accompanying the picture. I think the mystery of the *hirschguld* is about to be explained. If I discover that this artist enticed my child away for the sake of stealing a sketch of her, Mr. Hugh Balbirnie will find that he cannot buy my forgiveness with an antique

coin. However, we will not give way to anger until we know the truth."

In this case, the truth was not hidden away in the bottom of a well, but easy of access at Hugh Balbirnie's studio, whither Baron von Lyndon betook himself that afternoon. Hugh's story was so straightforward, and his face so honest, that the Baron's suspicions were soon allayed, and before he left the studio he was ashamed of himself for having cherished them. Hugh was at the same time troubled lest he had annoyed the von Lyndons, and glad that he was likely to recover his coin, which he had missed soon after his little model had taken her departure.

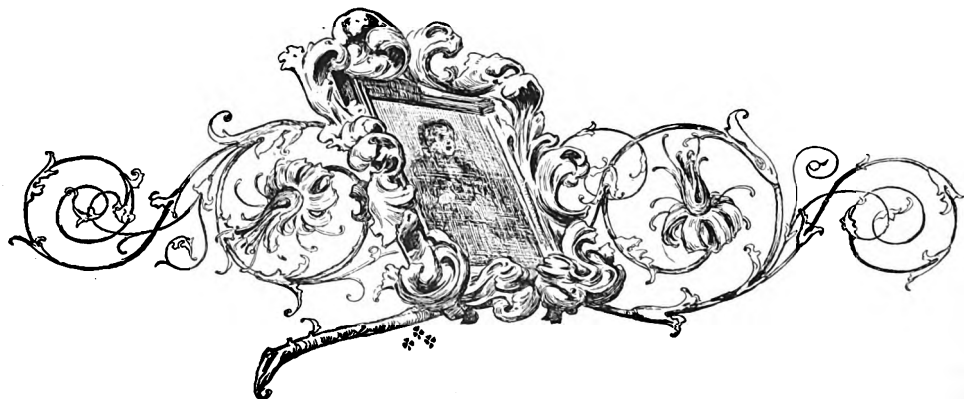
"I was in a rage at that little girl for not coming to me again; one sitting was hardly enough for what I wished to do. But I can understand now, that it was not surprising that she did not appear a second time," he said, with an amused smile.

Hugh and his visitor parted excellent friends, the Baron making the young artist promise to renew his acquaintance with "Princess Mary" the next day.

The picture soon found its way from the exhibition walls to the von Lyndon drawing-room, and the Baron sent Hugh a check which seemed fabulous wealth to the poor artist. Gisela von Lyndon's portrait became the talk and admiration of the fashionable world at Munich, and other paintings by Balbirnie, which had been passed by unnoticed, were now praised to the skies.

The Baron also bought Hugh's coins, for a sum so generous that the young man decided to send for Bessie.

And thus, thanks to Gisela,—who proved to be a veritable Little Dame Fortune,—friends, fame, and money, a goodly trio, had come to the poor artist, and the discouragements of the past were forgotten like the sufferings in a dream.



A STRING OF BIRDS' EGGS.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

WHO knows Hebrew? Who knows Greek?
Who the tongue the birdies speak?

Here's a set of meanings hid
As records on a pyramid.

What is meant by all these freckles,
Bluish blotches, brownish speckles?

These are words, in cipher printed
On each egg-shell faintly tinted;

Changeless laws the birds must heed.
What if I should try to read?

On the Oriole's, scratched and scarred,
This to trace I find not hard:
"Breasted bright as trumpet-flower;
Builder of a swinging bower,
Airiest dwelling ever seen,
In the elm-tree's branches green
Careless caroler, shall be
The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the Blue Jay's, greenish-gray,
 Dottings fine would seem to say:
 "Chattering braggart, crested thief,
 Jester to the woods in chief,
 Dandy gay in brilliant blue,
 Cruel glutton, coward too;
 Screaming, gleaming rogue shall be
 The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On Bob Lincoln's, brownny-white,
 This is writ, if I read right:
 "Gallant lover in the clover,
 With his gladness bubbling over;
 Waltzer, warbling liquid notes,—
 Yes, and one that hath two coats!
 Nimble, neat, and blithe shall be
 The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the King-bird's, creamy-hued,
 Runs this legend: "Sulky, rude,
 Tiny tyrant, winged with black,
 Big of head and gray of back;
 Teaser of the hawk and crow,
 And of flies the deadly foe;
 Short and sharp of note shall be
 The little bird that sleeps in me!"

On the Mock-bird's, bluish-green,
 In spot and blot these words are seen:
 "Prince of singers, sober-clad,
 Wildly merry, wildly sad;
 Mocking all the feathered throng,
 Bettering still each bird's own song;
 Madcap masker he shall be,
 The little bird that sleeps in me!"



A "CONSTITUTIONAL" ON THE BEACH.

COASTING IN AUGUST.

BY MRS. FRANK M. GREGORY.



It was on the afternoon of the very warmest day in August that the children came running to me and eagerly asked :

"May we go and slide down-hill with the other children, Mamma?"

Being very busy at the moment, I only half understood the request they were making, and replied, in a very absent-minded way :

"Yes, you may go."

But the next question recalled my wool-gathering wits, and brought me to my senses suddenly.

"Please may we have this candle-end? Harry says they have n't enough to go around, and Maggie will surely bring you fresh candles at dark."

"Why—children!" I exclaimed, "what are you talking about? Sliding down-hill in August! And what are you going to do with that candle?"

I presume my face must have expressed my utter amazement; for all the children began to laugh and shout: "What's the matter, Mamma? you look frightened."

When the merriment had subsided, my little son tried to explain :

"There are some boys and girls from the village out on the hill, and some from the hotel on the mountain, and they all have brought their sleds. Harry has brought his down from the attic, and he says he will take us down, because we have n't any sled. *He* wanted the candle-end."

"Take the candle, child; but what is Harry going to do with it?" I inquired.

"I don't know, Mamma. Come out on the balcony. Every one else is there," he cried.

It seemed such a puzzle to me, that I rose, put away the letters I was attempting to answer, and went out to see what was going on.

When I reached the spacious balcony, I was almost convinced that the whole valley had been bewitched.

There were gathered at least twenty children and half a dozen sleds. The boys were dragging the sleds up the steep slope of the hill-side that rose from the road in front of the house, while the girls followed after as well as they could.

It was not by any means an easy feat to climb this slope.

Though at a casual glance it seemed as soft and velvety as a well-kept lawn, it was to the unwary a delusion and a snare. The midsummer sun shines down upon the Adirondack mountains with as much ardor as on the city streets. Though the nights are cool, frequently even cold, there are no dews, and usually but little rain. So the short thick grass that grows abundantly upon the sides of the lesser mountains, or, more properly speaking, the foot-hills, becomes somewhat parched and smooth, and as slippery as ice. The children, then, had before them quite an amount of hard walking, but those children were like mountain-goats, hardy, willing, and able to climb anything.

I watched them with interest. At last the top was reached. Then, the sleds were turned upside down, and I discovered the mystery of the candle-end, for the runners were rubbed vigorously with *candles*; this completed, the sleds were put in proper position again, three children seated themselves upon each, and a gentle push started them down the slope.

How swiftly they came! The slope was steep but smooth; not a rock, stump, or stone on its surface; there was no danger, and the sleds stopped on the sandy road.

For two long hours this colony of children coasted — till the grass was worn almost to the roots, and the supply of tallow (which is indispensable for this midsummer coasting) was exhausted. They shouted themselves hoarse; they ran and tugged and climbed until they were tired out.

After all the little ones were weary, we older people joined in the fun. I own to having made the descent but once, — that was quite enough for me. We read of speed that "takes the breath away," and of "going like the wind," and the rate at which that sled came down that hill-side made me realize what those expressions mean.

I never before had heard of this novel amusement; but, startling as it seemed at first, the novelty soon wore away, and I became quite accustomed to the sight and sounds of coasting in midsummer.



THE LITTLE STAMP-COLLECTOR.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.



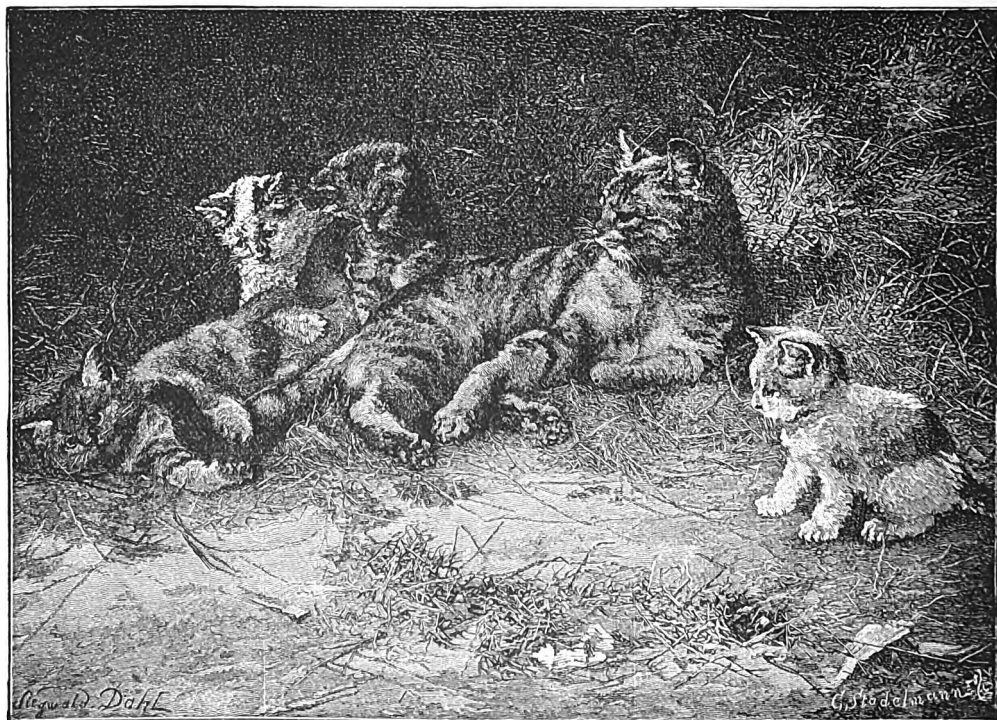
THREE months ago he did not know
 His lessons in geography;
 Though he could spell and read quite well,
 And cipher too, he could not tell
 The least thing in topography.

But what a change! How passing strange!
 This stamp-collecting passion
 Has roused his zeal, for woe or weal,
 And lists of names he now can reel
 Off, in amazing fashion.

I hear him speak of Mozambique,
 Heligoland, Bavaria,
 Cashmere, Japan, Tibet, Soudan,
 Sumatra, Spain, Waldeck, Kokan,
 Khaloan, Siam, Bulgaria,—

Schleswig-Holstein (oh! boy of mine,
 Genius without a teacher!),
 Wales, Panama, Scinde, Bolivar,
 Jelalabad and Kandahar,
 Cabul, Deccan, Helvetia.

And now he longs for more Hong-Kongs,
 A Rampour, a Mauritius,
 Greece, Borneo, Fernando Po,—
 And how much else no one can know;
 But be, kind fates, propitious!



MRS. GRIMALKIN AND THE LITTLE GRIMALKINS.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THIRD PAPER.

LITTLE PISA AND GREAT ROME.



LEAVING Genoa behind us, we will now pursue our journey into other parts of Italy; and in so doing we shall find that the various portions of this charming country differ greatly from one another. The reason for this variety in manners, customs, and even the appearance of people and cities, is easily understood when we remember that the great towns of Italy were once independent powers, each governing, not only

the country around it, but often holding sway over large territories in other parts of the world. It is only in late years, indeed, that all the various portions of Italy have been united into one kingdom.

We are now going to Rome, but on the way we shall stop at Pisa, because every boy and girl who has ever studied geography will want to know if *it* is standing yet, and if there is likely to be a great tumble and crash while we are there. There is no need of mentioning what *it* is, for every one knows that there is nothing in the world so tall, which at the same time leans over so much. As the whale is the king of fishes, and the elephant the king of beasts, so is *it* the king of all things which threaten to fall over, and don't.

The scenery between Genoa and Pisa is very beautiful, lying along that lovely coast of the Mediterranean called the *Riviera di Levante*, but there are reasons why we shall not enjoy it as much as we would like. These reasons are eighty in number, and consist of tunnels, some long and some short, and all very unceremonious in the suddenness with which they cut off a view. As soon as we sight a queer old stone town, or a little village surrounded by lemon groves, or a stretch of blue sea at the foot of olive-covered mountains, everything is instantly extinguished, and we sit in the dark; then there is another view which is just as quickly cut off, and so this amusement goes on

for the whole distance, which is only a little over a hundred miles. There is an old story, once told to a story-loving king, about an immense barn, filled to the top with wheat, and a vast swarm of locusts. There was a little hole in the roof, and first one locust went in and took a grain of wheat, and then another took a grain, and after that another one took a grain, and then another locust took another grain, and then the next locust took a grain, and so on for ever so long; until the King jumped up in a passion and cried out:

"Stop that story! Take my daughter, and marry her, and let us hear no more of those dreadful locusts."

The tunnels on the road between Genoa and Pisa remind one very much of that locust story.

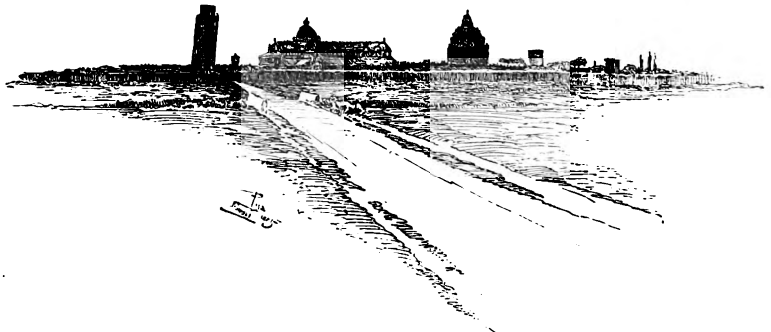
If the city of Pisa had been built for the convenience of visitors, it could not have been better planned. There are four things in the town that are worth coming to see, and these all are placed close together, in one corner, so that tourists can stop here for a few hours, see the Pisan wonders without the necessity of running all over town to find them, and then go on their way. Like every one else, then, we will go directly to the north-west corner of the city, and the first thing we shall see will be the great Leaning Tower of Pisa. Every one of us will admit, I am very sure, that it leans quite as much as we expected; and at first the girls will not wish to stand on that side of it where they can look up and see the tall structure leaning over them; but as the tower has stood there for over five hundred years without falling, we need not be afraid of it now. You all have seen pictures of it, and know how it looks, with its many circular galleries, one above another, each surrounded by a row of columns. But none of us have any idea what a queer thing it is to ascend this tower until we try it. Inside, a winding stone staircase leads to the top, and although the tower is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and there are two hundred and ninety-four steps, young legs will not hesitate to make the ascent. If there is any trouble, it will be with the heads; but as the stair-way is inclosed on each side, there is no danger. The steps wind, but they also incline quite a good deal, so that one always feels a slight disposition to slip to one side. At each story there is a door-way, so that we can go out upon the open galleries. Here there is danger, if

we are not careful. When we are on the upper side of the gallery, it is all very well, because the floor slants toward the building, and we can lean back and look about us quite comfortably. But when we go around to the lower side, we feel as if we were just about to slide off the smooth marble floor of the gallery, which is only a few feet wide, and that the whole concern would come down after us. Nervous people generally keep off the lower sides of the galleries, which have no protection except the pillars, and these do not stand very close together. This tall edifice was built for a *campanile*, or bell-tower, for the cathedral close by; and when we reach the top, we find the great bells hanging in their places. One of these is an enormous fellow weighing six tons, and you will notice that it is not hung on the lower or overhanging side of the tower, but well over on the other side, so as not to give the building any help in toppling over if it should feel more inclined to do so. The view from the top is an extended one, showing us a great deal of very beautiful Italian country; but the main object with most of us for climbing to the belfry is to have the novel experience of standing on a lofty tower which leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular. There is a railing up there, and we can safely look over. On the overhanging side we can see nothing below us but the ground. The bottom of the wall is not only far beneath us, but thirteen feet behind us. On the opposite, or higher, side we see the pillars and galleries sloping away beneath us. It was on the lower side of this belfry that Galileo carried on some of his experiments. There could not be a more capital place from which to hang a long pendulum. Many people think that the inclined position of this famous tower is due to accident, and that the foundations on one side have sunk. But others believe that it was built in this way, and I am inclined to agree with them. There are quite a number of leaning towers in Italy, the one in Bologna being a good deal higher than this of Pisa, although it leans only four feet. They all were probably constructed according to a whimsical architectural fashion of the time, for it is not likely that of all the buildings these towers only should have leaned over in this way, and that none of them should ever have settled so much as to fall.

The great white marble cathedral close by is

seven hundred years old. The front, or *façade*, is celebrated for its beautiful columns and galleries, and inside there are a great many interesting things to see—such as old paintings, mosaics, and carvings, and two rows of sixty-eight ancient Greek and Roman columns which support the roof, and were captured by the Pisans when they had a great fleet, and used to conquer other countries and carry away spoils. But there is one object here which has been of as much value to us, and to every one else in the world, as it ever was to the Italians. This is a hanging bronze lamp, suspended by a very long chain from the middle of the roof. It was the swinging of this very lamp which gave to Galileo the idea of the pendulum.

Near the cathedral stands the famous Baptistery, which is a circular building with two rows of columns supporting a beautiful dome, the top of which is higher than the great bell-tower. The two most notable things inside are the wonderful echo, which we all shall wish to hear, and a famous



A DISTANT VIEW OF PISA.

pulpit, covered with beautiful sculptures by the celebrated Niccolò Pisano, or Nicholas of Pisa, as we should call him.

The last one of this quartet of Pisan objects of interest is the Campo Santo, or cemetery. This is so entirely different from the one at Genoa that we shall take the greater interest in it from having seen that. The first was modern, and nearly all the statues were dressed in handsome clothes of late fashions; but here everything is very old, the great square building with an open space in the center having been finished six hundred years ago. The Crusaders who went from Pisa to the Holy Land hoped, when they died, to be buried in Palestine. But as the Crusades failed, they could not make a Campo Santo there, but they brought back with them fifty-three ship-loads of earth from Mount Calvary, and this they placed in their cemetery of Pisa, in order that they might, after

all, be buried in holy soil. And here they lie now. The inner walls of the great quadrangle, which is separated from the central space by open arches and columns, are covered with enormous paintings, very old and very queer, representing the Triumph of Death, the Last Judgment, and subjects of this kind, treated in the odd way which was the fashion among painters centuries ago. There are sculptures, ancient sarcophagi, and funeral tablets ranged along the walls, and the pavement on which we walk is covered with inscriptions showing what persons are buried beneath it. Many of these people bear to us in point of time the same relation that we shall bear to the boys and girls of the twenty-fifth century.

There is not much else to see in the city of Pisa. It is a quiet place, and nearly all the noise is made by the women, who walk about in their absurd shoes; these are slippers formed of a sole, a very high and hard heel, and a little place into which to slip the toes. Every time a woman makes a step the whole of her foot, except the ends of her toes, leaves the shoe, the heel of which comes clanking upon the pavement. How they manage to keep their shoes on, as they walk about, I can not imagine, and the continual clinking and clanking of the heels on the stone pavements make a very lively racket.

But there was a time when this city made a good deal more noise in the world than that produced by the shoes of its women. It was a powerful maritime power; its ships conquered the Saracens right and left; it took possession of Corsica, Sardinia, and other Mediterranean islands, and owned a large portion of the Italian coast, and played a very important part in the Crusades. But its power gradually declined, and in 1406 it was actually sold to the city of Florence, to which it belonged for a long, long time. What thing more humiliating could happen to a city than to be sold—houses, men, women, and children—to a master which it did not like!

There are no tunnels on the road between Pisa and Rome; but then, on the other hand, the scenery is not very interesting. The railroad follows very nearly the line of a road built by the Romans one hundred and nine years before the Christian era. It passes through the Maremme, or salt marshes, a vast extent of forest and swampland. It is so unhealthy in summer-time that it is deserted by all its inhabitants, who go off to the hills.

It is a nine-hours' trip from Pisa to Rome, for railroad trains in Italy are very slow, and it is dark when we reach that great and wonderful city. Not many years ago no railroad came into Rome, and visitors arrived in carriages and stage-coaches;

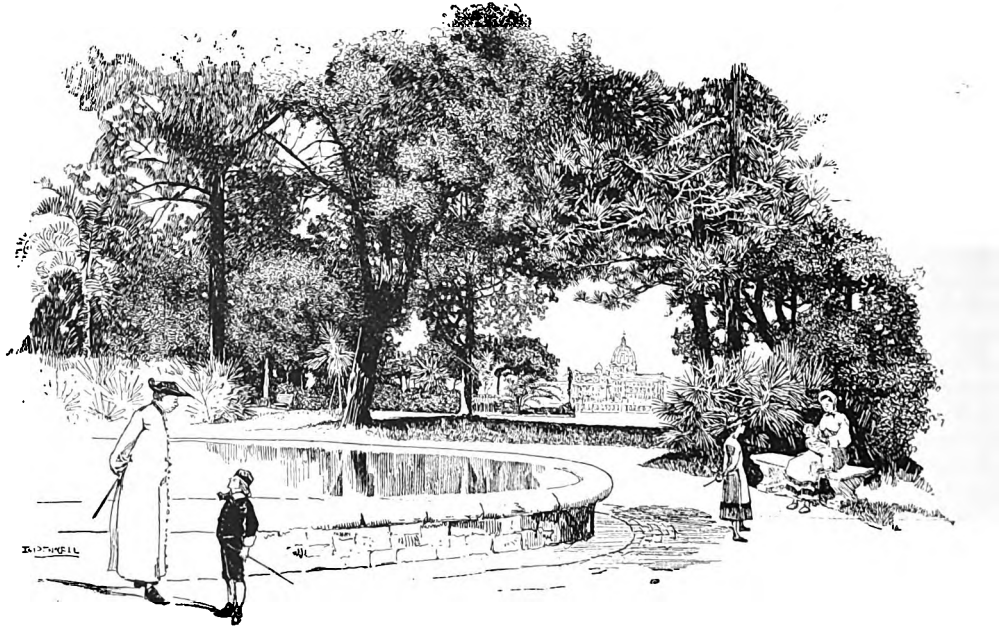
but now we roll into a long, glass-roofed station, and outside there are hotel omnibuses and carriages waiting for the passengers. The ideas which most of us have formed of the city of Romulus and Remus have no association with such a thing as a hotel omnibus; and as we roll away through street after street, lighted by occasional lamps, we see nothing through the omnibus windows which reminds us at all of Julius Cæsar or Cicero. But, as we turn a corner into a large, well-lighted space, we see something which we know, from pictures and descriptions, to belong in Rome, and nowhere else. It is the famous fountain of Trevi, built up high against the end of a palace, with its wide sparkling pond of water in front of it, its marble sea-horses with their struggling attendants, the great figure of Neptune sitting above all, and its many jets of water spouting in fountains and flowing in cascades. The fountain itself is not very ancient, but the water was conducted from a spring fourteen miles away to this spot by our friend Agrippa, who built the Pont du Gard, which we saw near Avignon. Now we feel that we are in Rome, in spite of the omnibus.

We do not intend to see Rome according to any fixed plan founded on the study of history, art, or anything else. We shall take things as they come, see all we can, and enjoy the life of to-day as well as the ruins and the art treasures of bygone centuries. On rainy days we shall wander beneath good roofs in the palaces, the galleries, the churches of the middle ages and the present; and in fair weather we shall walk among the palaces and temples of the Cæsars, which have no roof at all.

There are three cities to be seen in Rome: the Rome of to-day, the Rome of the middle ages, and ancient Rome, each very distinct from the others, and yet all, in a measure, mingled together. I lived for some months in a portion of the city where the street was broad and well paved, with wide sidewalks; where the houses were tall and new, with handsome shops in many of them; where street-cars ran up and down every few minutes, and most of the passers-by wore hats, coats, and dresses, just like the people to whom I had always been accustomed, and this street continually reminded me of some of the new avenues in the upper part of New York. But if I went around a corner, and down a broad flight of steps, I saw before me a lofty marble column, nearly a hundred and fifty feet high, around which winds a long spiral procession of more than two thousand sculptured warriors, with their chariots and engines of war, and beneath which lies buried the great Emperor Trajan. There is nothing about that to remind any one of New York. Rome possesses but one of these broad, wide avenues, with horse-cars

running through it, and the greater part of the streets are as narrow and crooked as it was the fashion in mediæval times to make them. The ancient streets, within the city, are only to be seen where excavations have been made, for the Rome of to-day stands on many feet of soil which has accumulated over the city of the Cæsars.

these people would not encroach on the room required for the great number of attendants, gladiators, and all sorts of persons necessary to carry on the games. It was built in the early part of the Christian era, when Rome was still a pagan city. The opening performance was a grand one, lasting one hundred days, and I suppose that every Roman,



ON THE PINCIAN HILL. (SEE PAGE 740.)

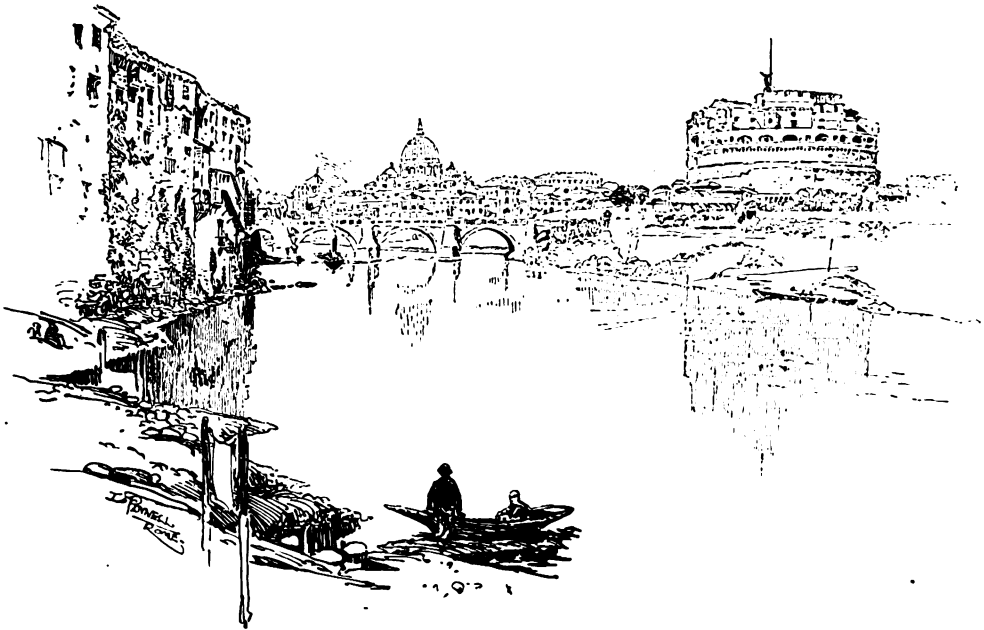
Nearly every one who comes to Rome wishes to go, as soon as possible, to the Colosseum, which is rightfully considered the greatest wonder of the city, and one of the greatest wonders of the world. Let us leave for a time the street-cars, the shops, and the life of modern Rome, and put ourselves in the places of the old patricians and plebeians, and try to get an idea of the sort of sport they used to have. We shall find a great part of the massive walls of this largest place of amusement ever built still standing. In fact, more than one-half of it is gone, but so much remains that we can scarcely understand that this is so. The form of the monster building is elliptical, and one side still reaches to its original height of four stories, and, even in its most broken parts, portions of the second stories remain. Thus we still see just what sort of building it was. It contained seats for eighty-seven thousand spectators. All the inhabitants of three cities of the present size of Pisa could congregate here, and yet there would be room enough left for the people of nine small towns of a thousand citizens each; and all

man, woman, and child, came to the Colosseum on at least one of these days, and very many of them probably attended every day. The greater part of the entertainment consisted of gladiatorial combats, in which these men fought not only each other, but wild beasts. I do not know how many gladiators lost their lives during the inauguration of the new building, but more than five thousand wild animals were killed in the hundred days. At that time hunters were always at work in Africa and Asia catching wild animals for the Colosseum. Lions, tigers and leopards, elephants, giraffes, and, after a time, even rhinoceroses were brought here to be fought and killed. Wild animals were much more plentiful then than they are now, when it is a very expensive and difficult thing to get up even a small menagerie. The arena where the games were held was a vast smooth space, surrounded by the great galleries, which rose in four tiers above it, the top being open to the sky. This space was temporarily planted by one of the emperors with hundreds of trees, so as to resemble a

small forest, and into this were let loose great numbers of deer, antelopes, hares, and game of that kind; and then the spectators were allowed to go down into the arena with their bows, arrows, and spears, to hunt the animals. At other times, the whole of the arena was flooded with water so as to make it into a lake, upon which were launched ships filled with soldiers, and naval contests took place. The Romans had grander ideas of amusements than any people before or since, and they stopped at no expense or trouble when they wished to organize a great show. Most of their entertainments were of a very cruel character, and we all know how thousands of Christian martyrs were sacrificed in this arena, and how thousands of gladiators who fought one another and wild beasts perished here simply to amuse the people.

When we enter upon this open arena, we see that nearly half of it has been excavated, exposing a great number of walls and arches, down into which

denly shot up out of a trap-door into the open air, where there was always something ready for them to do. In other places there are inclined planes, up which the animals came, and iron bars, still stout and strong, behind which they stood glaring until it was time for them to come out. There were great entrances for the Emperor and the nobles; and all around the outside there were eighty archways through which the people came in. Each of these entrances was numbered so that the people could easily find their way to the different portions of the galleries to which they had tickets. We can still plainly see the numbers from twenty-three to fifty-four. Many of the ancient staircases leading to the galleries yet exist, though they are very much worn and broken, and are not now used; but some of them have been restored to very nearly their former appearance, so that we can go up to the highest gallery. The poorer people sat in the topmost row, and long before we are up there, we shall feel sure



THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, FROM THE TIBER,—ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.

we can look, as into deep cellars. These extend under the whole of the arena, and were not only used as passage-ways for men and wild beasts, but were necessary for the working of the machinery, the trap-doors, and other contrivances used in the games. In some places we can see the grooves in which a sort of elevator was worked. The savage beasts were driven through a narrow alley into the box of this elevator, then they were sud-

denly shot up out of a trap-door into the open air, where there was always something ready for them to do. The stair-ways in use among the Romans had very high steps, much higher than those in use in our day, and the restorations have been made as much like the old stairs as possible. Many of us will be surprised not to find the Colosseum a mass of ruins, incumbered with the rubbish and overgrown with vines and the moss of ages. Instead

of this, everything is in excellent order ; the arena, where it has not been dug away, is smooth and clean, and the pieces of marble and broken columns are piled up neatly about the sides ; the galleries are all clear and open to visitors ; and there are railings where the parapets have been broken. We can fearlessly walk over all the parts that are left standing, and can pass through the great vaulted passages which extend behind the long tiers of seats, and then we can go out upon the open galleries.

The Colosseum does not owe its present state of partial ruin to the ravages of time. It was built to stand for very many centuries. In the Middle Ages it was used as a fortress, and was still strong and in comparatively good order in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Then the nobles of Rome began to tear it down and to use it as building material for their palaces. Some of the finest edifices in the city are built with stones taken from the poor old Colosseum, to which people came for building material, just as if it had been a stone quarry. This went on until 1740, when Pope Benedict XIV put a stop to it ; and since then successive popes have taken a great deal of care of the famous ruins, putting up immense buttresses of brick-work, whenever it was necessary, to support the broken parts of the walls. Fortunately, the greater part of the demolition has been done on one side, but nearly all the marble with which the stone-work was faced is gone.

We have much greater privileges, as we ramble about, than the Roman populace ever had. We can, if we like, go down into the passages and curious places under the buildings, where the old-time spectators were not allowed to go ; we can walk around the first gallery, which was occupied by the senators and people of high degree ; and we can even enter the place of the Emperor's box, which certainly no Roman plebeians occupied. This is at one end of the great oval, and commands a fine view of the open space. The galleries were arranged so that every one could see very well ; but the fighting men and animals must have seemed very small to the people on the topmost rows. As we wander about the lonely galleries and passages, we see many things that seem to bring the days of pagan Rome very near to us. Here are some loose bricks, larger and thinner than ours, and of a yellowish color ; they look almost as good as new, and on one side are stamped the initials of the maker, as clean and sharp as if they had been made yesterday ; here are great square holes down which the dust used to be swept after the performances were over ; and here are many channels and openings ingeniously arranged to carry off the rain-water ; all of which have a very recent look. On the

lower floor we go through the door-ways which lead into the arena and tread upon marble slabs worn by the feet of generations of gladiators, as well as of Christians and other prisoners, who stepped out here for their last fight. Under the Emperor's box is a passage made for the entrance of the elephants, and it is interesting to see the great beams which supported this floor ; these are each formed of enormous stones, not fastened together in any way, but supporting each other by their wedge-like shape, and extending across the space in a horizontal beam, which five Jumbos, joined in one, could not break down.

Among the most interesting relics of Roman handiwork to be found here are the iron bars, as large as the rails on our railroads, and fifteen or twenty feet long, with which the immense stones in the lower part of the building were bound together. These are not old and rusty, but in good condition, with the spikes which held the ends together still firmly wedged in where they were driven eighteen hundred years ago, and the marks of the hammers plainly to be seen on the edges of the tough iron. All around the outside of the walls we see numerous holes ; these are the places from which many of these iron rods were taken out in the Middle Ages, when iron, especially such good wrought iron as this, was in great demand.

But we must not spend too much time in this grand old place, because, interesting as it is, there is so much more for us to see. Nearly all visitors come to see the Colosseum by moonlight, if there happens to be a full moon while they are in Rome, and we may do the same if we are careful ; but we must remember the fate of Daisy Miller, in Mr. Henry James's story, and the fate of a great many other young people who are not in stories. Rome, especially the ruined parts of it, is very unhealthy after night-fall.

Rome is still surrounded by the great wall built by the Emperor Aurelian, sixteen hundred years ago. It is fourteen miles long, fifty-five feet high, and there are now twelve gates in it. The present city is a large one, containing about two hundred and fifty thousand people, but it is not the great city it used to be. About two-thirds of the space inclosed by the walls is now covered by gardens, vineyards, and the ruins of the temples, palaces, and other grand edifices of ancient Rome. The river Tiber runs through the city, and is crossed by seven bridges.

One of the most lively parts of Rome is the Piazza di Spagna, which is a large open space, situated in what is called the Stranger's Quarter, because near it are many of the hotels frequented by visitors. Streets lined with shops lead into this piazza ; the middle of the space is crowded with

carriages for hire (sixteen cents for a single drive for two persons); and on one side rises the famous Spanish Stairs. This is a series of one hundred and twenty-five stone steps, wide enough at the bottom for sixty or seventy boys and girls to go up abreast, and separating gracefully to the right and left at several platforms. These lead up to the celebrated Pincian Hill, and at the top of the stairs is the picturesque church of *Trinita de Monti*. On bright afternoons a lot of very queer people, who look as if they had been taken out of pictures, are to be seen sitting and standing on the steps of this great staircase. Many of them are children, and some are very old people. The boys wear bright-colored jackets, knee-breeches, and long stockings, and shoes made, each, of a square piece of sheep-skin, with holes in the edges by which it is laced to the foot by long colored strings which are crossed many times around the ankles; they wear very wide hats with peaked crowns, and often little colored waistcoats. The girls wear shoes like the boys, bright-colored skirts and bodices, gay striped aprons, and a head-dress composed of a flat, wide strip of white cloth covering the top of the head, and hanging far down behind. The women are dressed very much the same way in red, blue, yellow, and white. The men, some of whom have splendid white beards, are very fond of long cloaks with green linings, feathers in their hats, and bright sashes; and many of them wear sheep-skin breeches, with the wool outside. These people have not come out of pictures, but they all wish to go into them. They are artists' models, and sit here waiting for some painter to come along and take them to his studio, where he may put them and their fanciful costume into a picture. They are often very handsome, but they look better at a distance than when we are near them, for they are generally not quite as clean as a fresh-blown rose; but scattered over the Spanish Stairs in the bright sunlight, they make a very pleasing picture. The children occupy their spare time in selling flowers, and some of the little girls will never leave you until you have bought a tiny bunch of pansies or violets, which you can have for almost anything

you choose to give for it. If we are fortunate, we may see a company of these models dancing on one of the broad platforms of the stairs. One of them plays a tambourine, and the others dance gayly to its lively taps; sometimes a boy and girl slip in among the others, and these two look pret-



SOME OF THE MODELS WHO FREQUENT THE SPANISH STAIRS.

tier than all the others, although they run great risk of being crushed by their larger companions. There are many artists in Rome, because there is so very much here that is worth painting; and consequently there is a class of persons who do nothing else but sit or stand as models.

Many of these long stair-ways are to be found in the streets of Rome, for the city is built upon hills,

as we all know, and these flights of steps make short cuts for foot-passengers, while vehicles have often to go a long way around.

From the top of the Pincian Hill, a portion of which is laid out as a pleasure-ground, we have a view of a large part of the city, and, far off in the distance, we see a great dome rising against the sky. This is the dome of St. Peter's, the largest church in the world; and now we will go down into the piazza, take a carriage, and ride there. Most of us have seen pictures of the church, and are not surprised at the magnificent square in front of it, and the great pile of buildings on one side, called the Vatican, where the Pope lives. This palace contains eleven thousand halls and apartments, and there is a great deal in it that we must see, but we will go there some other time. I think that most of us will find the interior of St. Peter's even larger than we expected; and, indeed, it is so vast that it takes some time to understand how big it is. The great central space, or nave, is large enough for a public square or parade ground, while in the aisles on each side of it, in the various chapels, in the transepts, and in the choir or chancel, there is room enough for seven or eight ordinary city congregations to assemble without interfering with one another. There are pictures and statues, grand altars, gorgeous marbles, and a vast expanse of mosaic work in the dome and other places. But, after we have seen all these, the size of the church will still remain its most interesting feature. The interior is so big that it has an atmosphere of its own and at all seasons the temperature remains about the same. If you enter the church in the summer-time, you will find it pleasantly cool; and if you come in the winter-time it will be warm and comfortable. As a rule, the churches of Italy are cold and damp at all times, but this is not the case with St. Peter's. In regard to its permanent temperature, it resembles the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It ought to be a large church, for it took one hundred and seventy-six years to build it; and, although in that period the workmen took one good rest of fifty years, the building went on quite steadily the rest of the time.

An excellent way to get an idea of the size of St. Peter's is to walk around the outside of the church. The entrances to some of the great art galleries of the Vatican are only to be reached by going around the back of St. Peter's, and as the cabmen of Rome do not like to drive around there, our drivers will probably put us down at the front of the church if they think we do not know any better, and tell us they can not go any further, and that all we have to do is to just step around the building and we shall easily find the doors of

the gallery. But if we do this we shall step, and step, and step, under archways and through courtyards, and over an open square, and along a street, all the time walking upon small rough paving-stones, until we think there is no end to the circumference of St. Peter's. It is like walking around a good-sized village; and the next time we come, we will make the drivers take us all the way to the door of the galleries or they shall go without their fares.

If we happen to be at the church on Thursday morning, when the public is allowed to ascend to the roof and dome (or, if we have a written permission, any day will do), we will all make this ascent. A long series of very easy steps takes us to the roof, which is of great extent, and has on it small domes, and also houses in which workmen and other persons employed in the church have their homes. Above this roof the great dome rises to the immense height of three hundred and eight feet. Around the outside of it we see strong iron bands which were put there a hundred years ago, when it was feared that the dome might be cracked by its own enormous weight. There is an inner and an outer dome, and, between these, winding galleries and staircases, very hard on the legs, lead to the top, which is called the Lantern, where we can go out on the gallery and have a fine view of the country all around. Those of you who choose can go up some very narrow iron steps, only wide enough for one person at a time, and enter the hollow copper ball at the very top of everything. When we look at this ball from the ground it seems about the size of a big foot-ball, but it is large enough to hold sixteen persons at once. On our way down, before we reach the roof, we will step upon an inside gallery and look down into the church; and, as we see the little mites of people walking about on the marble floor so far beneath us, we may begin to wonder—that is to say, some of us—if those iron bands around the outside of the dome are really very strong; for if they should give way while we are up there— But, no matter, we will go down now.

In returning from St. Peter's, we pass an immense round building, like a fortress, which is now called the Castle of San Angelo, but was originally known as Hadrian's tomb. It was built by the Emperor Hadrian in the second century as a burial-place for himself and his successors. It is now used by the Italian government as a barracks and military prison. For hundreds of years it was occupied as a fortress. An old soldier will take us about and show us everything. But, just as we are about to start on our rounds, we are obliged to wait while a large body of soldiers march out; platoon after platoon, knapsack and gun on shoulder, they

march by, tramp, tramp, until we are tired of seeing them. At last they all are out, and then we go through the great building, with its many courts, staircases, and rooms. In the very center is the stone cell which was Hadrian's tomb. But he is not there now; long ago his body and his sarcophagus were removed, and the place for nine hundred years has been the abode of the living, and

not of the dead. What was built for a pagan tomb has been used for a citadel by every power which has since ruled Rome. When it was a tomb, the outside was covered with marble and statuary; now, it is only a tower of brick.

Here we must stop, for it will not do to tire ourselves, but in the next paper we shall continue our sight-seeing in Rome.



UP GOES THE EAGLE!

A PLEASANT WALK.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



"WHERE are you going, Miss Sophia?" asked Letty, leaning over the gate.

"I am going to walk," answered Miss Sophia. "Would you like to come with me, Letty?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Letty. "I should like to go very much indeed! Only wait, please, while I get my bonnet!" And Letty danced into the house and danced out again with her brown poke bonnet over her sunny hair. "Here I am, Miss Sophia!" she cried. "Now, where shall we go?"

"Down the lane," said Miss Sophia; "and through the orchard into the fields. Perhaps we may find some wild strawberries!"

So away they went, the young lady walking demurely along, while the little girl frolicked and skipped about, now in front, now behind. It was very pretty in the green lane; the ferns were so

soft and plummy, and the moss so firm and springy under their feet. The trees bent down and talked to the ferns, and told them stories about the birds that were building in their branches; and the ferns had stories, too, about the black velvet mole who lived under their roots, and who had a star on the end of his nose.

But Letty and Miss Sophia did not hear all this; they only heard a soft whispering, and never thought what it meant.

Presently they came out of the lane, and passed through the orchard, and then came out into the broad, sunny meadow.

"Now, Letty," said Miss Sophia, "use your bright eyes and see if you can find any strawberries. I shall sit under a tree and rest a little."

Away danced Letty, and soon she was peeping

and peering under every leaf and grass-blade ; but no gleam of scarlet, no pretty clusters of red and white could she see. Evidently it was not a strawberry meadow. She came back to the tree, and said :

"There are no strawberries at all, Miss Sophia, not even *one*. But I have found something else ; would n't you like to see it?—something very pretty."

"What is it, dear?" asked Miss Sophia. "A flower? I should like to see it, certainly."

"No, it is n't a flower," said Letty; "it's a cow."

"WHAT?" cried Miss Sophia, springing to her feet.

"A cow!" said Letty. "A pretty spotted cow. She's coming after me, I think."

Miss Sophia looked in the direction in which Letty pointed, and there, to be sure, was a cow, moving slowly toward them. She gave a shriek of terror; then, controlling herself, she threw her arms around Letty.

"Be calm, my child!" she said; "I will save you! Be calm!"

"Why, what is the matter, Miss Sophia?" cried Letty, in alarm.

Miss Sophia's face was very pale, and she trembled; but she seized Letty's arm and bade her walk as fast as she could.

"If we should run," she said, in a quivering

voice, "it would run after us, and then we could not possibly escape. Walk fast, my child! Don't scream! Try to keep calm!"

"Why, Miss Sophia!" cried the astonished child. "You don't think I'm afraid of that cow, do you? Why, it's —"

"Hush! hush!" whispered Miss Sophia, dragging her along. "You will only enrage the cow by speaking loud. I will save you, dear, if I can! See, we are getting near the fence. Can't you walk a little faster?"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said the cow, which was now following them at a quicker pace.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Sophia. "I shall faint! I know I shall! Letty, don't faint, too, dear! Let *one* of us escape. Courage, child! Be calm! Oh! there is the fence. Run, now—run, for your life!"

The next minute they both were over the fence. Letty stood panting, with eyes and mouth wide open; but Miss Sophia clasped her in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Safe!" she sobbed. "My dear, brave child! we are safe!"

"Yes, I suppose we are safe," said the bewildered Letty. "But what was the matter? it was Uncle George's cow, and she was coming home to be milked!"

"Moo-oo-ooo!" said Uncle George's cow, looking over the fence.

THE UNLUCKY URCHIN.

BY A. R. WELLS.

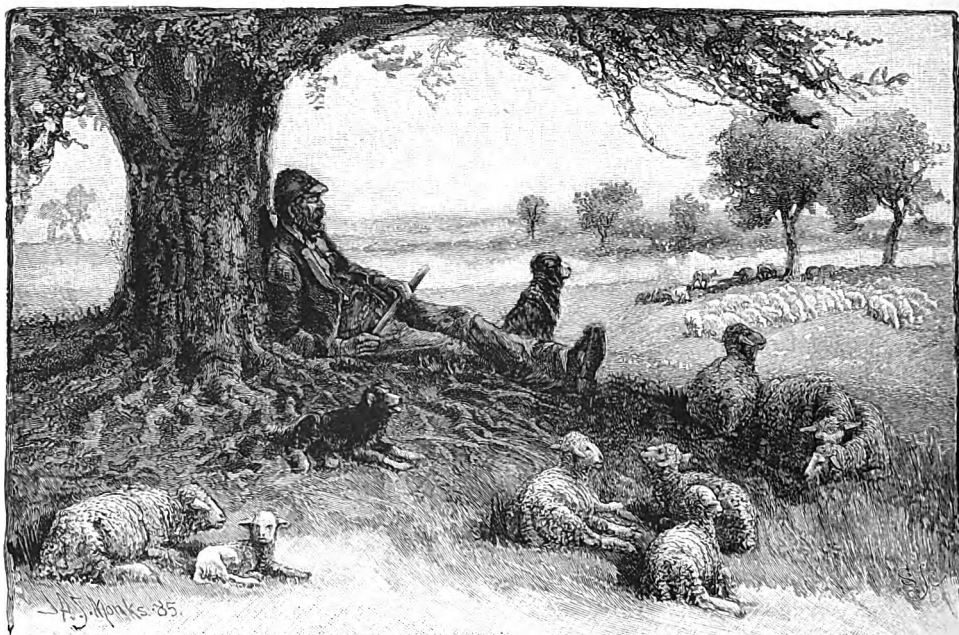
ON the shore of an island far away,
Stood a spirited youth, one summer day,
And thus he moaned to the moaning sea:

"Ah, sad is the fate that falls to me!
The cruel waves that around me roar,
They bind me down to this petty shore.
Oh, were I once on the other side,
I'd seek the lion, and tame his pride!
And after the royal beast was slain,
As King of the Beasts, in his place, I'd reign!"

Ah, sad is our lot when a cruel fate
Represses and chains the brave and great!"

SHEEP OR SILVER?

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.



OLD JOCK AND HIS SHEEP—A NOONTIDE REST.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE LAMPASAS.

FOR weeks and months, affairs at the ranch on the Lampasas pursued the even tenor of their way, until, as Bessie declared one morning, it seemed as if they had always lived there; and she added: "If only Waldo and Uncle Cyrus were with us, I should not care if we never lived anywhere else for ever and ever!"

"What I like best," said Hessie, "is to go to bed so early as to be able to rise before the sun does. There never was anything, I am sure, so perfectly lovely as the breaking of the morning upon those green hills and these sea-like plains!"

But before even Hessie or Bessie were up of a morning, Old Jock was astir, and with his faithful collies, Scotty and Laddie, was far away with his flock upon the dewy hill-slopes. At noon the sheep would seek of themselves the shade of the live-oaks; and Jock, leaning against a broad tree-trunk, would drift into a waking dream of "bonnie

Scotland," while his dogs kept zealous watch and noted every prairie-hen, or prairie dog even, that dared to show itself. Long ago the rabbits had learned that they had nothing to fear from Laddie and Scotty. The dogs would prick up their ears at sight of these long-eared visitors, but would never stir—as if to say, "Oh, we *could* catch you, but we've no time to waste on such ninnies as you; our business is—sheep."

Toward four o'clock, the flock would be up and grazing again, nibbling away as if for dear life, in that hurried way of eating, peculiar to sheep. As night drew on, Old Jock trudged slowly in advance, the sheep following, the dogs in the rear or upon either flank, until home was reached and the flock was folded in for the night. There are scarcely any wolves in Texas, the miserable coyotes not being even worthy the name; and only an occasional eagle would pounce down from the blue sky upon some wandering lamb. So few were the foes of the flock, that its care was seemingly the easiest of tasks.

Ruthven was always busy. He, too, gave all

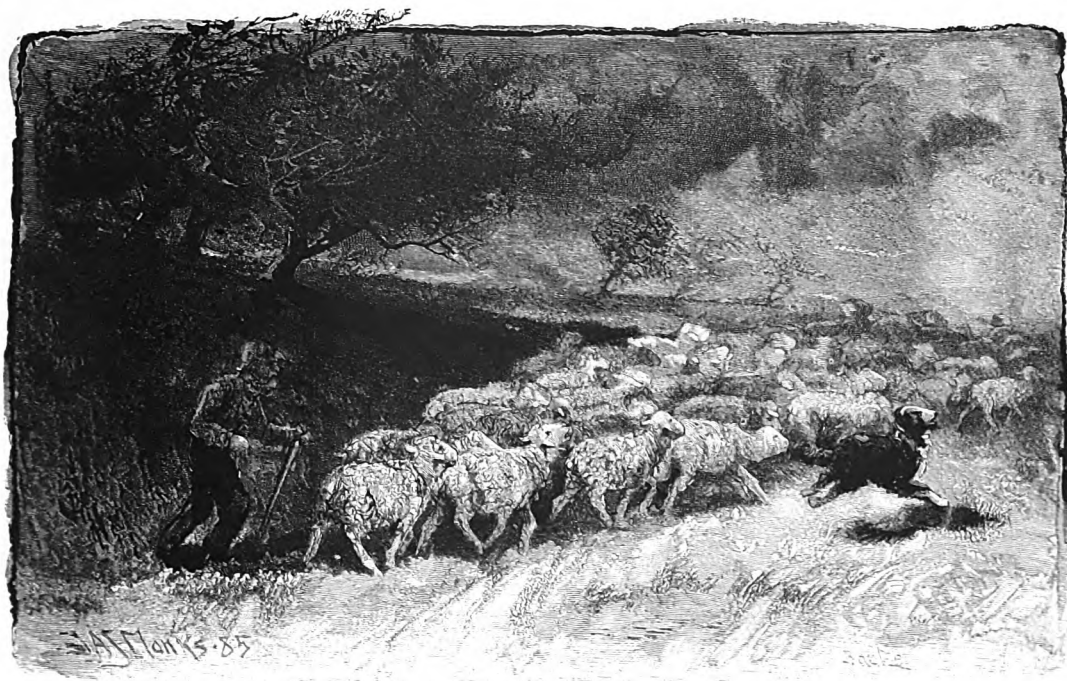
his energy to the mainstay of the ranch—sheep. Every day seemed to bring him some new duty. He paid a Mexican herder fifteen dollars a month to look after a little “bunch” of mares and colts he had out on the prairies. But he had to look sharply after the Mexican. Other people’s “brands” would become tangled among his cows and calves, and an unbranded colt or calf was very sure to be branded by unscrupulous neighbors; while to keep the run of the colts and calves was almost like counting the fish in the sea, so vast were the grazing-grounds. Ruthven had almost to live in his saddle, sleeping on the grass and in the open air night after night.

“But I am always ready for that,” he would reassure his mother. “I always carry my coffee-pot along, and a little ham and bacon. If I am caught too far away to hope to get home, I jump

oatmeal all their meeserable lives. Eat, sleep, gamble, lie, steal—that’s a’ they can do. Hech, mon, gie me Scotland! If I can contreeve to slip awa’ from that puir beastie o’ a Don Quixote, I’ll tak’ the neist ship for Glasgow. Texas is na’ the land for me. It’s a’ sun, till one’s vera banes an’ marrow are melted in it.”

But Jock was to have a new experience. One beautiful December day, he had gone further north with his flock than was his custom. The sky was cloudless. No wind was stirring. So sultry was it that the sheep lay down earlier than usual, and Jock dropped off into a sound nap after his noon-day lunch. Suddenly he was awakened by his dogs, which, without a command, had brought the sheep to their feet, and were running about, endeavoring to herd them homeward. Jock was enraged.

“That’s the one evil o’ the collies,” he said:



MAKING HOMEWARD BEFORE THE “NORTHER.” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

down from my horse near some timber or water, stake the horse, boil a cup of coffee, broil a little bacon, lie down with my head on my saddle, my hat over my eyes, and sleep till the sun wakes me up.”

Old Jock still grumbled away at Texas weather and people.

“Look at the puir Mexicans!” he exclaimed, in much contempt. “What are they guid for but to eat red pepper and corn-cake, ne’er hearin’ o’

“they wull bunch the sheep too much. Come in, ye fules!” he cried to the dogs.

As he did so, he observed a small line of darkness upon the northern sky. A flock of wild geese went flying southward over his head, with warning calls. A second flock followed; a herd of cattle rushed past; and then a *caballado*, or drove of horses, tails in air, galloped toward the shelter of a southerly ravine.

Now, Jock had spent but one winter in Texas,

and that had been a remarkably mild one. Thinking only of an early return to Scotland, he had paid but little attention to instructions concerning a land he so despised. But he knew that cows, dogs, horses, every animal except sheep, were, in their way, wiser than men. The dark band upon the northern horizon grew still broader and darker; the lightning flashed out of it again and again, and from before it came an increasing roar, as from an advancing army. The air was very still, but growing cooler and cooler, as the sky grew darker and darker.

Jock grew uneasy at these new phases of Texas weather. Encouraging the dogs, he now set his face homeward, followed by the flock.

ing storm and spurred his mustang home. The storm was upon the Lampasas when he reached there, and Jock and the sheep were not yet in. Ruthven at once summoned Japero, the Mexican, saddled a fresh horse, begged his mother to keep a bright light in her window to the northward, and galloped out into the blackness.

The norther was at its height.

"It will kill those Spanish sheep!" said Ruthven again and again. "So old a man as Jock ought to have known that something was wrong. If we but escape loss this time —"

A sound broke in on his new resolutions,— the bark of a dog. Greatly relieved, Ruthven reined in his mustang, and, though unable to see anything



"HESSIE GROPED HER WAY THROUGH THE STORM WITH REFRESHMENT FOR THE WORKERS."

"Hech, sirs!" he exclaimed; "eh, my luckie! Who 'd'a' thocht it? And this is the 'norther' they've been din—din—dinnin' in ma ears. Ye'll be sune ower. Fast cauld, fast het; I ken ye! Tak' it out in howlin', will ye? Maist meeserable land! wi' naithin' steady aboot ye, save the sun and the weckedness of the folk!"

Suddenly, with a dense darkness of rain and sleet, and roaring wind, the norther burst upon him with full force. It was midwinter striking midsummer. At last Jock lost all idea of direction, and had to trust wholly to the instinct of his dogs.

Ruthven, riding back from Austin, where important business had taken him, saw the approach-

ing storm and spurred his mustang home. The storm was upon the Lampasas when he reached there, and Jock and the sheep were not yet in.

Yelling to Jock that he was there, Ruthven shouted to Japero to go to the left of the flock while he hurried off to the right. The dogs gave a sharp bark of confidence, as if to say:

"Follow us, master! We're all right! We know the road, if you don't."

The cold, the sleet, the rushing of the wind, the torrent-like downfall of the rain increased at every step. The midnight darkness was like a stone wall about them. Ruthven feared lest Jock should drop behind and get lost. But the old man's blood was up. Except that the storms did not come quite

so suddenly and violently, this weather was more like Scotland than anything Jock had yet experienced. He almost enjoyed it.

At last, after it seemed to Ruthven as if they had been going for ages through the thick darkness, and when he had begun to fear that they might be on the wrong track, he saw lights twinkling through the storm. The dogs barked joyfully. The sheep seemed to understand, and moved more rapidly. Soon came the shelter, first of the timber, then of the houses, and last of the fold, and Ruthven uttered a fervent "Thank Heaven!" when the greatest danger was over.

But now the sheep needed instant care. For hours Ruthven, Jock, and Japero were working over them. Old Don Quixote seemed double his size, so caked was he with ice and sleet. He hung his head and was evidently tired as well as chilled.

Jock was in his element now, dosing his flock with warm mixtures, rubbing them down, feeding them with oil-cake. A few logs rolled to the windward of the fold, and far enough away to avoid danger, were set on fire, and the hot smoke and cheerful light helped to make an island of comfort in the tempest which roared around it.

Hessie groped her way through the storm with refreshment for the three workers,—an enormous pot of hot coffee and bread and meat,—and her cheery presence and lively ways came like sunshine through the gloom and blackness of the tempest.

It is doubtful if old Jock slept at all that night. When he went out at day-break next morning, the storm was still raging. But the old man's joy was complete—now that his flock was safe—when, on the fourth morning, he found all the world deep in snow, with a moist wind blowing from the south.

"Old Jock thinks that Texas has changed to Scotland," said Hessie.

After these three days of storm came three days of southerly wind, and at last Bessie said:

"Here is Texas back once more!"

The sun was shining in a cloudless sky, the prairies rolling off to the horizon all the greener for their drenching, the air almost as balmy as in August.

Jock had little to say, but everybody noticed that he did not, after this experience with a norther, go so far away from the ranch as before, and he had a trick of listening for the passage of wild geese, and of glancing now and then toward the north.

"Yes, I wull gang hame," he said. "No sic a country for me! Weenter at its wust wan day; summer at its hettest the neist. What day did you say the neist ship sails frae Galveston for Scotland. Meester Ruthven? It was gude for us the sheep

did na perish. But it 's na any mair northers I want. Nor what ye ca' blizzards, either. *Blizzards!* Wha iver heerd sic a word outside o' Texas? Maist meeserable country of a' iver made! What did ye say war the name o' the ship? Wednesday neist, war it? You and Japero must learn a' ye can about the sheep. I mun gang back hame."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE WONDER-LAND.

AND while northers and sheep-farming were taxing all the time and attention of the ranchers on the Lampasas, away to the north-west the two wanderers from home were living among the marvels of that wonder-land of the world—the Sierras of Arizona.

The whole country is much like what astronomers tell us the moon must be—a wild region of barren plains, upon which it would seem as if no drop of rain had ever fallen or ever could fall; an expanse of coarse, burned-up sage-brush; the earth cracked with long baking; volcanic bowlders scattered about. These are the plains; but here, there, everywhere, run ranges of ragged rocks rolling up into irregular hills, crags, cliffs, mountains, and towering peaks topped with snow. There could be no more striking contrast than is all this to the verdant prairies and soft slopes of the Lampasas.

Uncle Cyrus had been searching for metal among the mountain ranges for weeks before Waldo joined him. When Waldo reached Arizona, the uncle and nephew struck off for themselves, and through several weary months had been trying, map in hand, to trace out the trail given to old Jock by Hungry Wolf.

Not that they did not find a hundred indications of precious metal.

"The whole country is chock-full of it," said Waldo; "but what good does that do us? We have n't the cash to develop it—to put up stamping-mills, smelting-furnaces, irrigating-works, or to sink shafts. It's the old story of the Ancient Mariner over again.

'Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink,'

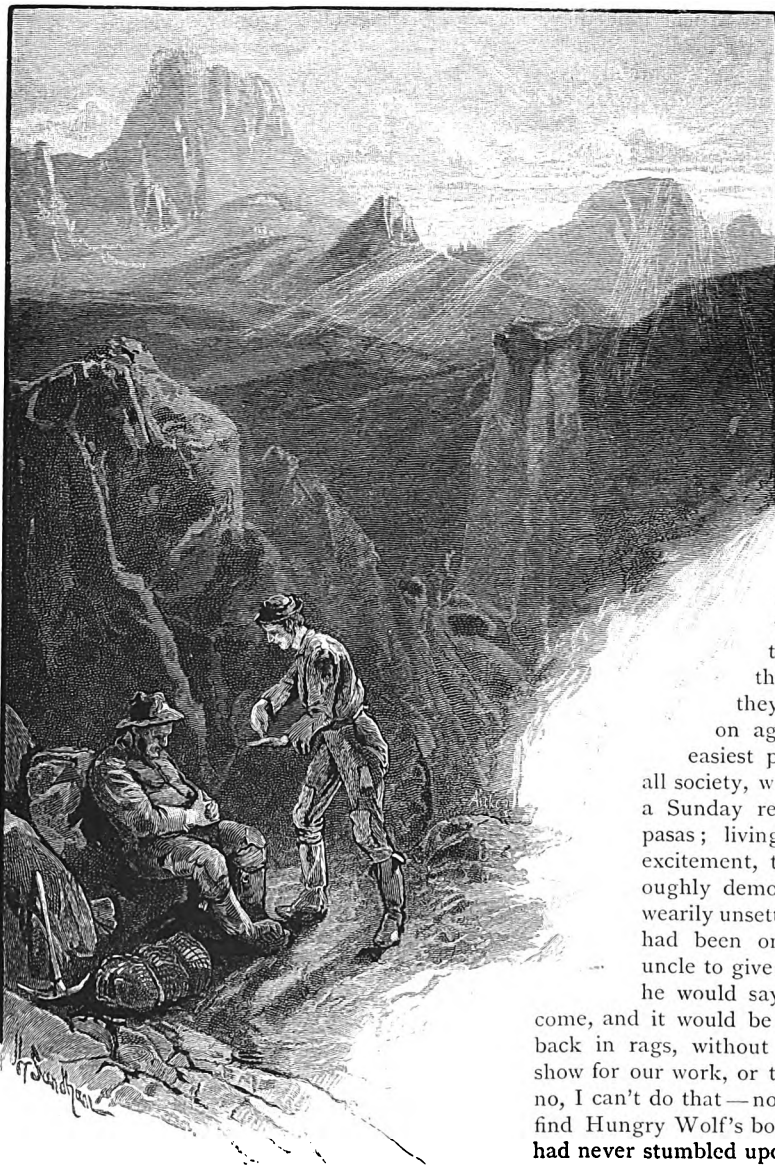
only in this case the ocean is the desert. Never does a man so really die for want of money as in this horrible land, which is full of it."

"And yet think what luck some people have had here!" said Uncle Cyrus. "Not ten miles from where we are at this minute, Don Rodrigo Gaudera, in the old Spanish days, found a solid lump of 'virgin' silver that weighed two thou-

sand eight hundred pounds and was worth half a million dollars."

"But that was away back in 1683, Uncle," said Waldo, who was well up in the history of the

of those miners at 'Tremendous Good Luck,' as they called their claim. What did they do but come upon a saddle-back plateau among the mountains where silver lay about loose in lumps, and so



"'WE MUST N'T GIVE UP YET, UNCLE,' SAID WALDO."

country; "and little enough good did his 'find' do the old Don, for the King of Spain coolly pocketed the lump, under the claim that all wonderful curiosities belonged to the crown."

"Well, come down to nowadays, then," said Uncle Cyrus. "Don't you remember the bonanza

near the surface that they could grub them out with their hands or their bowie-knives as if they were potatoes. But all the same, Waldo, I wish I had n't led you away from the Lampasas on this regular wild-goose chase after silver."

"Oh, we must n't give up yet, Uncle," said the boy; "not a bit of it! We 'll find Hungry Wolf's silver yet, even if we have had a terrible time in trying to find it."

It had been a terrible time, indeed. The mere work of climbing over rocks, trudging across cinder plains, and delving desperately whenever there were prosperous signs, working as day-laborers at the great mining-works when their money gave out, until they could earn enough to push on again,—these had been the easiest part of it all. Cut off from all society, without a book, a church, or a Sunday rest since leaving the Lampasas; living in a perpetual fever of excitement, their life had been a thoroughly demoralized, unwholesome, and wearily unsettled one. Fifty times Waldo had been on the point of urging his uncle to give up and go home. But then he would say to himself: "We *would*

come, and it would be like death to me to sneak back in rags, without even a silver sixpence to show for our work, or to take back to the girls—no, I can't do that—not now, at least. We may find Hungry Wolf's bonanza yet, but I wish we had never stumbled upon him."

And, as Uncle Cyrus said, the time had not been entirely lost. Waldo had vastly enlarged his knowledge of nature—the plants and animals of this wonderful district, the savage tribes that wander over it, and the remains of past civilizations—Spanish, Aztec, and even earlier dwellers and builders. Once he had narrowly escaped the clutch of a cinnamon bear, and once he had

caught a glimpse of a cougar, or California lion. He had visited the Zufis in their own towns, and learned to like the kindly-faced and rapidly decreasing Navajos. But his greatest interest had been in the tribes of which he had heard that, making their villages in the depths of vast cañons, thousands of feet deep and many miles long, they had never as yet seen, or been seen by, a white man.

"I am writing this," he said, in one of his frequent home letters, "in the grand old cathedral of St. Xavier del Bec, ten miles south of Tucson. Here is a church one hundred and fifteen feet long by seventy broad, and built of stone and brick over a hundred years ago, full of beautiful statues and magnificent paintings, grandly gilded and dropped down here in this howling wilderness. It makes one feel almost as queerly as when among the ruins of the cities that had perished from the knowledge of men before Cortez came."

"All of which is very interesting," Ruthven had remarked at the time; "but that is not the silver Uncle Cyrus was to find for us. Thus far their trip has evidently been a dead failure—although they do not say so, of course. But theirs is no new experience. Of the hundreds of thousands that have gone on the same errand since the first gold fever of 1849, not one in ten thousand has done more than make his escape—a poorer and a wiser man."

And so the search for Hungry Wolf's treasure went on. Dispirited, but still hopeful, the two wanderers had pushed on until, almost destitute of everything, ragged and weary from months of hard labor and unavailing search,—they had penetrated to the wildest part of the Cerbat range of the great Sierras. They had seen the lakes whose shores are crusted salt, the limestone cliffs carved by centuries of tempests into arches and minarets, domes and towers; they had crossed the region of the hot springs, had camped for a night in the jasper forest of petrified trees, and had gazed upon, perhaps, the noblest sight of all, where, high above them, the peak of Mount San Francisco towered thirteen thousand feet in air.

But now they had arrived almost at the end of their patience, their pluck, and their resources.

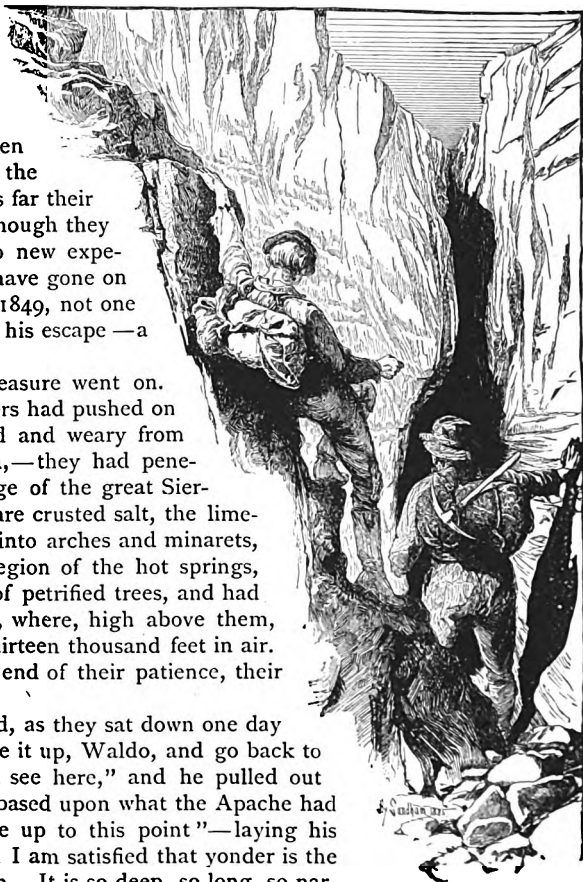
"If this last clew fails," Uncle Cyrus said, as they sat down one day in the heart of the Cerbat hills, "we'll give it up, Waldo, and go back to the ranch, or to the silver-mills. But now, see here," and he pulled out the worn and tattered map which had been based upon what the Apache had told Jock. "I have worked out this puzzle up to this point"—laying his finger on a certain spot on the map,— "and I am satisfied that yonder is the tunnel-like entrance to Hungry Wolf's cañon. It is so deep, so long, so narrow, so dark, so winding, I doubt if mortal man has ever explored it. No white man has, I am certain. As they say in 'hide and seek,' I am sure that this time we're 'hot.' Who knows but we may come upon one of those hidden Indian nations we have heard of; perhaps upon Hungry Wolf's bonanza itself? Come along, Waldo! It's now or never! Look closely to your steps, and have your revolver ready!"

They both were on their feet now, and nearing the great black mouth of the mysterious cañon.

"All right, Uncle; go ahead!" said Waldo. "I'm with you to the last."

The manifold needs he had for money crowded upon the lad's mind as he strode on after his rotund uncle—a complete freedom from all indebtedness for the family; a thorough education for Ruthven, his sisters, and himself; a whole flock of the very best imported stock for Ruthven and Uncle Cyrus, if they fancied having the best ranch in the State; above all, a comfortable home and entire freedom from all anxiety for his mother as long as she lived.

"Go ahead, Uncle Cyrus!" he shouted again, and still more cheerily, "I'm sure we shall find—something!"



"COME ALONG, WALDO! IT'S NOW OR NEVER."

(To be continued.)



THE REIGN OF THE ROLLER-SKATE.

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER VII.

DETERMINED ACTION.

JUNIOR had good reason for bringing Merton to a sudden halt in his impetuous and hostile advance. The man coming up the lane, with a savage dog, was the father of the ill-nurtured children. He had felt a little uneasy as to the results of their raid upon our fruit, and had walked across the fields to give them the encouragement of his presence, or to cover their retreat, which he now did effectually.

It took Junior but a moment to explain to my boy that they were no match "for the two brutes," as he expressed himself, adding: "The man is worse than the dog."

Merton, however, was almost reckless from anger and a sense of unprovoked wrong, and he darted into the house for his gun.

"See here, Merton," said Junior, firmly, "shoot the dog if they set him on us, but never fire at a human being. You'd better give me the gun; I am cooler than you are."

They had no occasion to use the weapon, however. The man shook his fist at them, while his children indulged in taunts and coarse derision. The dog, sharing their spirit and not their discretion, started for the boys, but was recalled, and our undesirable neighbors departed leisurely.

All this was related to me after night-fall, when I returned with my wife and younger children from the Maizeville landing. I confess that I fully shared Merton's anger, although I listened quietly.

"You grow white, Robert, when you are angry," said my wife. "I suppose that 's the most dangerous kind of heat — white heat. Don't take the matter so to heart. We can't risk getting the ill-will of these ugly people. You know what Mr. Jones said about them."

"This question shall be settled in twenty-four hours!" I replied. "That man and his family are the pest of the neighborhood, and every one lives in a sort of abject dread of them. Now, the neighbors must say 'yes' or 'no' to the question whether we shall have decency, law, and order, or not. Merton, unharness the horse! Junior, come with me; I'm going to see your father."

I found Mr. Jones sleepy and about to retire, but his blue eyes were soon wide open, with an angry fire in them.

"You take the matter very quietly, Mr. Durham," he said; "more quietly than I could."

"I shall not fume about the affair a moment. I prefer to act. The only question for you and the other neighbors to decide is — will you act with me? I am going to this man Bagley's house to-morrow, to give him his choice. It's either decency and law-abiding on his part, now, or prosecution before the law on mine. You say that you are sure that he has burned barns, and made himself generally the terror of the region. Now, I won't live in a neighborhood infested by people little better than wild Indians. My feelings as a man will not permit me to submit to insult and injury. What's more, it's time the people about here abated this nuisance."

"You are right, Robert Durham!" said Mr. Jones, springing up and giving me his hand. "I've felt mean, and so have others, that we've allowed ourselves to be run over by this rapsallion. If you go to-morrow, I'll go with you, and so will Rollins. His hen-roost was robbed t' other night, and he tracked the thieves straight toward Bagley's house. He says his patience has given out. It only needs a leader to rouse the neighborhood, but it is n't very creditable to us that we let a new-comer like you face the thing first."

"Very well," I said, "it's for you and your neighbors to show now how much grit and manhood you have. I shall start for Bagley's house at nine, to-morrow. Of course I shall be glad to have company, and if he sees that the people will not stand any more of his rascality, he'll be more apt to behave himself or else clear out."

"He'll have to do one or the other," said Mr. Jones grimly. "I'll go right down to Rollins's. Come, Junior, we may want you."

At eight o'clock the next morning, a dozen men, including the constable, were in our yard. My wife whispered: "Do be prudent, Robert." She was much re-assured, however, by the largeness of our force.

We soon reached the dilapidated hovel, and were so fortunate as to find Bagley and all his family at home. Although it was the busiest season, he was idle. As I led my forces straight toward his door, it was evident that he was surprised and disconcerted, in spite of his attempt to maintain a sullen and defiant aspect. I saw his evil eye resting on one and another of our group, as if he were storing up grudges to be well paid on future dark nights. His eldest son stood with the dog at the corner of the house, and as

I approached, the cur, set on by the boy, came toward me with a stealthy step. I carried a heavy cane, and just as the brute was about to take me by the leg, I struck him a blow on the head that sent him howling away.

The man, for a moment, acted almost as if he had been struck himself. His bloated visage became inflamed, and he sprang toward me.

"Stop!" I thundered. My neighbors closed around me, and he instinctively drew back.

"Bagley," I cried, "look me in the eye." And he fixed upon me a gaze full of impotent anger. "Now," I resumed, "I wish you and your family to understand that you 've come to the end of your rope. You must become decent, law-abiding people, like the rest of us, or we shall put you where you can't harm us. I, for one, am going to give you a last chance. Your children were stealing my fruit last night, and acting shamefully afterward. You also trespassed, and you threatened these two boys; you are idle in the busiest time, and think you can live by plunder. Now, you and yours must turn the sharpest corner you ever saw. Your two eldest children can come and pick berries for me at the usual wages, if they obey my orders and behave themselves. One of the neighbors here says he 'll give you work, if you try to do it well. If you accept these terms, I 'll let the past go. If you don't, I 'll have the constable arrest your boy at once, and I 'll see that he gets the heaviest sentence the law allows, while if you or your children make any further trouble, I 'll meet you promptly in every way the law permits. But, little as you deserve it, I am going to give you and your family one chance to reform, before proceeding against you. Only understand one thing, I am not afraid of you. I 've had my say."

"I have n't had mine," said Rollins, stepping forward excitedly. "You, or your scapegrace boy there, robbed my hen-roost the other night, and you 've robbed it before. There is n't a man in this region but believes that it was you who burned the barns and hay-stacks. We wont stand this nonsense another hour. You 've got to come to my hay-fields and work out the price of those chickens, and after that I 'll give you fair wages. But if there 's any more trouble, we 'll clean you out as we would a family of weasels."

"Yes, neighbor Bagley," added Mr. Jones, in his dry, caustic way, "think soberly. I hope you are sober. I 'm not one of the threatenin', barkin' sort, but I 've reached the p'int where I 'll bite. The law will protect us an' the hull neighborhood has resolved, with Mr. Durham here, that you and your children shall make no more trouble than he and his children. See?"

"Look-a-here," began the man, blusteringly, "you need n't come threatenin' in this blood-and-thunder style. The law 'll protect me as well as —"

Ominous murmurs were arising from all my neighbors, and Mr. Jones now came out strong.

"Neighbors," he said, "keep cool. The time to act has n't come yet. See here, Bagley, it's hayin' and harvest. Our time 's vallyble, whether yours is or not. You kin have just three minutes to decide whether you 'll take your oath to stop your maraudin' and that of your children;" and he pulled out his watch.

"Let me add my word," said a little man, stepping forward. "I own this house, and the rent is long overdue. Follow neighbor Jones's advice or we 'll see that the sheriff puts your traps out in the middle of the road."

"Oh, of course," began Bagley. "What kin one feller do against a crowd?"

"Swar", as I told you," said Mr. Jones, sharply and emphatically. "What do you mean by hangin' fire so? Do you s'pose this is child's play and make-believe? Don't ye know that when quiet, peaceable neighbors git riled up to our pitch, that they mean what they say? Swar", as I said, and be mighty sudden about it."

"Don't be a dunce," added his wife, who stood trembling behind him. "Can't you see?"

"Very well, I swar' it," said the man, in some trepidation.

"Now, Bagley," said Mr. Jones, putting back his watch, "we want to convert you thoroughly this mornin'. The first bit of mischief that takes place in this borough will bring the weight of the law on you"; and, wheeling on his heel, he left the yard, followed by the others.

"Come in, Mr. Bagley," I said, "and bring the children. I want to talk with you all. Merton, you go home with Junior."

"But, Papa——" he objected.

"Do as I bid you," I said, firmly, and I entered the squalid abode.

The man and the children followed after me wonderingly. I sat down and looked the man steadily in the eye for a moment.

"Let us settle one thing first," I began. "Do you think I am afraid of you?"

"S'pose not, with sich backin' as yer got," was the somewhat nervous reply.

"I told Mr. Jones after I came home last night that I should fight this thing alone if no one stood by me. But you see that your neighbors have reached the limit of forbearance. Now, Mr. Bagley, I did n't remain to threaten you. There has been enough of that, and from very resolute, angry men, too. I wish to give you and yours a chance.

such as it is, requires that I shall not let a man go wrong if I can help it. If you'll take the road to the right and do your level best, there's my hand."

The man showed his emotion by a slight tremor only, and after a moment's thoughtful hesitation he took my hand and said in a hoarse, choking voice: "You've got a claim on me now which all the rest could n't git, even if they put a rope around my neck. I s'pose I have lived like a brute, but I've been treated like one, too."

"If you'll do as I say, I'll guarantee that within six months you'll be receiving all the kindness that a self-respecting man wants," I answered. Then turning to his wife, I asked:

"What have you in the house to eat?"

"Next to nothin'," she said, drying her eyes with her apron, and then throwing open their bare cupboard.

"Put on your coat, Bagley, and come with me," I said.

He and his wife began to be profuse with thanks.

"No, no!" I said, firmly. "I'm not going to give you a penny's worth of anything while you are able to earn a living. You shall have food at once; but I shall expect you to pay for it in work. I am going to treat you like a man and a woman, and not like beggars."

A few minutes later, some of the neighbors were much surprised to see Bagley and myself going up the road together.

My wife, Merton, and tender-hearted Mousie were at the head of the lane watching for me. Re-assured, as we approached, they returned wonderingly to the house, and met us at the door.

"This is Mrs. Durham," I said. "My dear, please give Mr. Bagley ten pounds of flour and a piece of pork. After you've had your dinner, Mr. Bagley, I shall expect you, as we've agreed. And if you'll chain up that dog of yours, or, better still, knock it on the head with an ax, Mrs. Durham will go down and see your wife about fixing up your children."

Winifred gave me a pleased, intelligent look, and said, "Come in, Mr. Bagley"; while Merton and I hastened away to catch up with neglected work.

"Your husband's been good to me," said the man abruptly.

"That's because he believes you are going to be good to yourself and your family," was her smiling reply.

"Will you come and see my wife?" he asked.

"Certainly, if I don't have to face your dog," replied Winifred.

"I'll kill the critter soon's I go home," muttered Bagley.

"It hardly pays to keep a big, useless dog," was my wife's practical comment.

In going to the cellar for the meat, she left him alone for a moment or two with Mousie; and he, under his new impulses, said:

"Little gal, ef my children hurt your flowers ag'in, let me know, and I'll thrash 'em!"

The child stole to his side and gave him her hand, as she replied:

"Try being kind to them."

Bagley went home with some new ideas under his tattered old hat. At half-past twelve he was on hand, ready for work.

"That dog that tried to bite ye is dead and buried," he said, "and I hope I buried some of my dog natur' with 'im."

"You've shown your good sense. But I have n't time to talk now. The old man has mown a good deal of grass. I want you to shake it out and, as soon as he says it's dry enough, to rake it up. Toward night I'll be out with the wagon, and we'll stow all that's fit into the barn. To-morrow, I want your two eldest children to come and pick berries."

"I'm in fer it, Mr. Durham. You've given me your hand, and I'll show yer how that goes furdur with me than all the blood-and-thunder talk in Maizeville," said Bagley, with some feeling.

"Then you'll show that you can be a man like the rest of us," I said, as I hastened to our early dinner.

My wife beamed and nodded at me. "I'm not going to say anything to set you up too much," she said. "You are great on problems, and you are solving one even better than I hoped."

"It is n't solved yet," I replied. "We have only started Bagley and his people on the right road. It will require much patience and good management to keep them there. I rather think you'll have the hardest part of the problem yet on your hands. I have little time for problems now, however, except that of making the most of this season of rapid growth and harvest. I declare I'm almost bewildered when I see how much there is to be done on every side. Children, we all must act like soldiers in the middle of a fight. Every stroke must tell. Now, we'll hold a council of war, so as to make the most of the afternoon's work. Merton, how are the raspberries?"

"There are more ripe, Papa, than I thought there would be."

"Then, Winnie, you and Bobsey must leave the weeding in the garden and help Merton pick berries, this afternoon."

"As soon as it gets cooler," said my wife, "Mousie and I are going to pick, also."

"Very well," I agreed. "You can give us raspberries and milk to-night, and so you will be getting supper at the same time. Until the hay is ready to come in, I shall continue hoeing in the garden, the weeds grow so rapidly. To-morrow will be a regular fruit day all around, for there are two more cherry-trees that need picking."

Our short nooning over, we all went to our several tasks. The children were made to feel that now was the chance to win our bread for months to come, and that there must be no shirking. Mousie promised to clear away the things while my wife, protected by a large sun-shade, walked slowly down to the Bagley cottage. Having seen that Merton and his little squad were filling the baskets with strawberries properly, I went to the garden and slaughtered the weeds where they threatened to do the most harm.

At last I became so hot and wearied that I thought I'd visit a distant part of the upland meadow, and see how Bagley was progressing. He was raking manfully, and had accomplished a fair amount of work, but it was evident that he was almost exhausted. He was not accustomed to hard work, and had rendered himself still more unfit for it by dissipation.

"See here, Bagley," I said, "you are doing well, but you will have to break yourself into harness gradually. I don't wish to be hard upon you. Lie down under this tree for half an hour and by that time I shall be out with the wagon."

"Mr. Durham, you have the feelin's of a man for a feller," said Bagley, gratefully. "I'll make up the time arter it gets cooler."

Returning to the raspberry patch, I found Bobsey almost asleep, the berries often falling from his nerveless hands. Merton, meanwhile, with something of the spirit of a martinet, was spurring him to his task. I remembered that the little fellow had been busy since breakfast, and decided that he also, of my forces, should have a rest. He started up when he saw me coming through the bushes, and tried to pick with vigor again. As I took him up in my arms, he began apprehensively:

"Papa, I will pick faster, but I'm so tired."

I re-assured him with a kiss which left a decided raspberry flavor on my lips, carried him into the barn and, tossing him on a heap of hay, said:

"Sleep there, my little man, till you are rested."

He was soon snoring blissfully, and when I reached the meadow with the wagon, Bagley was ready to help with the loading.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "a little breathin'-spell does do a feller good on a hot day."

"No doubt about it," I said. "So long as you are on the right road, it does no harm to sit down

a bit, because when you start again, it's in the right direction."

After we had piled on as much of a load as the rude, extemporized rack on my market wagon could hold, I added:

"You need n't go to the barn with me, for I can pitch the hay into the mow. Rake up another load, if you feel able."

"Oh, I'm all right, now," he protested.

By the time I had unloaded the grass, I found that my wife and Mousie were among the raspberries, and that the number of full, fragrant, little baskets was increasing rapidly.

"Winifred, is n't this work, with your walk to the Bagley cottage, too much for you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, lightly. "An afternoon in idleness in a stifling city flat would have been more exhausting. It's growing cool now. What wretched, shiftless people those Bagleys are! But I have hopes for them. I'm glad Bobsey's having a nap."

"You shall tell me about your visit to-night. We are making good progress. Bagley is doing his best. Winnie," I called, "come here."

She brought her basket, nearly filled, and I saw that her eyes were heavy with weariness also.

"You've done well to-day, my child. Now go and look after your chickens, big and little. Then your day's work is done, and you can do what you please;" and I started for the meadow again.

By six o'clock, we had in the barn three loads of hay, and Merton had packed four crates of berries ready for market. Bobsey was now running about, as lively as a cricket, and Winnie, with a child's elasticity, was nearly as sportive. Bagley, after making up his half hour, came up the lane with a rake, instead of his ugly dog as on the evening before. A few moments later, he helped me lift the crates into the market wagon; and then, after a little awkward hesitation, began:

"I say, Mr. Durham, can't ye give a feller a job yerself? I declar' to you, I want to brace up; but I know how it'll be down at Rollins's. He'll be savage as a meat-ax to me, and his men will be a-gibin'. Give me a job yerself, and I'll save enough out o' my wages to pay for his chickens, or you kin' keep 'nuff back to pay for 'em."

I thought a moment, and then said promptly: "I'll agree to this if Rollins will. I'll see him to-night."

"Did yer wife go to see my wife?"

"Yes, and she says she has hopes for you all. You've earned your bread to-day as honestly as I have, and you've more than paid for what my wife gave you this morning. Here's a quarter to make the day square, and here's a couple of baskets of raspberries left over. Take them to the children."

"Well, yer bring me right to the mark," he said, emphasizing his words with a slap on his thigh. "I've got an uphill row to hoe, and it's good ter have some human critters around that 'll help a feller a bit."

I laughed as I clapped him on the shoulder, and said: "You're going to win the fight, Bagley. I'll see Rollins at once, for I find I shall need another man awhile."

"Give me the job, then," he said, eagerly, "and give me what you think I'm wuth," and he jogged off home with that leaven of all good in his heart—the hope of better things.

Raspberries and milk, with bread and butter and a cup of tea, made a supper that we all relished, and then Merton and I started for the boat-landing. I let the boy drive and deliver the crates to the freight agent, for I wished him to relieve me in this task occasionally. On our way to the landing I saw Rollins, who readily agreed to Bagley's wish, on condition that I guaranteed payment for the chickens. Stopping at the man's cottage farther on, I told him this, and he, in his emphatic way, declared:

"I vow ter you, Mr. Durham, ye sha'n't lose a feather's worth o' the chickens."

Returning home, poor Merton was so tired and drowsy that he nearly fell off the seat. Before long I took the reins from his hands, and he was asleep with his head on my shoulder. Winifred was dozing in her chair, but brightened up as we came in. A little judicious praise and a bowl of bread and milk strengthened the boy wonderfully. He saw the need of especial effort at this time, and also saw that he was not being driven unfeelingly.

As I sat alone with my wife, resting a few minutes before retiring, I said:

"Well, Winifred, it must be plain to you by this time that the summer campaign will be a hard one. How are we going to stand it?"

"I'll tell you next fall," she replied, with a laugh. "No problems to-night, thank you."

"I'm gathering a queer lot of helpers in my effort to live in the country," I continued. "There's old Mr. Ferguson, who is too aged to hold his own in other harvest-fields. Bagley and his tribe —"

"And a city wife and a lot of city children," she added.

"And a city green-horn of a man at the head of you all," I concluded.

"Well," she replied, rising with an odd little blending of laugh and yawn, "I'm not afraid but that we shall all earn our salt."

Thus came to an end the long, eventful day, which prepared the way for many others of similar

character, and suggested many of the conditions of our problem of country living.

Bagley appeared bright and early the following morning with his two elder children, and I was now confronted with the task of managing them and making them useful. Upon one thing I was certainly resolved—there should be no Quixotic sentiment in our relations, and no companionship between his children and mine. Therefore, I took him and his girl and boy aside, and said:

"I'm going to be simple and outspoken with you. Some of my neighbors think I'm a fool because I give you work when I can get others. I shall prove that I am not a fool, for the reason that I shall not permit any nonsense, and you can show that I am not a fool by doing your work well and quietly. Bagley, I want you to understand that your children do not come here to play with mine. No matter whom I employed, I should keep my children by themselves. Now, do you understand this?"

They nodded affirmatively.

"Are you all willing to take simple, straightforward directions, and do your best? I'm not asking what is unreasonable, for I shall not be more strict with you than with my own children."

"No use o' beatin' around the bush, Mr. Durham," said Bagley, good-naturedly; "we've come here to 'arn our livin', and to do as you say."

"I can get along with you, Bagley, but your children will find it hard to follow my rules, because they are children, and are not used to restraint. Yet they must do it, or there'll be trouble at once. They must work quietly and steadily while they do work, and when I am through with them, they must go straight home. They must n't lounge about the place. If they will do this, Mrs. Durham and I will be good friends to them, and by fall we will fix them up so that they can go to school."

The little arabs looked askance at me and made me think of two wild animals that had been caught, and were intelligent enough to understand that they must be tamed. They were submissive, but made no false pretenses of enjoying the prospect.

"I shall keep a gad handy," said their father, with a significant nod at them.

"Well, youngsters," I concluded, laughing, "perhaps you'll need it occasionally. I hope not, however. I shall keep no gad, but I shall have an eye on you when you least expect it; and if you go through the picking-season well, I shall have a nice present for you both. Now, you are to receive so much a basket, if the baskets are properly filled, and therefore it will depend on yourselves how much you earn. You shall be paid every day. So now for a good start toward becoming a man and a woman."

I led them to one side of the raspberry patch and put them under Merton's charge, saying: "You must pick exactly as he directs."

Winnie and Bobsey were to pick in another part of the field, Mousie aiding until the sun grew too warm for the delicate child. Bagley was to divide his time between hoeing in the garden and spreading the grass after the scythe of old Mr. Ferguson. From my ladder against a cherry-tree, I was able to keep a general outlook over my motley forces, and we all made good progress till dinner, which, like the help we employed, we now had at twelve o'clock. Bagley and his children sat down to their lunch under the shade of an apple-tree at some distance, yet in plain view through our open door. Their repast must have been meager, judging from the time in which it was dispatched, and my wife said:

"Can't I send them something?"

"Certainly; what have you to send?"

"Well, I've made a cherry pudding; I don't suppose there is much more than enough for us, though."

"Children," I cried, "let's take a vote. Shall we share our cherry pudding with the Bagleys?"

"Yes," came the unanimous reply, although Bobsey's voice was rather faint.

Merton carried the delicacy to the group under the tree, and it was gratefully and speedily devoured.

"That is the way to the hearts of those children," said my wife, at the same time slyly slipping her portion of the pudding upon Bobsey's plate.

I appeared very blind, but asked her to get me something from the kitchen. While she was gone, I exchanged my plate of pudding, untouched as yet, for hers, and gave the children a wink. We all had a great laugh over Mamma's well-assumed surprise and perplexity. How a little fun will freshen up children, especially when, from necessity, their tasks are long and heavy!

We were startled from the table by a low mutter of thunder. Hastening out, I saw an ominous cloud in the west. My first thought was that all should go to the raspberries and pick till the rain drove us in; but Bagley now proved a useful friend, for he shambled up and said:

"If I were you, I'd have those cherries picked fust. You'll find that a thunder-shower'll rot 'em in one night. The wet wont hurt the berries much."

His words reminded me of what I had seen when a boy,—a tree full of split, half-decayed cherries,—and I told him to go to picking at once. I also sent his eldest boy and Merton into the trees. Old Ferguson was told to get the grass

he had cut into as good shape as possible before the shower. My wife and Mousie left the table standing, and, hastening to the raspberry field, helped Winnie and Bobsey and the other Bagley child to pick the ripest berries. We all worked like beavers till the vivid flashes and great drops drove us to shelter.

Fortunately, the shower came up slowly, and we nearly stripped the cherry-trees, carrying the fruit into the house, there to be arranged for market in the neat peck-baskets with coarse bagging covers which Mr. Bogart had sent me. The little baskets of raspberries almost covered the barn floor by the time the rain began, but they were safe. At first, the children were almost terrified by the vivid thunder and lightning, but this phase of the storm soon passed, and the clouds seemed to settle down for a steady rain.

"'T is n't goin' to let up," said Bagley, after a while. "We might as well jog home now as any time."

"But you'll get wet," I objected.

"It wont be the fust time," answered Bagley.

"The children don't mind it any more 'n ducks."

"Well, let's settle, then," I said. "You need some money to buy food at once."

"I reckon I do," was the earnest reply.

"There's a dollar for your day's work, and here is what your children have earned. Are you satisfied?" I asked.

"I be, and I thank you, sir. I'll go down to the store this ev'nin'," he added.

"And buy food only," I said, with a meaning look.

"Flour and pork only, sir. I've given you my hand on 't;" and away they all jogged through the thick-falling drops.

We packed our fruit for market, and looked vainly for clearing skies in the west.

"There's no help for it," I said. "The sooner I start for the landing the better, so that I can return before it becomes very dark."

My wife exclaimed against this, but I added:

"Think a moment, my dear. By good management we have here, safe and in good order, thirty dollars' worth of fruit, at least. Shall I lose it because I am afraid of a summer shower? Facing the weather is a part of my business; and I'd face a storm any day in the year if I could make thirty dollars."

Merton wished to go also, but I said:

"No. There must be no risks of illness that can possibly be avoided."

I did not find it a dreary expedition, after all, for I solaced myself with thoughts like these:

"Thirty dollars, under my wife's good management, will go far toward providing warm winter

clothing, or paying the interest, or something else."

Then the rain was just what was needed to increase and prolong the yield of the raspberry bushes, on which there were still myriads of immature berries and even blossoms. Abundant moisture would perfect these into plump fruit; and upon this crop rested our main hope.

From the experiences just related, it can be seen how largely the stress and strain of the year centered in the month of July. Nearly all our garden crops needed attention; the grass of the meadow had to be cured into hay, the currants and cherries to be picked, and fall crops, like winter cabbages, turnips, and celery, to be put in the ground. Of the latter vegetable, I set out only a few short rows, regarding it as a delicious luxury to which not very much time could be given.

Mr. Jones and Junior, indeed all our neighbors, were working early and late, like ourselves. Barns were being filled, conical hay-stacks were rising in distant meadows, and every one was busy in gathering nature's bounty.

We were not able to make much of the Fourth of July. Bobsey and Winnie had some fire-crackers, and, in the evening, Merton and Junior set off a few rockets, and we all said, "Ah!" appreciatively, as they sped their brief fiery course; but the greater part of the day had to be spent in gathering the ripening black-caps and raspberries. By some management, however, I arranged that Merton and Junior should have a fine swim in the creek, by Brittle Rock, while Mousie, Winnie, and Bobsey waded in sandy shallows, farther down the stream. They all were promised holidays after the fruit season was over, and they submitted to the necessity of almost constant work with fairly good grace.

The results of our labor were cheering. Our table was supplied with delicious vegetables, which, in the main, it was Mousie's task to gather and prepare. The children were as brown as little Indians, and we daily thanked God for health. Checks from Mr. Bogart came regularly, the fruit bringing a fair price under his good management. The outlook for the future grew brighter with the beginning of each week; for on Monday he made his returns and sent me the proceeds of the fruit shipped previously. I was able to pay all outstanding accounts for what had been bought to stock the place, and I also induced Mr. Jones to receive the interest in advance on the mortgage he held. Then we began to hoard for winter.

The Bagleys did as well as we could expect, I suppose. The children did need the "gad" occasionally, and the father indulged in a few idle, surly, drinking days; but, convinced that the man

was honestly trying, I found that a little tact and kindness always brought him around to renewed endeavor. To expect immediate reform and unvaried well-doing was asking too much of such human nature as theirs.

As July drew to a close, my wife and I felt that we were succeeding better than we had had reason to expect. In the height of the season we had to employ more children in gathering the raspberries, and I saw that I could increase the yield in coming years, as I learned the secrets of cultivation. I also decided to increase the area in this fruit by a fall-planting of some varieties that ripened earlier and later, thus extending the season and giving me a chance to ship to market for weeks instead of days. My strawberry plants were sending out a fine lot of new runners, and our hopes for the future were turning largely toward the cultivation of this delicious fruit.

Old Ferguson had plodded faithfully over the meadow with his scythe, and the barn was now so well filled that I felt our bay horse and brindle cow were provided for during the months when fields are bare or snowy.

Late one afternoon, he was helping me gather up almost the last load down by the creek, when the heavy roll of thunder warned us to hasten. As we came up to the high ground near the house, we were both impressed by the ominous blackness of a cloud rising in the west. I felt that the only thing to do was to act like the captain of a vessel before a storm, and make everything "snug and tight." The load of hay was run in upon the barn floor, and the old horse led with the harness on him to the stall below. Bagley and the children, with old Ferguson, were started off so as to be at home before the shower, doors and windows were fastened, and all was made as secure as possible.

Then we gathered in our sitting-room, where Mousie and my wife had prepared supper; but we all were too oppressed with awe of the coming tempest to sit down quietly, as usual. There was a death-like stillness in the sultry air, broken only at intervals by the heavy rumble of thunder. The strange, dim twilight soon passed into the murkiest gloom, and we had to light the lamp far earlier than customary. I never saw the children so affected before. Winnie and Bobsey even began to cry with fear, while Mousie was pale and trembling. Of course, we laughed at, and tried to cheer them; but even my wife was nervously apprehensive, and I admit that I felt a disquietude hard to combat.

Slowly and remorselessly the cloud approached, until it began to pass over us. The thunder and lightning were simply terrific. Supper remained untasted on the table, and I said:

"Patience and courage! A few moments more and the worst will be over!"

But my words were scarcely heard, so violent was the gust that burst upon us. For a few moments it seemed as if everything would go down before it, but the old house only shook and rocked a little.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "The bulk of the gust has gone by, and now we are all right!"

At that instant a blinding gleam and instantaneous crash left us stunned and bewildered. But as I recovered my senses, I saw flames bursting from the roof of our barn.

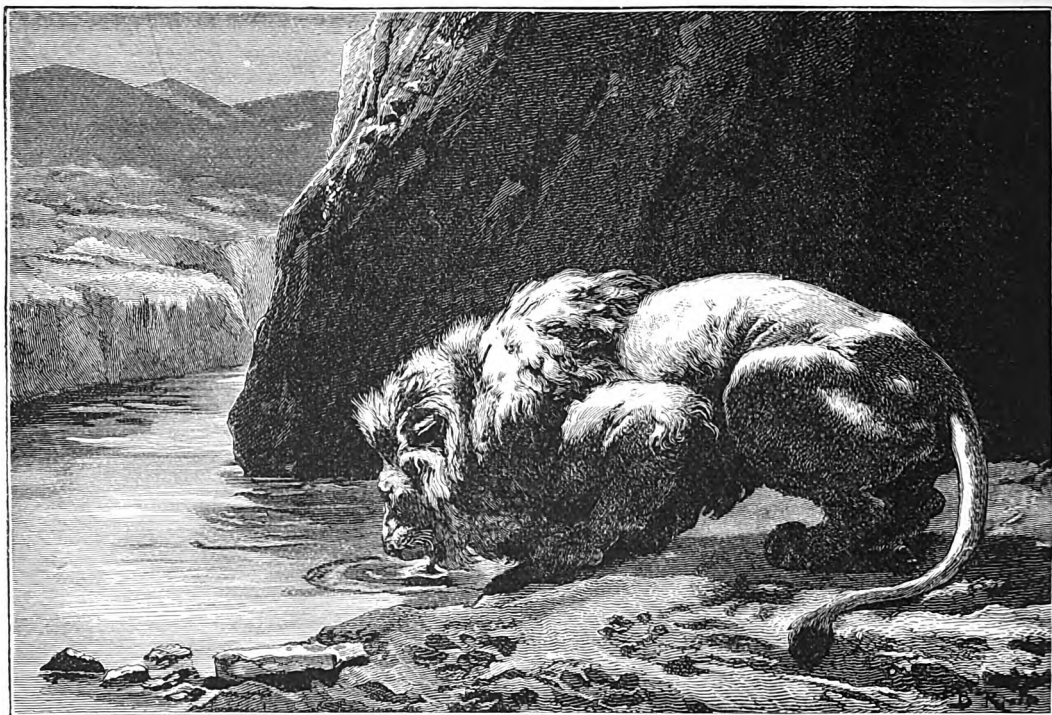
(To be continued.)



WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID.

BY GRACE F. PENNYPACKER.

- "HEY willow-waly! I wish I were a daisy,
A merry, laughing daisy," a little maiden sighed.
- "Then hey willow-waly! when life is bright or hazy,
Keep a cheerful spirit," the daisy gay replied.
- "Hey willow-waly! a buttercup I'd like to be,
A bright, golden buttercup," the little maiden sighed.
- "Then hey willow-waly! little maiden, draw to thee
Life's golden sunshine," the buttercup replied.
- "Hey willow-waly! that I could be a clover,
A sweet, crimson clover," the little maiden sighed.
- "Then hey willow-waly! ere thy youth is over,
'Treasure all its honey," the clover sweet replied.
- "Hey willow-waly! if only I could be a rose,
A dainty, pretty, wild rose," the little maiden sighed.
- "Then hey willow-waly! every little maid knows
How to be a rosebud," the dainty rose replied.



THE KING DRINKS.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

(A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.)

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

V.—BEETHOVEN.

IN studying the lives of the various musicians included in this series, the musical work of each succeeding one seems richer and rarer than the last, so that each time we are tempted to exclaim anew, "Here is the noblest musician of them all." But if we were to explore the whole realm of music, we should always return to Beethoven as the greatest of the masters, the one supreme genius who has created the sublimest strains which have ever stirred the soul.

The early life of this great man, like that of so many geniuses, was far from happy. So obscure was his family that it was with some difficulty that the date of his birth could be ascertained. On December 16, 1770, Ludwig van Beethoven was born in the little village of Bonn, Germany. The

family were very poor, and the father, a cruel, dissipated man, was only anxious to make money out of his son's extraordinary power. When Ludwig was a very little boy, he always lingered by the piano when his father played, and his greatest happiness was to be taken on his father's lap and to be allowed to pick out a melody on the piano. When a little older and obliged to practice, he often worked, as so many of us have toiled, with tears in his eyes, and frequently had to be driven to the piano. The child's dislike to the instrument was probably owing to his father's unreasonable treatment, for in after-life no trouble nor care was too great for the master to spend over his beloved art.

Beethoven was sent for a time to a school, where he received instruction in Latin and some of the more common branches, but before long he gave

his whole attention to music. When at school he was very shy, making few friends, and always leaving them at a chance to hear a strain of music. Soon his gifts attracted the attention of Van den Eeden, organist to the court, who, out of love for his art, offered to teach the child. He laid the foundation of Beethoven's musical education by drilling him in the works of Sebastian Bach. The young pupil made marvelous progress on the organ and piano; in his eleventh year he could play Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier" with a power and ease beyond many of the first pianists. He had begun to compose when only nine, and in his fifteenth year he was appointed organist to the electoral chapel.

In 1787 Beethoven met Mozart at Vienna. After hearing the boy improvise, Mozart said: "Pay attention to him; he will make a noise in the world some day." At this time it needed no urging to induce Beethoven to play, but in after-life it was almost impossible in society to drive him to the piano.

In 1792 Beethoven again went to Vienna, then the center of all the musical culture in the German-speaking world; Mozart's influence still lived with the people; Haydn himself gave Beethoven instruction; and Mozart, Glück, Haydn and Bach were the idols of the nation. It was music, music, everywhere; it was part of the a-b-c of every one's education, and to hear the best music was almost as necessary to the cultivated people of that day as was a knowledge of the alphabet.

To Vienna, then, Beethoven traveled, there to perfect himself, and to win bread and fame. He left very warm friends in Bonn, who predicted the greatest success for their favorite. They even expected him to outshine Haydn and Mozart, so strongly had he inspired them with belief in his power. On arriving at Vienna, he placed himself under the tuition of Haydn, who set him to studying Bach's style, whom he calls the "patriarch of harmony."

Beethoven was, of course, very poor when he began his career in Vienna; but, though he lived in a wretched little garret, he soon attracted the attention of the most powerful people in the city. He had the most wonderful faculty for drawing people to him. It was something more than his music; for, as has been said, he was very reluctant to play for people; it was not owing to any charm of manner, as he was eccentric, and his behavior was often brusque even to rudeness. Yet he fascinated almost every one he met. Every one wished to be his friend and to remain his friend, in spite of any differences which might arise between them. His face, though full of strength and spirit, could not be called pleasing; he paid little attention to his

dress and outward appearance; he was extremely awkward in all his movements; yet he had the aristocracy of Vienna at his feet. Until now, an artist had been held by the nobility as little better than a servant, but Beethoven treated the peer and the peasant with equal ceremony, and by his course made it impossible for any artist to ever suffer such insolence from those above him in rank as musicians before his time had been compelled to bear.

In 1816 Beethoven began to keep house, and a sad kind of home he had. He was like a child in the hands of servants and landlords, and rarely found himself at peace with either. He constantly changed his lodgings, and seldom had time to get things settled in a house before it was necessary to move again. It was seldom that a servant staid more than a few weeks, and the house frequently took care of itself. His room was generally a model of confusion. Letters strewed the floor, and the remains of his last meal, sketches of his music, books and pictures covered the chairs and tables. Sometimes it would be weeks before he could discover a manuscript which he sorely needed. He broke nearly everything he touched, and sometimes upset the ink in the piano. He loved to bathe, and frequently would stand pouring water over his hands, shouting his music; if any musical idea occurred, he would rush to the table and note it down, splashing the water over everything in the room. Every day, whatever the weather, Beethoven took a long walk; he had his favorite haunts around the city, and nearly all his musical ideas came to him in the woods or meadows, amid the trees, the rocks and the flowers. He was never without a little book in which he wrote down any thought which seized him; and then at home the thought would grow into a song or a symphony. He thought no labor too great to spend on his art; from day-break till dinner at two o'clock, he worked steadily, always giving every care to the smallest detail; some one has said his symphonies arose like a plant or like a tree, and we think so ourselves when we find it was a common thing for him to rewrite a bar a dozen times, and in some instances altering it as many as eighteen times. After he had once finished a work, however, he could not be induced to change it. This is what might be called hard work, and when we remember that he supported himself by playing and giving lessons, we can see that his was a busy life. In his improvisations, he touched the deepest emotions of the heart. Czerny tells us that he drew tears from people, often forcing them to sob aloud. This power, he says, was due even more to his marvelous expression than to his ideas. What a picture he must have been when at dusk—his favorite hour

for playing—he flooded his little room with music; his face aglow with love of the strains which possessed him, his small body growing larger and larger till it seemed to match the size of the giant spirit within! He passionately loved everything connected with his art; the very instrument on which he played was sacred. In dedicating his many works, we never find him inscribing them with empty compliments to King or Prince, in order to receive position or money; he had consecrated himself to his art, and all his compositions were dedicated to loving friends or to lovers of music. With Beethoven, it was all for love.

Perhaps much of the effect he produced was due to his smooth, or *legato*, style of playing. He disliked the disconnected, or *staccato*, playing, which he called “finger dancing,” and said that only by *legato*-playing could the piano be made to sing. He always obliged his pupils to so place their hands on the key-board, that the fingers were raised as little as possible. His own fingers were broad at the ends, from long practicing. He was quiet and rapt when at the piano, rarely making a motion; but we are told that when conducting an orchestra, his movements were violent. At the *diminuendo* he would gradually crouch lower and lower, till he dropped entirely out of sight, rising slowly during the *crescendo*, when he would almost jump into the air. With his pupils he had the sweetest patience, repeating a correction over and over again; he would always forgive a wrong note, but woe to the unlucky pupil who failed to give the right expression to a phrase or bar, for this the master thought indicated a lack of soul, and this he would not forgive. He sometimes said that music would not make the true musician weep; it should strike *fire* from his eyes rather than tears; and surely it burned with unquenchable flame in his own fiery soul.

Early in his career he felt a terrible shadow creeping over his life, and at last he was forced to recognize that no help could avail to lighten it. A cruel and pathetic fate was now his, for he slowly found it more and more difficult to hear, until, in the year 1800, he became quite deaf. For a long time he struggled against his doom, keeping out of society, and growing more despondent. His anguish was so keen that he almost despaired; he would allow people to think he was rude or absent-minded, rather than ask them to repeat a remark. All through his later life he carried an ear-trumpet and a book and pencil. This affliction made it much less easy for people to talk with him, and drove him more and more to seek entire solitude. This, though the great, was by no means the only trouble that came upon him. He adopted a nephew

as his son, and made great sacrifices for his support and education; but the young man grew up ungrateful and dissipated, and was a source of sorrow to his benefactor as long as Beethoven lived. The deceptions practiced on him by this boy made him suspicious of others; and so we find him in constant difficulties with his friends. Knowing how true and loyal the master was at heart, they often endured much, rather than break with him; but sometimes the most loving could endure his treatment no longer, and withdrew their friendship. When he realized that he was in the wrong, Beethoven would overwhelm himself with reproaches, and make the most generous atonement for the mistakes he had made. He also suffered during his later years from a lack of appreciation, some of his works being played to empty houses; indeed, nothing seemed to go smoothly with him.

On the second of December, 1826, he rode with his nephew in an open carriage during a severe storm, and took a heavy cold. The youth was sent for a doctor, but, owing to the neglect of the wretched boy, the doctor did not arrive until some days after lung fever had set in, and it was too late to cure the patient. He died in much pain, while a furious storm was raging throughout the city. Schubert was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral.

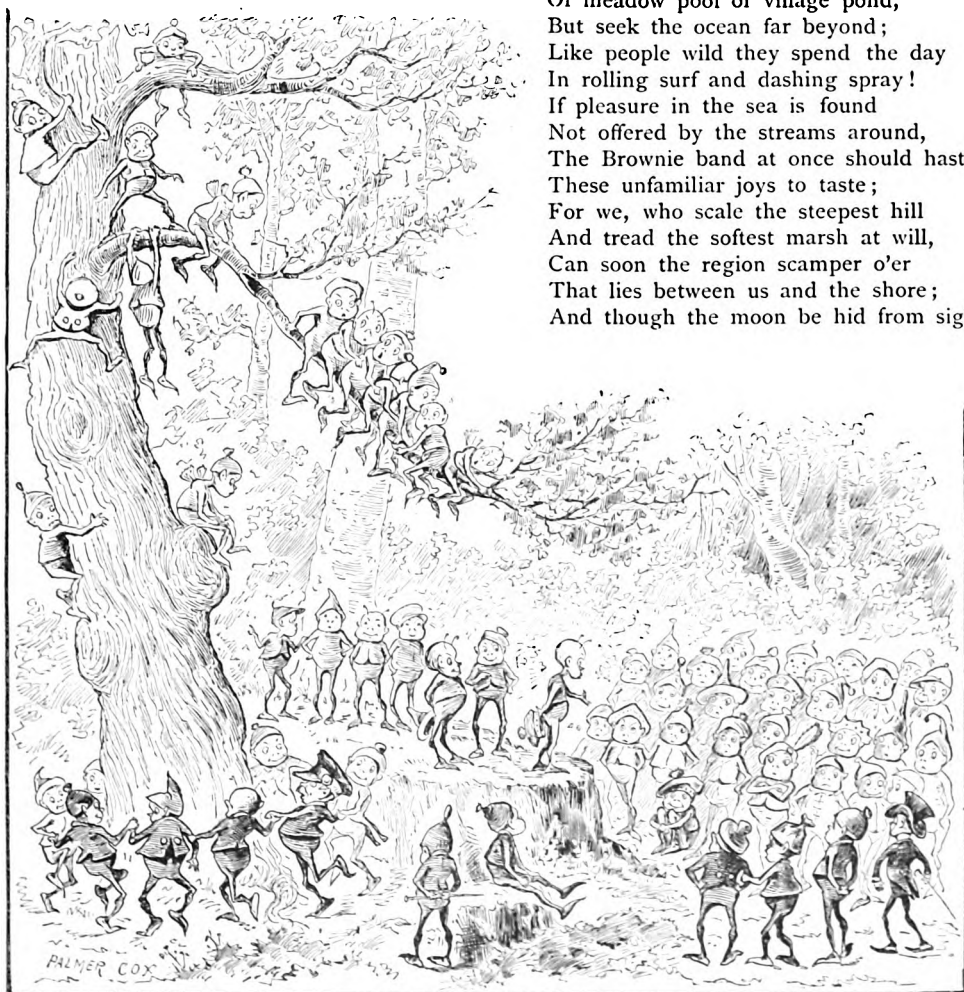
Few have been truer to an ideal than Beethoven. “Nothing is good,” he says, “but to have a beautiful, good soul which one recognizes in all things, and before which one need not hide oneself. One must be something if one would appear something.” His modesty equaled his genius. In dedicating his beautiful “Adelaide,” to the author of the poem, he begs to be forgiven for attempting to set such beautiful words to music, only wishing that he had the power to give a worthy frame to such poetry. He writes, shortly before his death: “I feel as if I had written scarcely more than a few notes;” and again he says: “I hope still to bring a few great works into the world.” This was worthy of the author of the nine eternal symphonies; eternal, for as long as music lives, so long the creations of Beethoven live. No school nor fashion can disturb their sway. He spoke to the heart; he *felt* from the heart; his sufferings sound in his music; it was necessary that he should suffer, or he could not have touched, as he has touched, every thought and emotion that can be expressed in music. Shut off from people, alone with his own suffering, sensitive spirit, he wrote the divine strains which have in them more of heaven than earth. Beethoven is to music what Michel Angelo is to sculpture, or what Shakespeare is to literature.

THE BROWNIES AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY PALMER COX.

WITHIN a forest dark and wide,
 Some distance from the ocean side,
 A band of Brownies played around
 On mossy stone or grassy mound,
 Or, climbing through the branching tree,
 Performed their antics wild and free.
 When one, arising in his place
 With sparkling eyes and beaming face,
 Soon won attention from the rest,
 And thus the listening throng addressed:

The saplings which we used to bend
 Now like a schooner's masts ascend.
 Yet here we live, content to ride
 A springing bough with childish pride,
 Content to bathe in brook or bog
 Along with lizard, leech, and frog;
 We're far behind the age you'll find
 If once you note the human kind.
 The modern youths no longer lave
 Their limbs beneath the muddy wave
 Of meadow pool or village pond,
 But seek the ocean far beyond;
 Like people wild they spend the day
 In rolling surf and dashing spray!
 If pleasure in the sea is found
 Not offered by the streams around,
 The Brownie band at once should haste
 These unfamiliar joys to taste;
 For we, who scale the steepest hill
 And tread the softest marsh at will,
 Can soon the region scamper o'er
 That lies between us and the shore;
 And though the moon be hid from sight

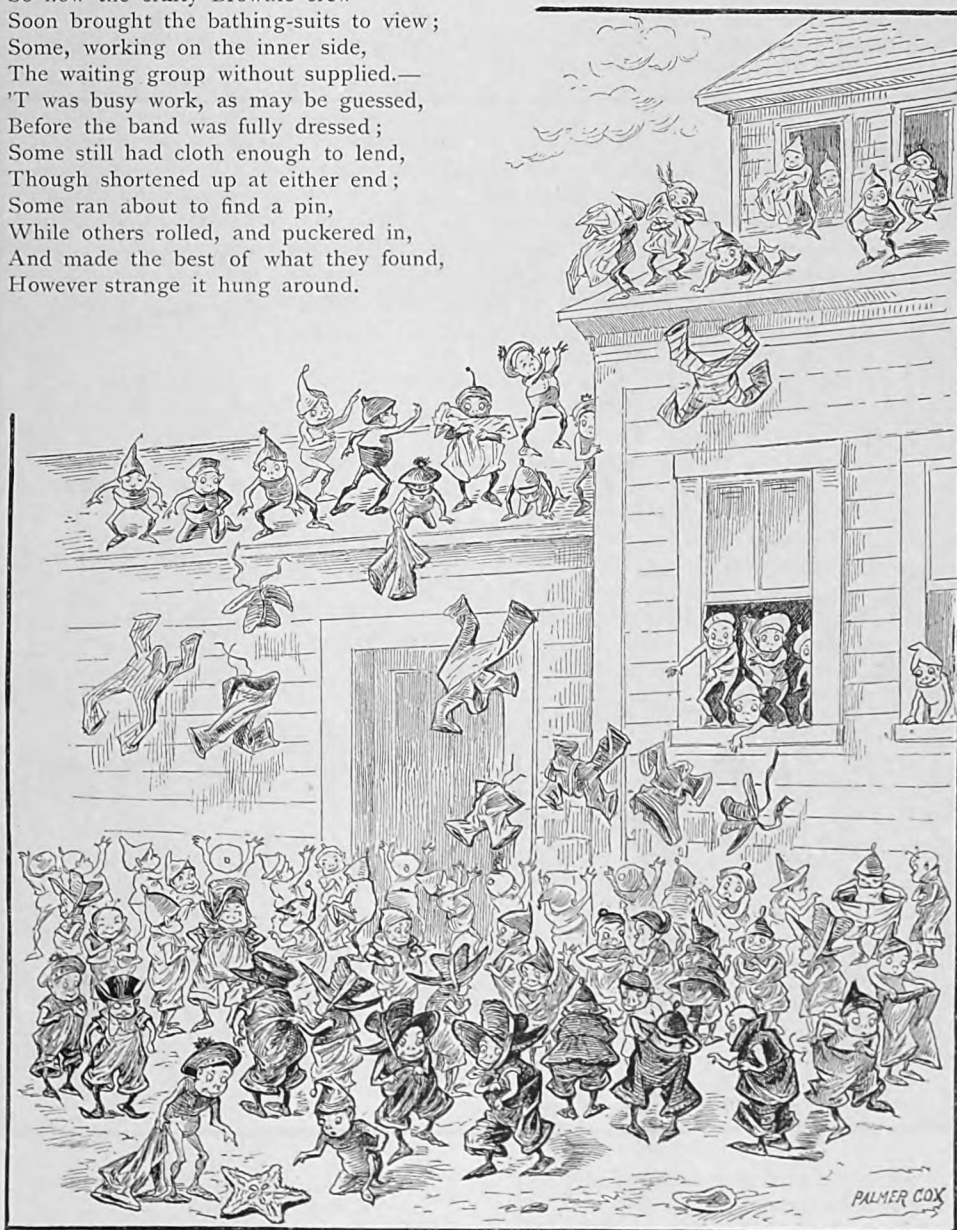


“For years and years, through heat and cold,
 Our home has been this forest old;

And not a star adorn the night,
 No torch nor lantern's ray we'll need

For well they know that, spite of locks,
Of rings and staples, bolts and blocks,
Were they inclined to play such prank
He'd find at morn an empty bank.
So now the crafty Brownie crew
Soon brought the bathing-suits to view;
Some, working on the inner side,
The waiting group without supplied.—
'T was busy work, as may be guessed,
Before the band was fully dressed;
Some still had cloth enough to lend,
Though shortened up at either end;
Some ran about to find a pin,
While others rolled, and puckered in,
And made the best of what they found,
However strange it hung around.

A few began from piers to leap
And plunge at once in water deep,
But more to shiver, shrink, and shout
As, step by step, they ventured out;



Then, when a boat was manned with care
To watch for daring swimmers there,—
Lest some should venture, over-bold,
And fall a prey to cramp and cold,—

While others were content to stay
In shallow surf, to duck and play
Along the lines that people laid
To give the weak and timid aid.

HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THOUGH much had been gained by the discovery of Dandy in responsible hands, Kit could not easily forego the satisfaction of taking him home, and saving his uncle much future trouble and loss in recovering his property.

Having abandoned the idea of "stealing" him, Kit began to meditate a different and hardly less audacious plan of accomplishing his purpose without letting Dandy go out of his sight. This he proceeded to put into practice on Eli's return from the village.

Eli was in excellent spirits,—in much better humor, Kit thought, than he would have maintained had he come home to find that his visitor had galloped away on his new horse. He had secured evidence corroborating Kit's story of the presence of the fruit-thieves in the oyster-saloon the evening before; all had been identified, and warrants were out for those not already in custody.

Mr. Badger, therefore, appeared well disposed toward one who had done him so important a service, and had been soundly cudged by him in the performance of it. So Kit found it easy to say:

"Don't you want to harness up your other horse this afternoon and take me home?"

"Must ye be goin'?" said Eli.

"I think so. But I'm not able to walk very far. I'll willingly pay you for your trouble."

"Since 't was my business that brought ye here, and my stick that welcomed ye," said Eli, with a grin. "I s'pose I can afford to carry ye home for nothin'. I reckon I ought to, under the succumstances."

Lydia was disappointed to learn that their guest was to leave them so soon.

"Though, if he mutht go," she said, approvingly, to her papa, "of courthe you ought to harness up and take him home."

Kit trembled lest Mrs. Badger should also approve of the plan, and so turn her husband against it. But having lately received some harsh rebuffs from the surly side of his nature, she fortunately kept quiet.

The boy still had doubts about the right horse being chosen for the expedition; and after dinner he went out to watch the harnessing, with the greatest solicitude. Lydia came tripping after,

and whispered something in her father's ear. The paternal part of him uttered a gentle growl of assent, and she ran back into the house.

Kit was too deeply absorbed in the horse question to give much heed to her at the time, notwithstanding the significant nod and sweet smile with which she favored him, glancing over her plump shoulder as she retired. He hardly dared utter a word until assured by Eli's movements that Dandy was to be driven that afternoon. Nor did he volunteer any remarks even then, being fearful of betraying his unbounded satisfaction.

He noticed that Mr. Badger put a second seat into the open buggy, as if it were necessary for a man of his bulk to have the forward seat entirely to himself. Kit's eyes took the measure of the broad back, and was carrying it along for comparison with the capacity of the seat, when the meaning of Lydia's secret errand and parting smile suddenly dawned upon him.

His conjecture was confirmed when he saw her presently come out of the house, in hat and mantilla, with a parasol under her arm, and drawing on a torn kid glove.

"I'm going with you; did you know it?" she said, with a happy glance at Christopher. "I thuppothe you wont object."

"Why should I?" replied Kit.

He was not, however, supremely delighted with the arrangement; not for any reason personally uncomplimentary to the fair Lydia, but because he deemed it just possible that, if Eli drove Dandy Jim to his uncle's premises, his friend might not have the horse to drive home again. In that case, Miss Badger's presence in the wagon, at the farther end of the journey, might add to Mr. Badger's embarrassment, and prove a fruitful source of unpleasantness.

He would have been glad to say good-bye to Mrs. Badger, who had been kind to him, and for whom, in her down-trodden state, he felt much sympathy. But as he was starting toward the house for that purpose, Eli called him back.

"Sayin' good-bye to *her* is n't of any consequence," he grumbled, in something like his marital tone of voice. "We must be off. It's a long drive to your place," he added, arranging the reins, as Kit helped Lydia into the buggy.

"Jump in," said Eli, seeing Kit hesitate. "Better take the hind seat with Liddy; there'll be more room."

"Ith n't it jutht thplendid!" she laughed, opening her parasol as Kit took his seat beside her.

"It suits *me*!" he replied, with a rather stern smile, thinking of the glory of returning to his uncle's house behind the stolen horse, after all his blunders and tribulations.

Then, as the vineyard was passed, where he had met with his latest mishaps, and the homeward road was struck at a brisk trot, he could hardly keep from laughing at the grouty and unobliging Eli himself being induced to go with him and drive Dandy home to his lawful owner.

Lydia chatted and lisped vivaciously, as they rode along the country highways in the mild September weather. Eli bragged of his new horse, and named extravagant prices for him, increasing his figures as Dandy quickened his paces; the horse appearing to be aware of Kit's presence and of the fact that he was headed for home.

"If a horse could speak," thought Kit, "he might have spoilt my fun by neighing out when he first saw me this morning: 'Hello! Is that you, Kit? Where did you come from?'"

As it was, how little did Eli suspect the familiar acquaintance of boy and horse, or dream of the disagreeable surprise in store for him!

Kit had not, from the first, been quite at ease in his mind regarding the deception he was practicing. And we have seen how Miss Badger's proposal to add her plumpness to the load had cast an equivalent weight upon his conscience. But once on his way home, he silenced his scruples and indulged in jubilant thoughts of his well-earned triumph.

"I am not going home without Dandy Jim, after all! Once there, I'll leave Eli Badger and Uncle Gray to settle the matter of possession. Wont it be fun to stand by and see two such men glare at each other and contradict and fling adjectives over Dandy's back! Uncle's a match for Eli at that business; and he'll have the inside track,—his own horse on his own ground, and plenty of witnesses to prove property."

Kit chuckled at his own shrewdness, which he flattered himself was sufficient to atone for many blunders. Instead of the bungling operation of carrying evidence to Southmere and securing Dandy by legal process, here was the horse itself trotting comfortably back to East Adam and the premises where he belonged, from which not even Eli could venture to take him by violence after the owner's claim was duly shown.

Who could say that it was not a justifiable stratagem? Yet the more certain it seemed of success, the more seriously Kit began to consider the other side of the question. If it would have been wrong to ride Dandy off surreptitiously in the morning,

as he had been tempted to do, could the device he was now employing be altogether right?

"Eli will be mad enough to finish what the stick left of me last night," he thought. "And Lydia! What a traitor I shall appear in her eyes; taking advantage of their kindness in this way!"

For he felt that they had been really kind; nor could he pretend that all they were doing for him was justly his due for the blows of the hickory club the night before; remembering that it was quite as much to serve his own purpose as to befriend Eli, that he blundered into the vineyard to his hurt.

"I shall feel better," he reasoned, "if he will take pay for carrying me now. That would make it seem more like a fair transaction. He can't say then that he walked into my trap simply by way of doing me a favor. If I hire him, there's no favor about it; it's just a matter of business."

He waited for a good chance to introduce the subject; then, putting his hand into his pocket, he remarked:

"You have n't yet told me, Mr. Badger, what I am to pay you for this ride."

"What you're to pay?" said Eli. "Yes, I've told ye. Noth'n'. That's what I said, wa' n't it?" "Thertainly it wath," declared Lydia. "Put up your money! Do, pleathe!"

"But I can't let you —" Kit began to remonstrate.

"You'll have to let me," said Eli. "What I say I stick to. What I'm doin' for you now, I'm doin' for no money. I'm doin' it coz you did me a good turn, and coz I've taken a notion to ye."

Kit still insisted, but he found Eli Badger as obstinate in the performance of a friendly action as he had the reputation of being in the more selfish concerns of life. The boy was at length obliged to put up his money, which, however, burned in his pocket, and proved an added burden to his soul.

Was it not, after all, a mean sort of trick he had resorted to, and would not an open, honest course have been better? What a return for Eli's good-nature in carrying him home, to take away his horse when they should arrive there!

"As if the loss of the money he has paid for him would n't be enough," thought Christopher, "without so much extra trouble!"

He was not a boy to regard a matter of this sort very long from an exclusively selfish point of view. He had the spirit to perceive that Eli, too, had a claim, and that there was a medium ground of honor and justice. He was fearful of committing another blunder in the business, which had been too fruitful of blunders already; and yet it seemed to him,

before they had made half the journey, that he ought to tell Eli what was before him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KIT grew strangely absent-minded, in the midst of Lydia's pleasant chatter, and at last she became silent. Then Eli remarked:

to know! Did n't see me there the first day, did ye?"

Kit could not remember that he had enjoyed that pleasure.

"Wal, I was off the last half of the afternoon," Eli resumed, "raisin' money to pay for this nag. I came near missin' my chance o' buyin' him, after all. It's lucky I did n't! How d' ye like the way he gets over the road? G'lang!" cracking his whip.



"'IS THIS THE HOSS?' DEMANDED ELI."

"It seems to me you took a deal of pains to go to the cattle-show, considerin' that there 's no railroad direct from your place."

"Yes, I did; pains enough!" assented Christopher. "I don't think I should care to go again, in just the same way."

"It 's a long jaunt," said Eli, "for a boy like you. Did n't walk all the way, did ye?"

"I walked, when I was n't lucky enough to get rides," replied Kit.

"I should think 't would have taken ye about all day to get over there and back to my place, let alone seein' the show," Mr. Badger remarked.

"I did n't — see much of it — the second day," faltered Kit.

"What! do ye mean to say ye were there both days?" said Eli, turning half around, and showing his square-built visage, in some surprise. "I want

"There 's nothin' very bad about him, is there?"

"I have n't seen a horse lately that I 'd rather be riding after," replied Christopher.

"Nor I!" chuckled Eli. "I did n't get back to the show till 't was just breakin' up, after the racin' was over; the feller that I 'd bargained with had got tired o' waitin', and had harnessed the hoss into a wagon in place o' somebody's hoss that had been stolen. Ye might 'a' heard about that if you 'd staid late enough. Some Duckford boys had lost their animal, and they made a great pow-wow about it."

"I must have left the ground just before the 'pow-wow,' as you call it," suggested Kit.

"They wanted me to lend 'em this hoss, to follow up their own; but I wanted to be gettin' home, to look after my grapes," said Eli. "I had him out of their harness in about forty winks, and

left 'em to shift for themselves. 'T was none o' my business to hunt for their lost hoss. Some said a little fellow in a white cap had just gone off with him."

Kit, in his base-ball cap, which had once been white, sat silent, thinking Eli might at any moment look around again and connect him with the adventure he was relating. Lydia was smiling upon him, as unsuspecting of his secret as if she had been accustomed to seeing such caps every day.

"Where did ye stop overnight?" Eli inquired.

"I went home to my uncle's to spend the night," Kit replied.

"Home to East Adam?" exclaimed Mr. Badger.

"You don't say! I can't see why you did that if you wanted to be at the cattle-show the second day."

"I had a chance to ride," Kit explained, thinking what a ride it was, on the wrong horse! "And I thought my uncle's folks—for some reasons—would be anxious to see me."

He could hardly resist the impulse he felt to relate then and there the whole story of the horse which the unconscious Eli was driving with such unalloyed satisfaction. But while he was considering how to begin, Lydia changed the subject by inquiring, "What mak'th you live with your uncle'th folkth? Ith it a good home?"

"As good as I deserve, I suppose," said Kit, with rueful recollections of his recent troubles. "I have to work for my living, and I may as well do it there as anywhere. Though I'm not sure I shall stay much longer."

"Why tho?" Lydia inquired.

Not knowing just what his uncle's final intentions would be regarding him, Kit answered cautiously that he had some intention of looking for a place that might suit him better.

"How would our plathe thuit you?" she asked.

"I've heard Pa thay many a time that he would like to engage a good thmart boy—young perthon," she corrected herself, with an admiring look at Christopher.

The thought of working for a man like Eli, of sitting daily at table with the Badger family and witnessing poor Mrs. Badger's martyrdom, he did not find enticing. But he answered diplomatically:

"I don't believe I am clever enough for him; I'm a very stupid fellow!"

"You—thtupid!" laughed the incredulous Lydia. "I gueth not! Ith he, Pa?"

"I calculate he's smart enough for me," said Eli. "I've been thinkin' about it myself. I want jus' such a boy; and if you'll come and try it with me for a while, and we both like it, I'll pay you good wages."

"Oh, wont that be thplendid!" cried the enthusiastic Lydia.

Thinking it might be useful to hold this proposal in reserve, Kit answered discreetly:

"You're very kind, considering how little you know of me. But, of course, I can't say what I can do, until I have talked with my mother and my uncle."

Lydia said: "I'm thertain we know you well enough!" while Eli meditated some moments before speaking what was in his mind. Then he said:

"I'd like to have you come, first-rate. But how is it? Seems to me there can't be much work to do at your home, or else your uncle's an indulgent sort of man, to let you go to the cattle-show twice within two days."

The moment for freeing his mind and setting himself right with those whom he had so deceived,—that fatal moment seemed to Christopher to have arrived; and he answered unhesitatingly:

"I had business in Peaceville, or I should n't have gone."

"Business?" queried Eli; "to take ye there two days hand-runnin'?"

"Yes," said Kit, "since I did n't quite succeed in it the first day."

"Your folks did n't have anything on exhibition, did they?" asked Eli; "you're in another county."

"We did n't exhibit anything; and yet"—Kit's voice trembled a little—"we had a horse there."

"How was that?" said Eli.

"I have n't told you," replied Kit, after a long breath, "that we— that my uncle—had a horse stolen, and I was in search of it."

Eli started. "A hoss stolen?" he asked, giving a quick backward glance at the boy behind him.

"I traced it to Peaceville," Kit continued, in a voice which his utmost resolution failed to keep steady. "I found it under one of the cattle-sheds at the fair. But when I went to take it, I—I took another horse by mistake."

Eli now turned completely about, and gave Kit and his base-ball cap an astonished look.

"You!" he exclaimed. "It can't be that you're the little fellow in the white cap I heard 'em tellin' about!"

"I suppose I am," said Kit, losing color, but speaking firmly. "They thought I meant to steal the horse I took. But I did n't; and I took it back to Mr. Benting, in Duckford, yesterday, as I can show by a paper in Mr. Benting's own handwriting."

"That's a strange story!" growled Eli Badger.

"It'th a perfect romanthe!" exclaimed Lydia, who did not yet see the full significance of it, as it dawned upon the dull paternal mind.

"What became of the hoss you were after?"

Eli demanded, in the tone he was accustomed to use in addressing the miserable Mrs. Badger at home.

"I hope you found it!" said the sympathizing Miss Lydia.

"Hold your tongue! you don't know what you're talking about!" cried her father, forgetting, for once, to change the stop of his vocal organ, and turn on the sweet sounds she usually called forth. Then, facing squarely about and glowering on Christopher, he said: "Tell me 'bout that hoss!"

"I got on his track again yesterday," Kit answered, not a little scared, but resolute still. "That, to be frank, Mr. Badger, was the business that took me so far out of the direct way home. The scamp had sold the horse to a man in your town, and I —"

Eli suddenly pulled rein.

"See here!" he exclaimed. "No nonsense with me! What sort of a hoss was he?"

Kit felt that the crisis had come. He answered with a frightened smile:

"Very much such a horse as you are driving, Mr. Badger."

Eli stopped Dandy short and poised his whip.

"Is this the hoss?" he demanded.

"The very horse!" replied Christopher.

"Goodneth grathiouth me!" almost shrieked the bewildered Lydia. "What a thingular cointhidenthe!"

"Singular!" snarled Eli. "Why did n't ye tell me this before?" he exclaimed, looking savagely at Christopher, as if he would like to follow up with his whip (as poor Kit had anticipated) the little job his hickory stick had left incomplete the evening before.

"I ought to have done it," the boy began in some trepidation to explain. "But you gave me such a clubbing last night,—and told me this morning that you meant to keep the horse, in spite of anybody,—I did n't believe—I knew I could

n't get it; and I thought the best way would be to get you—to hire you—for I wanted to pay you, you know—to drive it over to my uncle's."

"Offered to pay me!" thundered Eli. "And did n't I refuse to take yer money?"

"You did," said Kit. "And that decided me to tell you the truth before you went any farther."

"I'm thertain that wath real honorable!" interposed Lydia.

"Real fiddlededee!" said her father. He reached back as if to clutch the boy who had so imposed upon his good-nature, muttering: "I've a notion to pitch you heels over head out of this buggy!"

"Let me get out and save you the trouble," Kit responded, promptly.

"No, no!" pleaded Lydia, clasping his arm; "thit thüll! If he throwth you out, I'll get out, too!"

"Let him stay, then, if he wants to!" said Eli, facing forward again, and seizing whip and reins.

"What are you going to do, Pa?" screamed Lydia.

"I'm going to drive back home, as fast as ever this hoss can snake us over the road," said Eli, backing and cramping the buggy toward the wayside fence.

"O Pa!" she persisted, "can't you listen to reathon?"

"Reason! Who has any?" retorted Mr. Badger.

"I'll settle this little difficulty!" cried Kit, preparing to jump out.

"O Pa!" still pleaded Lydia, "thtop jutht a minute, for my thake! wont you? You'll be thorry if you don't! You know he ith n't able to walk!"

And detaining Christopher with the hand which held her parasol, she reached over with the other and made a snatch at the reins.

Eli stopped.

(To be continued.)

THE JAPANESE CREEPING BABY.

BY DEWITT CLINTON LOCKWOOD.

OF STORIES TOLD
EITHER NEW OR OLD
ABOUT PERSONS AND THINGS, NOW MAYBE
YOU NEVER HAVE HEARD
OR READ A WORD
OF THE JAPANESE CREEPING BABY.

O-HO WAS HIS NAME
AND GREAT WAS HIS FAME
FROM SI-RO CLEAR DOWN TO KAT-SU;
FOR HE'D RATHER BE CREEPING
THAN EATING OR SLEEPING
OR ROLLING ABOUT IN HIS CAR OF BAMBOO.

BEFORE HE COULD TALK
OR BEGAN TO WALK
HE CREPT ALL THE WAY TO WO-SA-KI;
AND ONCE, IT IS SAID,
WHILE ALL WERE IN BED
HE WENT FROM U-GO TO I-WA-KI.

NOW THIS IS MOST STRANGE
IF INDEED IT IS TRUE,
YET I KNOW VERY WELL
YOUR MAMMA COULD TELL
JUST AS QUEER AND REMARKABLE THINGS
ABOUT YOU.



READY FOR BUSINESS; OR, CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION.*

A SERIES OF PRACTICAL PAPERS FOR BOYS.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

NO. III.—A HOUSE-BUILDER.

I THINK the clothier is largely responsible for keeping our American boys from choosing the calling of an artisan. Years ago it was not uncommon to see a lad with a patch on his clothes, but nowadays, not even poor boys wear patched clothing. An outfit is so cheap, compared with former times, and our enterprising clothing merchants keep their wares so persistently and temptingly before the public, that a boy demands a change of raiment quite as often as does his father.

The boy who wishes to be a house-builder can not, while he works, wear fine clothes; he can not carry a cane and be a little dandy. He may not, in the first years of his work, look as attractive as a dry-goods clerk or a book-keeper,—that is, from a clothes-horse point of view,—but I think that in his old age, if he has been found fitted for his task, and has worked hard at it, not only his clothes, but his whole surroundings would appear so prosperous as to surprise the clerk or book-keeper he may have envied in his early days. This matter of clothes seems to be the only objection I can find against a boy's learning to be a house-builder. And so, at the outset, if he wishes to enter that occupation, let him brush this objection aside. Let him make up his mind not to heed the laughter and sneers of his foolish young friends, as they comment on his overalls and his dinner-pail, or twit him with "learning a trade." Let him, in fact, keep one thought in view,—his determination to be a house-builder; and let all his energies be bent toward its accomplishment.

If you wish to be a house-builder, you must learn one of two trades—you must be a mason or a carpenter. Let us suppose you start as a mason. This should not be later than your seventeenth year. You must have a good constitution, and be able to endure fatigue and exposure. Great strength is not such a requisite as good general health and the ability to bear climatic changes. The best workmen are those who have begun young. To be a successful builder, you must work in or near some large city. You might succeed by "jobbing," and occasionally have better work than that in the country; but the best place for a mason is where the people and the houses are. And you

must, for the term of four years, be apprenticed to the man with whom you are to learn the trade. You will be required to sign a document called an "Apprentice's Indenture." This paper, so important to all parties concerned, binds the young apprentice to faithfully serve his employer for a specified term of years, to be honest, industrious, careful, and obedient, and to hold himself subject to his employer's orders and wishes; it binds the employer to teach or instruct the apprentice in all the "mysteries of the craft," to provide board, lodging, and medical attendance, and to furnish a written certificate of character and ability at the close of such apprenticeship.

This paper, or "Indenture," must be signed by the employer, the apprentice, and the apprentice's parent or legal guardian.

In former times apprentices were, I believe, occasionally treated rather roughly, but all that is changed now. Indeed, the system is not in vogue in some sections of the country; and where it is enforced it is on account of the trades-unions, which insist that each one who enters the craft shall be thoroughly instructed. But it will take the same length of time to learn the trade, whether you are apprenticed or not.

The young mason starts, trowel in hand,—his first effort being to "fill in" between the front and back rows of brick. This, of course, is quite easy, and in a few weeks he will be able to "back up" or lay brick on the back row. After learning that, he will be allowed to work on the front row. The more difficult parts of the mason's trade are the doing of fancy brick-work on the fronts of buildings, the "carrying up" of the corners, and bad angles. It will be some years before a young man is fully competent in all these branches. Then, as he grows older (having in mind all the time that he wishes to be a builder), the apprentice will make himself competent to lay out work from the plans of the architect. This requires a practical knowledge of arithmetic. A friend of mine is a very prosperous builder. He had only an ordinary school education, and, like many boys, carried away but few of the rules of arithmetic. When he became a "boss" builder, however, he was obliged continually to make calculations on the cost of work, on the price of material,

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and the expense attendant on great amounts of labor. He told me he could work out all the problems, in his own "common-sense way," as he called it, on half the amount of paper that his son would require, and in a much shorter space of time. His son had graduated at a public school and was considered particularly well qualified in mathematics. Now, I do not mean to give my boy readers the impression that their school arithmetic should be neglected, but rather to suggest that they should often put their school-book knowledge of that science to a *practical* test, so that if they become builders, or engage in any other calling where such knowledge is requisite, they will be able to easily and quickly solve such problems as may arise.

After the apprentice has served his four years (having, if possible, learned, in addition to the regular trade, how to set stone), he should strive to become a foreman for some large builder. In that position he will have charge of the men, see that they do their work according to the directions laid down, and he must keep their "time." Sometimes, when the gang of men employed is small, he himself might be obliged to help in the more difficult work. It would be an advantage to hold such a position for four or five years, for during that time he would be engaged in large enterprises and continually learning something, while he would also be making acquaintances with architects who might some day, when he comes to be a contractor, be of great service to him. As an apprentice he will have been receiving \$4.00 a week during the first year, and \$6.00 a week during the second. The wages during the last two years of apprenticeship are a matter of agreement between employer and apprentice—during the third year the rate would probably be \$1.75 a day, and during the fourth year \$2.00 a day. A journeyman mason's wages in the vicinity of New York City are \$4.00 a day.

And now he is ready to be a contracting house-builder; that is, when bids are asked from builders for the construction of any building, he can send in his bid, and take his chances with others in getting the job. The contract is usually awarded to the lowest bidder.

Here is the method, in detail, of building a house: A man owns a piece of ground and desires to erect one or more buildings. He goes to an architect, who draws up a plan and specifications. The plan is a diagram, showing the positions and sizes of the various rooms; the specifications describe minutely the quality of all the materials to be used, from the cellar to the top story. Then a "contract," or legal agreement, is drawn, to be signed by the contractor; and this being shown to

such contractors as desire to compete for the work, the one who makes the lowest bid, agreeing that he will supply the material and do the work according to the contract, usually gets the job. Then the contractor (perhaps our young mason who has now served his time and is at last a boss builder) makes sub-contracts with other men; he contracts with one for excavating the cellar, with another for blue-stone, with another for brown-stone, with another for iron-work, with others for mantels, heaters, ranges, furnaces, and other things, all of which come under the mason's contract.

Another contract is given to the carpenter, who has his branch of the work to attend to. The original contractors—the mason and the carpenter—pursue the same course that was taken with them: they give the sub-contract to the lowest bidder. Then the work is begun.

And here you will notice the value of the experience which the young mason will have acquired during those four or five years he has been acting as foreman. If, as masons very often take large contracts, he now has a host of men under him, he must see that they do their work properly; that they furnish good materials, and in the proper quantity. If he has worked as foreman for an employer, on big jobs, he has been obliged to take this same oversight. Now that he is his own "boss," he has confidence in his own judgment, because it is founded on *experience*; and experience, you know, is said to be the best teacher.

There is little more to be said about the mason. It may interest you to know, however, that by this time he has cast off his overalls and ceased to carry a dinner-pail. He dresses and acts like any ordinary business man. He may have an office on a business street, or he may simply have a sign on his house, giving his name, and stating that he is a house-builder. What he has to do now is—to get contracts. He will not get them by sitting still and waiting. He must make acquaintances, keep informed concerning new buildings that are to be erected in his neighborhood, "drop in" occasionally on the architects with whom he has become acquainted, and "see what is going on," and, above all, he must keep himself thoroughly informed as to the price of labor and the cost of the various materials and articles which enter into his contracts, so that he will always be able, at almost a moment's notice, to give an estimate for any work he may be asked to do.

Boys who wish to learn the carpenter's trade are seldom apprenticed, but they are "bound," which is about the same thing. They begin at about the age of seventeen, and work three years with their employer. The first year they do not learn

much more than how to use the tools; and it is needless to say that a boy, to succeed as a carpenter, must have a taste for mechanical pursuits, and possess considerable bodily strength. As for work, during the first year the young carpenter might have to put up fences, set partitions, and do other rough work. In the second year he will do finer work, such as putting up trimmings. In the third year he completes the technical part of the knowledge required. It is much easier to learn the trade than formerly, because so many articles used in building are now manufactured, and can be bought ready-made. The work is not as heavy as it used to be, and therefore less strength is required.

After his three years' service, the carpenter becomes a journeyman; that is, he works for "boss" builders. When he has had three or four years of such experience, he will probably wish to start for himself as a "boss" carpenter. Then he will gain considerable knowledge of the building art, and will soon be able to take contracts for building. He will commence at first on small houses and dwellings; then gradually, as his reputation for good work becomes known, he will obtain large contracts. Having once obtained a good reputation, his road to fortune is almost certain. There is one advantage that the carpenter has over the mason: he can have his shop, and be sure of a steady income all the time from job-work. On the other hand, the "boss" masons, though they do not do any "jobbing," as a rule, get larger contracts. Sometimes a contract for the whole work is given to the mason, and he employs all the help needed, including the carpenter; sometimes the carpenter gets the contract, and employs the mason. In large buildings two contracts are generally made, — one by the mason for his part of the work, and the other by the carpenter for his part.

The wages of a boy learning the trade are, during the first year, \$4.00 a week; \$5.00 a week during the second, and \$6.00 a week during the third year. The wages of journeymen carpenters fluctuate. At the present time they are from \$3.00 to \$3.50 a day. During the past ten years they have ranged from \$2.50 to \$3.50. There is always plenty of work for skilled workmen. I know of men who have worked at the trade for fifteen years, and during that time have never lost a day except from sickness.

I said that a mason should learn his trade in the city. In the case of a carpenter, he can learn his calling in the country, and it will be no disadvantage to him. Let him not, however, stay there more than three years; he should then come to "town" to learn the finer branches of his craft. If

he wishes to be a house-builder on a large scale, he must, of course, live in a large town or city.

It might seem possible that in cities the business of house-building would soon cease to be profitable, on account of the rapidity with which the vacant spaces are built upon. But that is not the fact. In the first place, there is always a great deal of building in the outlying districts. No American city is yet so large that it has not a vast amount of territory still to be covered with buildings. Then, again, old buildings in the thickly settled parts of the town are continually being torn down, and new ones put up in their places. Warehouses that, ten or fifteen years ago, were considered quite grand, and which show no signs of decay, are ruthlessly demolished and replaced with huge structures of marble or granite, to meet the increasing demands of trade. So a good house-builder usually finds enough to do in any large city.

One word of suggestion to the house-builder, whether he be a mason or a carpenter: let him, in money matters, be a man of his word. If he is asked to pay a bill, let him never say that he will pay it next week when he knows he can not pay it until the week after. In other words, let him be slow to make promises, but, when he does make them, let him keep them to the letter.

The trades in our country, of late years, have been almost monopolized by foreigners. The American boy, however, when he does take a trade, goes straight on to the top of the ladder. Yet the majority of successful house-builders here are foreigners, simply because so large a number of them become masons and carpenters. It seems as if American boys would rather be fourth-rate lawyers, or physicians, than earn their living by working with their hands. Only the other day I read in a New York newspaper of a young lawyer in a distant city, whom I knew some years ago when I resided in that section of the country, who literally starved to death. He made scarcely any money, was too proud to tell of his want, lived as long as he could on crackers and water, and was found one day in his office, dead from lack of nourishment. He should never have entered the legal profession, for he had no ability in that direction. As a farmer or a mechanic he might have lived a long, useful, and successful life.

No boy, of course, should enter a trade unless he feels himself fitted for it; but, on the other hand, he should not, it seems to me, let the false pride against manual labor, which now prevails to such a wide extent in our country, prevent him from endeavoring to do better work with his hands than in his inmost thoughts he knows that he can do with his head.

The Great Blue Heron

(A Warning)



by
Celia
Thaxter.

THE Great Blue Heron stood all alone
By the edge of the solemn sea,
On a broken boulder of gray trap-stone
He was lost in a reverie.

And when I climbed over the low rough wall
At the top of the sloping beach,
To gather the drift-wood great and small
Left scattered to dry and to bleach,

I saw, as if carved from the broken block
On which he was standing, the bird,
Like a part of the boulder of blue-gray rock;
For never a feather he stirred.

I paused to watch him. Below my breath,
"O beautiful creature!" I cried,
"Do you know you are standing here close to
your death,
By the brink of the quiet tide?"

"You can not have heard of the being called
Man —
The lord of creation is he;
And he slays earth's creatures wherever he
can,
In the air or the land or the sea.

"He's not a true friend of your race! If he sees
Some beautiful, wonderful thing

That runs in the woodland, or floats in the
breeze
On the banner-like breadth of its wing,

"Straight he goes for his gun, its sweet life to
destroy,
For mere pleasure of killing alone.
He will ruin its beauty and quench all its joy,
Though 't is useless to him as a stone."

Then I cried aloud: "Fly! before over the sand
This lord of creation arrives
With his powder and shot, and his gun in his
hand
For the spoiling of innocent lives!"

Oh, stately and graceful and slender and tall,
The Heron stood silent and still,
As if careless of warning and deaf to my call,
Unconscious of danger or ill.

"Fly! fly to some lonelier place, and fly fast!
To the very north pole! Anywhere!"
Then he rose and soared high and swept east-
ward at last,
Trailing long legs and wings in the air.

"Now perhaps you may live and be happy," I said;
"Fly, Heron, as fast as you can!
Put the width of the earth and the breadth of
the sea
Betwixt you and the being called Man!"

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XX.

RESTRAINT.

ANY boy who has been connected with a debating society, either at school or among his home associates, knows how necessary to the proper government of such a society are the rules of order and debate which are known as parliamentary rules or procedure. That men are but children of a larger growth is recognized by both bodies of Congress, as is shown by the numerous guards which they have established against disorder. The rules of the Senate, regulating decorum and debate, provide that—

The Presiding Officer shall name the senator who is to speak, and in all cases the senator who shall first rise and address the Chair shall speak first.

To prevent confusion and altercations, it is required that—

Every senator, when he speaks, shall address the Chair, *standing in his place*.

And that—

No senator shall speak to or interrupt another senator in debate without his consent; and to obtain such consent he shall first address the Chair.

If any senator, *in speaking or otherwise*, transgress the rules of the Senate, the Presiding Officer shall, or any senator may, call him to order.

And, in the event of a senator being called to order for transgressing the rules of the Senate, it is emphatically stated that—

He shall sit down, and shall not proceed without leave of the Senate, which leave, if granted, shall be upon motion that he be *allowed to proceed in order*; which motion shall then be in order and be determined without debate.†

And, finally:

No senator shall speak *more than twice* upon any one question in debate on the same day without leave of the Senate, which shall be determined without debate.

Such are the provisions of four standing rules of the Senate, which, for convenience, I have dissected and transposed. The standing regulations of the House of Representatives on this subject are embodied in one long rule, which reads as follows:

RULE XIV.

OF DECORUM AND DEBATE.

1. When any member desires to speak or deliver any matter to the House, he shall rise and respectfully address himself to "Mr. Speaker," and, on being recognized, may address the House *from*

any place on the floor or from the Clerk's desk, and shall confine himself to the question under debate, avoiding personality.

2. When two or more members rise at once, the Speaker shall name the member who is first to speak; and no member shall occupy *more than one hour* in debate on any question in the House or in committee, except as further provided in this rule. * * *

4. If any member, *in speaking or otherwise*, transgress the rules of the House, the Speaker shall, or any member may, call him to order; in which case he shall *immediately sit down*, unless permitted, on motion of another member, to explain, and the House shall, if appealed to, decide on the case, without debate; if the decision is in favor of the member called to order, he shall be at liberty to proceed, but not otherwise; and, *if the case require it, he shall be liable to censure or such punishment as the House may deem proper.*

5. If a member is called to order for words spoken in debate, the member calling him to order shall indicate the words excepted to, and they shall be taken down in writing at the Clerk's desk and read aloud to the House. * * *

6. No member shall speak *more than once* to the same question without leave of the House, unless he shall be the mover, proposer, or introducer of the matter pending, in which case he shall be permitted to speak in reply, but not until every member choosing to speak shall have spoken.

7. While the Speaker is putting a question or addressing the House *no member shall walk out of or across the hall*, nor, when a member is speaking, *pass between him and the Chair*; and during the session of the House *no member shall wear his hat, or remain by the Clerk's desk during the call of the roll or the counting of ballots, or smoke upon the floor of the House*; and the sergeant-at-arms and doorkeeper are charged with the strict enforcement of this clause.

You can not fail to notice how much more strict are the rules of the House than those established by the Senate. The latter body apparently is unwilling to assume that it is *possible* for a senator to be guilty of wearing his hat or smoking upon the floor of the Chamber, and it therefore makes no express provision on that subject; and, as a matter of fact, they always do retire to the cloak-rooms when they wish to smoke.

One provision common to both bodies is generally enforced. It is made the imperative duty of the presiding officer to call a senator or representative to order when guilty of a transgression of the rules. Of course, many things might occur which would be contrary to decorous notions, and yet for which the standing rules fail to provide. In such cases, each House tacitly recognizes the right of its presiding officer to apply the general principles which regulate the proceedings of parliament and obtain in other deliberative assemblies. These unwritten rules declare it to be a violation of order for a member of one branch of Congress to refer to any action in the other branch, or to address a fellow-member by name, and the slightest

† That is, must be voted upon at once, without being spoken for or against, by either side.

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tendency toward their infringement is, I may say, instantly checked by the President of the Senate.

But while it is also improper, according to parliamentary decisions, to walk across the room, "or to walk up and down, or to take books or papers from the table, or write there," these injunctions are not, as a rule, enforced.

The most noticeable difference between the standing rules of the two Houses is the limitation upon debate. In the Senate, there is only one restriction—a senator shall not, without leave, speak on any one question in debate *more than twice on the same day*. Having obtained the floor, however, he might continue speaking as long as he pleased.

The rule of the House is positive and emphatic—no member (subject to the "exceptions" noted) shall, without leave, speak *more than once to the same question*, nor shall he *occupy more than one hour*. Some such restriction is absolutely necessary in so large a body; for, if each member were to speak one whole day on the same subject, the House would be obliged to sit every day in the year, in order to pass a single bill!

But there is another feature of still more importance,—a feature not existing in the Senate, but greatly valued by the majority in the House. I mean the *previous question*. Upon a call for the *previous question*, all discussion and amendments are instantaneously ended, and, if ordered by a majority of the members present, the House is brought at once to a vote on the "main question," which is pending. It will thus be seen that the *previous question* enables a majority at any time to "put the minority to silence by a prompt and final vote on the main question." This power of the majority, therefore, may seriously interfere with the "rights" of the minority, of which I shall speak in the following chapter.

It is admitted, on every side, that the rules of the House in regard to the transaction of business often hinder rather than aid legislation, and the number of "points of order" that may be raised under these rules is really bewildering. Since this story was begun, and while in Washington in search of some statistics, I met a certain official reporter of debates, who, from his long experience, is very good authority. We chanced to mention some of the rules of the House, when he suddenly said to me: "Let me tell you something. *Two-thirds* of the time of the House is consumed in the discussion of *points of order*! Note that in your series." It is noted.

Altogether, there is no particular danger to the republic because speeches by members of the House are limited to one hour.

CHAPTER XXI.

OBSTRUCTION.

IN the government of all enlightened nations, there are numerous restrictions upon the power of superior numbers, who, without these restraints, might utterly disregard the rights of their weaker opponents. These checks are not based upon mere sentiments of chivalry and magnanimity—they are founded upon the loftier rule of justice. Their object is to protect "the rights of minorities," and this protection is, in one important regard, clearly secured by the Constitution of the United States.

The fifty millions of people who constitute this nation are people of all classes and conditions, and with varied and (in many respects) conflicting interests and views; and it is but proper, and in accordance with our republican system, that these various classes shall be represented in the administration of their common government. It is because there is *not* perfect agreement of interests and views upon the part of the people that differences and dissensions occur among their representatives in Congress.

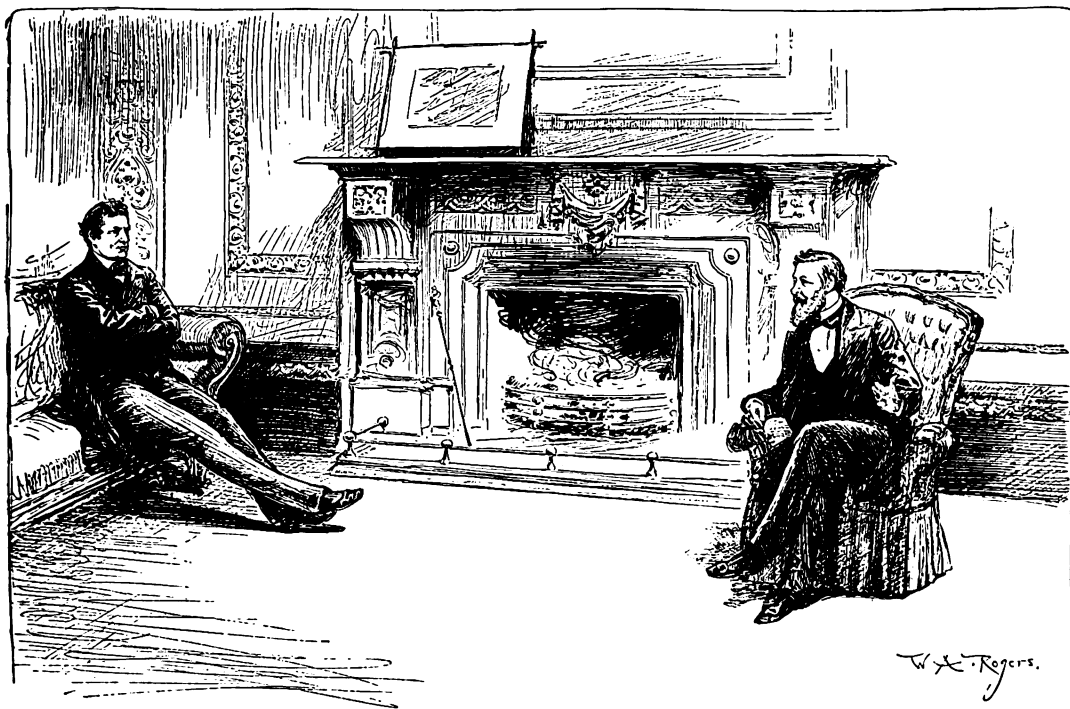
There is no absolute protection for the minority in mere "rules of proceedings," for rules can be suspended, modified, or amended at any time by the majority of the body that has established them, and thus a large majority might ride rough-shod over the interests of the minority. Although the standing rules of each House provide for the expression of all shades of opinion concerning a matter under discussion, the majority of each House, when pressed for time, or in other emergencies, and when deemed expedient in order to insure or facilitate the legislation which they desire enacted, destroy even these "standing rules" by enacting certain *temporary* orders. In such a predicament, when a measure objectionable to the minority is brought forward and is attempted to be put through by the majority in power, the minority have but one recourse—to fight it by motions and arguments intended solely to cause delay and consume time, and by thus reducing the struggle to a question of mere physical endurance, to wear out their opponents and force them to abandon the attempt, or continue the fight until the hour of twelve o'clock strikes on the 4th of March and sounds the death-knell of the Congress and of all the measures which belonged to it. These dilatory tactics are known in the technical language (or rather "slang") of parliamentary procedure as "filibustering."

When the "filibusters," or, as they are styled by their more dignified antagonists, "obstructionists," think proper to adopt this line of action, resort is had to various devices to consume time.

The chief rules that are singled out and utilized for filibustering purposes, are those respecting adjournment. Naturally, the primary object of a filibustering movement, if it is evident that the majority intend to push the measure to a final vote, is to terminate the proceedings by an adjournment for the day, and then do the same thing over again should the effort be continued upon re-assembling. Now, it is manifestly proper that the *majority* should always have it within *their* power to terminate their sessions whenever they see fit, as otherwise they would be at the mercy of the *minority*.

"to take a recess," "to proceed to the consideration of executive business," "to lay on the table," etc. The way these motions are used in filibustering would be somewhat as follows:

Suppose it is five o'clock on Monday afternoon, and that filibustering is going on in the Senate. A senator belonging to the minority moves to adjourn. The majority, of course, are bent on reaching a final vote on the pending question, and are determined to "sit it out." By force of greater numbers, they promptly defeat the motion. Then the same or another obstructionist moves to take a recess until



ONE OF THE CORNERS OF THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES: A GOOD PLACE FOR A QUIET CHAT.

Hence it is that the motion to adjourn takes precedence over all other motions, and is always in order; except, of course, when a vote is being taken or when a speaker has the floor and refuses to be interrupted, in which two cases *no* motion can be entertained. But if a motion is made to adjourn and is defeated, "some other business must intervene" before it can be renewed. Next to a motion "to adjourn" in order of precedence, during the pendency of a question, come motions

seven o'clock. This is also defeated. Then the minority move again to adjourn. Also defeated.

Then a motion is made to do something else,—perhaps to go into executive session (although there may not be any executive business on hand!) or to adjourn to Wednesday, or take a recess until eight o'clock that evening.* Any or all of these motions are made and defeated. The motion to adjourn is renewed with the same result, then comes the motion for recess (lost), then to adjourn,

* They had an unusual amount of filibustering in the House of Representatives last session, wasting day after day of valuable time. Both parties were very stubborn, but the minority finally prolonged the matter so near to the 4th of March that the majority had to "give in." One evening, among a goodly number of other filibustering motions, it was moved to take a recess until a certain hour that night—say twelve o'clock. The "call of the House" for a quorum, or some other matter that intervened, consumed nearly the whole of the night without a vote being taken on the motion, and the curious spectacle was presented of the members of the House, at *two* (2) o'clock in the morning deliberating whether they should adjourn at *twelve* (12) o'clock that night,—that is, *go back* and adjourn, *two hours before!*

(also lost), to take a recess, to adjourn, to take a recess, to adjourn, to take a recess, to adjourn,—that is the way it goes, and that's *filibustering*!

A motion to adjourn, or to take a recess, or to proceed to executive business, or to lay a matter on the table is not debatable. Accordingly, when such a motion is made, a vote must be taken upon it at once; and, if decided by a simple *viva voce* vote, which does not take a minute, no advantage is gained, and the minority would soon tire *themselves* instead of their opponents by making motions every other minute or so. This would never do, of course, for, if the majority will not consent to any of these dilatory motions, the great point then is to consume time. This is accomplished either by making some motion that is debatable, or by the way in which the vote is taken.

There are different modes of taking a vote. First and simplest, there is the *viva voce* vote. Suppose a motion is made to adjourn, the presiding officer stands up and puts the question thus: "The senator from North Carolina moves that the Senate do now adjourn. Those in favor of the motion will say 'aye';" and then he pauses for a moment while the minority respond, after which he continues: "Those opposed will say 'no,'" whereupon the majority instantly thunder forth their vote, and the presiding officer, without taking breath, concludes: "The noes have it, and the Senate refuses to adjourn."

A second way of voting is by "division" or "count," and if demanded, the presiding officer says: "Senators in favor of the motion that the Senate do now adjourn, will rise and stand until counted," and then he takes his seat for a moment while the clerk takes a lead-pencil and slowly points at the senators standing, and announces the number to the chair, who says: "The 'ayes' will be seated, and the 'noes' will rise." Thereupon those opposed are counted, and the vote is then announced. In the House, the Speaker does the counting. He grasps the mallet-end of his gavel, and rapidly shakes the handle at the throng. It used to delight me to watch Speaker Blaine go through that performance. He could move the gavel as fast as a sleight-of-hand man. Of course the Speaker endeavors to count only members of the House, but in the confusion and rapid counting, he is liable to count other persons whom he observes standing, without looking to see who they are, and we pages took advantage of such times to distinguish ourselves. I have often been in the

House, with a troop of Senate pages, all bent upon fun or mischief; and during a count, when everything was in disorder, we would jump up on vacant chairs or other articles of furniture to render us as tall as men, and thus insure our being counted in the vote. I have no doubt I have thus helped to decide many important questions of interest to the American people. I may also add that we also often voted in the Senate. When the Senate had been in session until late at night, or even during the afternoon when we were tired out, we have many a time voted "aye" on a *viva voce* vote to adjourn and thus increase the noise. And we considered such conduct not only justifiable, but really praiseworthy, believing that, inasmuch as by parliamentary rule a motion to adjourn was always *in order*, it necessarily and logically followed that it was always *time* to adjourn.

A third way of voting, often followed in the House, is by "tellers." A demand for tellers, being supported by a sufficient number of members, the Speaker appoints two of the representatives (generally the member making the demand and the member leading the opposition), and they walk from their seats to the "area of freedom" in front of the desk and shake hands. This hand-shaking is always gone through with, although a few moments before the members designated for it may have been rather angry at each other. Then the Speaker notifies the members in favor of the motion to "pass between the tellers and be counted;" whereupon the minority (for I am assuming that all this voting is pure filibustering) swarm down the aisles leading from their seats and mass themselves around the tellers, who hurry them through, one at a time, giving each one a tap on the back as he passes through, by way of keeping the tally, the members passing between them surging up the center aisle, or crowding around the tellers and returning to their seats the shortest way. Then those opposed to the motion pass between and are counted, and the tellers report the result to the Speaker, who in turn announces it to the House.

The first two of these methods are common to both bodies,* and the third is peculiar to the House alone. This last mode necessarily consumes considerable time, but the other methods are comparatively brief. But the Constitution puts into the hands of the filibusters still another formidable weapon,— "the demand for the yeas and nays!" †

* Another way of voting is by "ballot," but it is resorted to only on exceptional occasions, such as in choosing a President *pro tempore* of the Senate, etc. When this is done in the Senate, Captain Bassett takes a ballot-box that is kept under the Vice-President's desk, and passes it around among the senators sitting in their seats, each of whom deposits in it a little folded slip of paper on which he has written the name of the nominee of his choice.

† "The yeas and nays of the members of either House on any question shall, at the desire of one-fifth of those present, be entered on the Journal." Constitution, art. I., sec. V., cl. 3.

When the "yeas and nays" are demanded, the presiding officer of the Senate generally says: "The yeas and nays are demanded; is there a second?" and the senators as a rule raise their hands in such numbers that the Chair goes on to say: "The yeas and nays are ordered." Then he rises from his seat and says: "Senators, those of you who are in favor of the motion that the Senate do now adjourn will, as your names are called, say 'aye'; those opposed will answer 'no,'—and the clerk will call the roll." In the House, the members rise upon the question of taking the vote by "yeas and nays," and are counted; whereupon the Speaker goes through a similar announcement, always concluding with the dreary words—words that call up hideous visions before the eyes of sleepy clerks and pages!—"And the clerk will call the roll!"

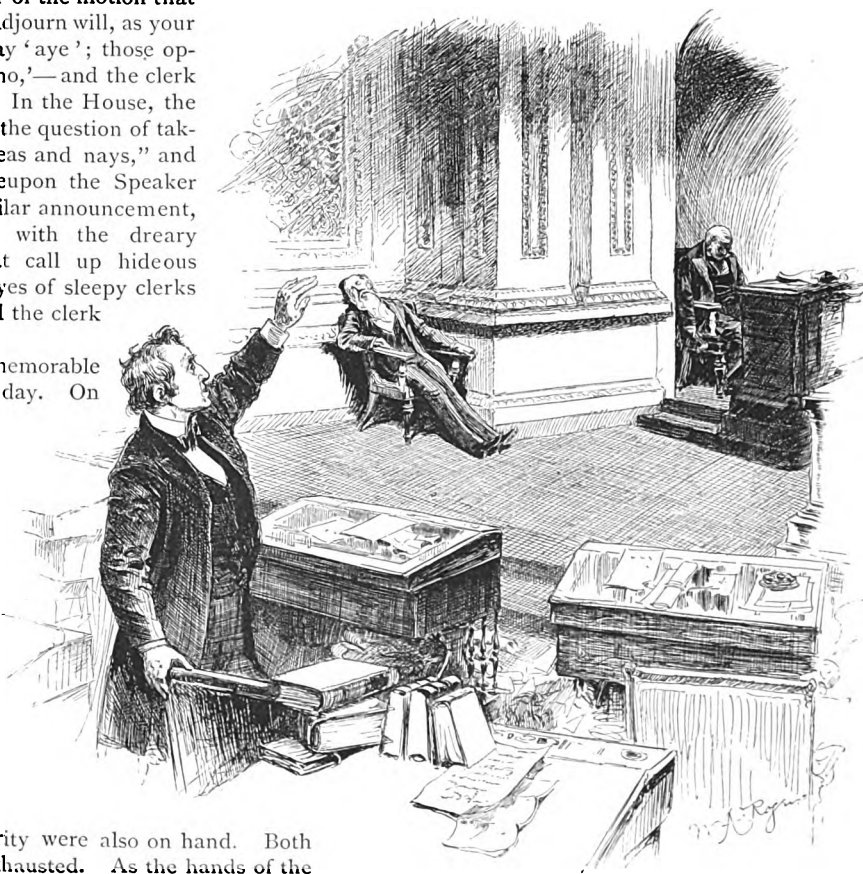
We had some memorable filibustering in my day. On the night of May 22, 1874, a great contest, in the Senate, over a certain bill, culminated in twenty hours of work! The majority had determined that they would "sit the bill" out that night. So they assembled in force, ready to pass it whenever they might see their

chance. The minority were also on hand. Both sides were nearly exhausted. As the hands of the clock approached the hour of midnight, there was scarcely a senator in the room. I remember that Senator Merriman led the minority; Senator Logan "watched" for the majority. Senator Merriman had the floor, with the unlimited privilege of continuous debate permitted by the rules, and he seemed prepared to talk forever. But occasionally he paused to allow another member of the minority to make a motion to adjourn, upon which the "yeas and nays" would be ordered—"And the clerk will call the roll!"

Those words were the signal for action. "Call up the senators!" cried Senator Logan: "Call up the senators!" came from Senator Merriman; and off we went. Well, we called them up,—and

they voted! Then Senator Merriman resumed his speech. After talking for a while, to give his opponents time to disappear and get to sleep, he stopped speaking, and yielded to another of the minority to move an adjournment.

"Call up the senators!" shouted both sides;—"Call up the senators!" echoed Captain Bassett.



AN ENERGETIC FILIBUSTER.

This is how we pages called them. Each of us would rush around through the various rooms, and give one of these sleeping senators a little tap, shouting, "Yeas and Nays!" and dart away to find another. Sometimes a dozen pages would waken the same senator. In fact, we usually ran in a line—all together.

Soon the sleepy legislators could be seen creeping into the chamber from all directions, half awake, with disheveled hair, and presenting a woe-begone appearance generally. They would mechanically cast their votes, the motion to adjourn would be lost, Senator Merriman would resume

his speech, and the other senators, except the "watchers," would again vanish as mysteriously and as noiselessly as the soldiers of Roderick Dhu.

During all this speech-making, most of the minority were asleep. They depended upon Senator Merriman (as most of the majority depended upon Senator Logan and their other leaders) to wake them at the proper time. They relied upon him to do all the talking. He was, as I say, prepared to do it. But he made a mistake. He remembered the courtesy, but he forgot the rules of the Senate. He had been yielding the floor to his friends whenever he saw fit, and resuming it again after they had said whatever they wished. Senator Logan at last interfered. He raised the "point of order" that the senator from North Carolina could not speak "more than twice" on the matter then pending. Senator Merriman stood aghast! The presiding officer sustained the point of order.

That is where the demoralization of the minority seemed to begin. At ten minutes past seven o'clock A. M. the majority passed the bill!

How would you like to be a filibuster?

CHAPTER XXII.

CONFUSION.

WE have thus briefly reviewed the chief features of Congressional practice established for the preservation of decorum and the regulation of debate; and we have also seen how the strict application of some of these rules, intended to protect the public interests, hinders rather than helps the transaction of business.

In order to secure to Congress the authority and efficiency designed for it by the founders, and which properly belong to it as the supreme representative body in the Republic, the Constitution gave to each House the right to determine the rules of its proceedings; and that its dignity should not be molested by rash and thoughtless men, it also gave to each House the right to "punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member." * These general provisions conferring the *right* carry with them full *power* to enforce these rights, as either House may deem proper.

By the possession of this right to "punish members for disorderly behavior," therefore, it will be seen that, *to that extent*, each body of Congress is vested with judicial power. With the exercise of that right,—however extreme the rules or proceedings established or taken by either House in such exercise,—no tribunal or officer in the other departments of the government can interfere. But

were Congress to attempt to enlarge this authority so as to inflict a punishment upon private citizens (except under peculiar circumstances, as will be hereafter explained), it would be usurping the functions confided to the Judicial Department of the government, and would be checked by the courts.

The power in regard to compelling "the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each House may provide," † is constantly employed. Especially is this true at night-sessions in the House. Although no business can be done in either body without the presence of a "quorum," or a majority of the members, ‡ it is extremely difficult on ordinary occasions to secure the necessary number without resort to this compulsory power; in which case the Senate or House may direct its sergeant-at-arms to arrest the absent senators or representatives wherever they may be found and escort them to the House.

When the point of "no quorum" is raised, a "call of the House" is usually ordered, and the clerk calls the roll of members, and those present respond "present," as their names are read. Having finished the first call, the clerk reads the names of those who did not respond on the first reading, to give those a chance to answer who may have been in the lobbies or elsewhere about the House, but not in the room at the exact moment when their names were called. When this second call of the roll is completed,—if it shows that there is not a quorum present,—all the doors but one leading into the Hall are closed and locked, and at that one door a guard is stationed to prevent any of the absentees from entering.

When the doors are closed, the names of the absentees are read, those who are old or infirm or detained by sickness in their families are excused, and after this the sergeant-at-arms is directed to arrest and bring before the bar of the House any of the absentees he can find—excepting those who are away by "leave" of the House first duly obtained. Then the *fun* begins. While waiting for the sergeant-at-arms to execute his orders, the members inside the Hall amuse themselves in many ways and laugh in anticipation of the *further* enjoyment they will have upon the appearance of their remiss associates. As no work can be done, of course, *play* should not be prohibited. After a time the sergeant-at-arms appears with a batch of arrested absentees, and taking them before the Speaker's desk, the name of each is called, and he is then permitted to explain his non-attendance. These explanations are the most amusing features of the whole performance. All sorts of excuses are given, but most of the members, as a rule, plead various forms of sickness—from paralysis to a toothache! Of course, during the delivery of these

* Constitution, art I., sec. V., cl. 2.

† Constitution, art. I., sec. V., cl. 1.

‡ Constitution, art. I., sec. V., cl. 1.

excuses the other members jokingly applaud and laugh. While the prisoners may, under the rules, be fined for their absence, still, when the House is in good humor (as it generally is under these circumstances—for who *could* preserve his gravity while that delightful comedy is being performed?) it merely laughs again and makes fun at their expense, and teases and tries to scare them by fierce motions to “dispose” of them in various ways,—and then excuses their neglect and allows them to take their seats. And so this performance goes on, the sergeant-at-arms continuing to bring in his little groups of absentees, until, having captured them all, or a quorum having appeared, “all further proceedings under the call” are ordered to be dispensed with, and the House proceeds with its legislative work.

The power to punish for disorderly behavior is not very *frequently* invoked by the House,—it is *seldom* invoked by the Senate. You will readily understand, from what I have said, that congressmen are but men, and that the slightest remark or affront may give rise to great excitement.

It is the first step toward misconduct that must be checked if one would avert still greater trouble, and, whether with congressmen or collegians, this rule holds good. As Vice-President Fillmore, in remarking upon the “dignity and decorum” of the Senate, and the “powers and duties of the Chair,” in 1850, declared: “How important it is that *the first departure* from the strict rule of parliamentary decorum should be checked, as a slight attack, or even insinuation, of a personal character often provokes a more severe retort, which brings out a more disorderly reply, each senator feeling a justification in the previous aggression.” So you see it is with the law-makers precisely as it is with boys and girls—one word leads to another, the members becoming angrier and angrier as the discussion proceeds, until, finally, the proprieties of debate may easily be forgotten.

I have seen the proceedings apparently going on smoothly, when one member would “catch the Speaker’s eye.” To “catch the Speaker’s eye” means that a member is “recognized” by the

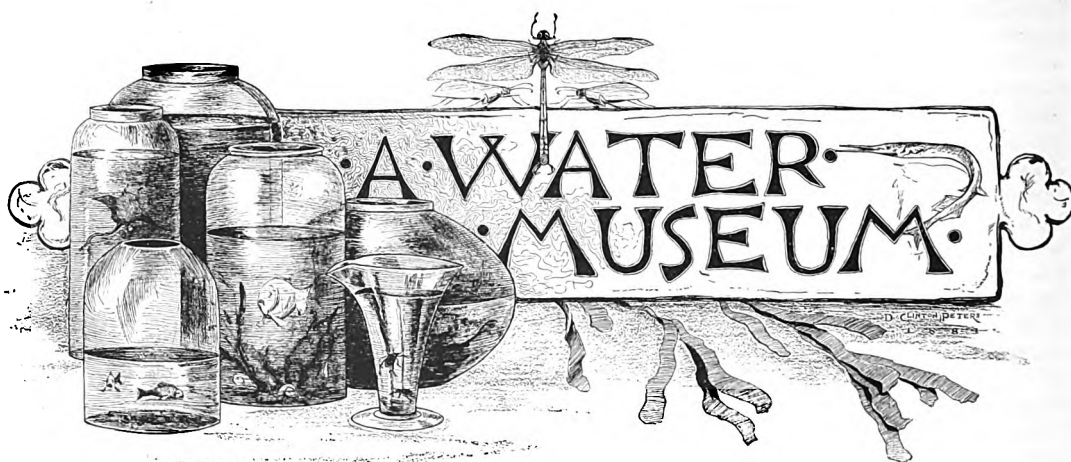
Speaker, just as the senators are recognized by the Vice-President, and that he thus obtains “the floor” and the right to speak.—Some representatives seem to have great difficulty in getting the attention of the Speaker. One of them is reported to have said that he had served as a member of the House for a number of years and caught the malaria and the measles and the mumps and nearly everything else that was to be caught in Washington, but that he had never yet caught the Speaker’s eye.

Well, the member who has the floor may be a fiery, forcible talker, and, beginning his speech, gradually warms up with his subject and gradually rouses his antagonists. Suddenly he gives one blast of scathing eloquence; and then the other congressmen spring to their feet and glare at the orator. Then there is “confusion,” for, of course, the members whom he has assailed are all eager to reply to him, and all leap to their feet at once.

But these simoons of passion are not generally of long duration. The Speaker, with the assistance of his mace of authority and the sergeant-at-arms, eventually succeeds in bringing the unruly members to a stand-still. Then if, in the excitement, they have gone too far, they are required to do penance. Under the Constitution a member of Congress can abuse, with perfect impunity, any “outsider” under the sun. He can not be punished for slander or in any other way held to answer for it by the courts. This is known as the Constitutional “Freedom of Debate.”* It is a very important privilege. The object of it is to allow members to express, without fear, their honest opinions about men and things. But they are not expected to abuse each other, and when a member does that or says anything else that is offensive to good taste,—in other words, “uses unparliamentary language,”—it is regarded as an insult to the House, and he is required to retract the words and apologize, and in aggravated cases he is even brought before the bar, in custody of the sergeant-at-arms, where the Speaker pronounces upon his head the solemn *censure* of the House. Nothing less than this would appease the wounded dignity of that mighty body.

* Constitution, art. I., sec. VI., cl. 1.

(To be continued.)



BY G. E. CHANNING.

A WATER-MUSEUM consists of glass vessels containing fish, mollusks, larvæ, and such other creatures as will live in the small quantity of water these vessels hold. The great advantage that the water-museum has over an aquarium is, that while the latter is bulky and has many dark corners in which you can see only with difficulty, if at all, the jars of the museum can be easily carried about and held to the light, so that you can readily observe the smallest movements of your specimens. Besides, in an aquarium you can have but one kind of water at a time, either salt or fresh, and you can keep only those specimens that will live together peaceably; but in a water-museum one may have both sorts of water (in different vessels), and both marine and fresh-water specimens. This museum, or water-cabinet, too, costs very little, while an aquarium is not only expensive but troublesome.

Before giving an account of my own experiences with a water-museum, I will first let my readers into the secret of making a small museum without much trouble or expense.

We must first make sure of a sunny window, where the museum will be out of the way, and where there is room for a small table. Then we must forage for the vessels in the glassware shops, or at the dealers in chemical apparatus. I have often been able to pick up confectionery jars which I got cheaply because their tops were broken, which, of course, made no difference to me. I

consider these the best for our purpose, in size from four inches diameter by six in height to seven inches in diameter and nine in height. We shall presently see that a bell-glass, such as gardeners use, will render good service in the museum. The jars must be placed on the table in the sunny window, so that they will all get plenty of light, as this is necessary to most forms of life. The bell-glass will stand if its knob is stuck in a box of sand or a block of wood. One or two of the larger jars had best be used for fish, and to make them attractive their bottoms should be covered with clean river sand and pebbles, or fragments of rock in the shape of grottoes, as the fish like to rest on these and to eat the almost invisible weeds that grow upon them. Of course, all the vessels must be filled with water and sprigs of aquatic plants, such as water-cress, vallisneria, or duck-weed, placed in them to keep the water pure.* Many kinds of water insects are carnivorous, or prey upon the weaker species. Of course, it won't do to keep these in the same jar with their victims. To find out which kinds agree, we can mix them in the clear, shallow bell-glass, where we can easily observe the peculiarities of each.

Now comes the great question: How are we to obtain our specimens? Easily enough. I believe that there is hardly a ditch, brook, or pond where you would not find plenty of material for the museum. If you know of some convenient shallow pond or ditch, go there some pleasant day, at any

* The office of these weeds is interesting. In a vessel containing fish, for instance, where the water has been necessarily changed once a day, by throwing in a few water-plants, a change once a week, or often once a month, will answer. For when the weeds are added, a new set of chemical operations begin. As the water passes through the gills of the fish, they absorb what oxygen it contains, allowing carbonic acid to pass out in its place, so that the water would soon become poisonous if it were not for the weeds that absorb the carbonic acid and use the carbon in making vegetable tissue, giving out in return pure oxygen (that may be seen on the leaves and stems of the plants in bright bubbles), which is to the fish like so much pure air to us.

season of the year, when it is free from ice, carrying with you a couple of preserve jars and a net made of a double thickness of mosquito netting fastened to a stout wire hoop, that in turn is attached to a long handle. Look around for some shallow spot you can reach from shore that is covered with mud and leaves, then scoop the net quickly around in the water two or three times, taking in some of the mud and leaves, for in these the insects, and sometimes the fish, hide. After you have thus scooped a while, search the contents of your net very carefully and save whatever looks like a bug, a fish, or a mollusk, and put it in the jars. I have never failed to find in this way minnow, bream, dace, beetles, water-scorpions, tadpoles, snails, and many other specimens.

There are a few simple rules that, in keeping a water-museum, must be strictly observed. In the first place, never overstock your vessels, or your specimens will die of suffocation. Never allow the water to become warmer than 65 degrees by Fahrenheit thermometer, for a higher temperature than that is fatal to most of your specimens. Never let decayed bread, meat, or any dead matter stay in the jars, for this poisons the water. Use a syphon to draw off the water from the jars, and always pour the fresh water gently in.

With these few rules and with your own powers of observation, you will get on well enough. The intelligent museum-keeper will carefully study the habits of his specimens and adapt his means to their needs and peculiarities. For instance, the caddis-worms need a supply of small sticks and grasses to keep their houses in repair, and the water-scorpion dreads the sunlight, and must be kept out of it, or else he will die; in short, almost every species has its peculiar wants.

My water-museum began modestly with two jars and a gold-fish globe. In two hours spent at a small pond near my house I found enough material to fill all these, if I except a venerable gold-fish who was an old family friend. In my pet jar, which was three-fourths full of water, I placed the gold-fish, a pair of small bream, another of dace, four minnow, six snails, two caddis-worms, and a larvæ of dragon-fly, besides a few sprigs of a fine water-grass and cress to keep the water pure. The gold-fish immediately assumed the head of affairs, and struck up an intimacy with the sober-sided dace. The minnow were the life of the establishment, their graceful bodies flashing with all the colors of the rainbow as they swam gayly about, or jumped out of the water to snatch a few crumbs with which I fed them weekly. While they lived at the top of the water the jolly little

bream, whose funny faces seemed always laughing, kept near the bottom, or among the pebbles there. The caddis-worms in their odd little houses of sticks, stones, and shells were always up to mischief; sometimes one would catch hold of a patient snail and try to glue it to his house, and after a struggle, in which the strong snail would manage to get away, Mr. Caddis would hide his head in the grass and keep still, as if he felt very foolish and ashamed. At other times they would have a wrestling match, and we would heartily laugh to see them push and tug one another about. The dragon-fly was sulky and savage, and ate up whatever came in his way. With my magnifying-glass I could see his heart beat. The snails were the domestics, and kept the glass clean by eating off the green scum of minute plants, called *confervæ*, that grew upon it. I scarcely had them a week before I saw what looked like small patches of jelly on the sides of the jars. With my hand-lens I saw that these masses were laid by my snails, and that they contained hundreds of little snails a deal smaller than the head of a pin. These grew very perceptibly from week to week, and soon in the place of my half-dozen original snails I had an immense force at work cleaning the glass. Altogether, I had a very happy and interesting family in the jar, which gave me only the trouble of occasionally changing the water and adding a few weeds. Only twice, indeed, did I draw off the water entirely, and then it was for the purpose of washing the sand and pebbles from the accumulation of crumbs that threatened to poison the water.

Toward spring my caddis-worms became very quiet, and wove little silken veils over the doors of their houses. One morning two of these houses were unoccupied, and, looking around my room, I saw two beautiful caddis-flies fluttering about trying their new-found wings. But the dragon-fly, when he came out from his winter coat, was the sensation of the hour, with his slender blue body and dainty wings; how reluctant I was to open the window and to let him fly off in the June breeze!

When the warm weather came, and vacation time with it, I restored all my specimens to the pond, that they might not die by neglect, for it is very cruel to allow even the tiniest creature to suffer when its life is in our keeping.

Perhaps the greatest pleasure I got from my museum was by looking up the peculiarities of my specimens in books and observing them in the living form. This habit gave me an interest in natural history that has never abated, and that has enabled me to see many things in nature that otherwise I never should have noticed.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE four Eskimo children with whom I became best acquainted during my arctic trip were in my sledge-party in a journey from North Hudson's Bay to King William's Land and back again, which occupied nearly a year. Their names were Ahwan-ak, Koo-man-ah, I-yawk-a-wak, and Koodle-uk.

Ahwanak was a boy of about fourteen or fifteen, Koomanah a boy of from twelve to thirteen, Iyawkawak was my driver's little two-year-old baby boy, and Koodleuk was a bright little three-year-old girl. Ahwanak and Koomanah, of course, were good-sized boys, and able to do considerable work for us, on even so hard a trip as was ours. These boys walked nearly the entire distance, but the babies Iyawkawak and Koodleuk, when they were not in their mothers' hoods, always rode on the sledges that their fathers managed. Their place upon the sledges was near the front of the load, close to their fathers, who, as dog-drivers, managed their sledges from this place, and could thus easily watch their little children, and see that they did not tumble off when riding over rough or steep places.

In lashing on the loads, a nice sort of a place would be fixed, where the two babies could cuddle in and rest as comfortably as if they were in a baby-carriage. Here they would ride nearly the whole day, excepting at such times as their mothers would take them into their hoods; and despite the bumpings of the sledge or the raw cold weather, they would be pleasant and jolly enough to make a civilized baby ashamed of itself. Sometimes, however, the babies would cry with the cold, and have to be put in their mothers' warm hoods to keep them from freezing; but the amount of cold they would stand without complaining was really remarkable. And, notwithstanding the bitter exposure they undergo, such a thing as a "cold" is almost unknown among Eskimo children.

Every hour or two, according as the pulling was hard or the load heavy, the sledge would stop for ten or fifteen minutes to give the dogs and every one else a good rest. The two babies would then be taken from the sledge, and allowed to run about and exercise until the sledge would start again.

However much they might tumble over the hard snow, there was but little danger of their hurting themselves, so heavily were they clothed in their

dresses of reindeer skin, looking, for all the world, like great big balls of fur running about. After the party had gone into camp, the little babies played about among the sleeping dogs or whatever attracted their attention, until the reindeer bedding was arranged inside the *igloo*, when the little people were undressed and put to bed.

After the lamp has been burning until the small snow house is about as warm as is advisable, the babies crawl out and play about on the bed. Iyawkawak and Koodleuk had such unpronounceable names that they were hard to remember; and so the men of our party called the boy "Jack," and the girl "Rosy," on account of her rosy red cheeks. Most of the Eskimo children have red cheeks, despite the dark hue of their faces, and though they are rarely free from dirt. Yet, the children's faces are generally neater than those of the "grown-up" people, many of whom look really horrible, as they never wash their faces.

The wives of Toolooah and Ikquiesek both were very particular with their children, and little "Jack" and "Rosy" were as neat Eskimo children as you could possibly find.

The two boys, Ahwanak and Koomanah, had a great deal of work to do about the camp, much of which has already been described in former articles. They had been through some curious adventures even before I met them.

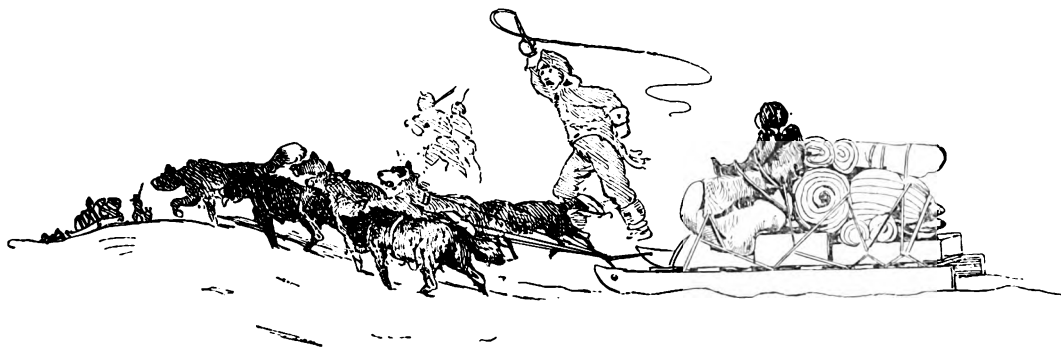
At one time, when he was about ten years old, Koomanah was walking, with his little sister and brother, on the salt-water ice that forms for two or three miles wide along the shores of Hudson's Bay, when they were greatly terrified to find that the great field of ice on which they were walking had separated from the firm shore-ice, and was drifting out to sea. A great lane of water which lay between them and their homes was every minute growing wider; and worse than all, a storm was coming up, which would make it still harder to escape. Before long, their situation became known, and many a brave man started out in the rough waters in his little frail sealskin canoe, or *kiaik*, to do his best to rescue the children. In a little while, Koomanah saw their rescuers; but the storm had made the waves so heavy that the edges of the ice-field were broken into a thousand floating cakes, many of them as big as small houses, which turned and tumbled over one another in a way to appall even the stoutest heart. But brave young

* Copyright, by Frederick Schwatka, 1885.

Koomanah was equal to the emergency, and, fearful as it seemed, he knew he must cross that wide space of rolling, heaving, tumbling blocks of ice before he could reach the skin canoes of the rescuers, who, of course, picked out the best place possible to accomplish their daring attempts.

of the bay that surrounded them, and all hope of seeing land until the gale subsided was given up.

Besides the two men and Ahwanak, there were a sledge and four or five dogs on the ice-raft. Taking things rather coolly, after they had recovered from their surprise and disappointment, they



THE BABY'S PLACE UPON THE SLEDGE.

At last, Koomanah found a suitable place, and taking advantage of an apparent lull in the storm, without hesitation he started across the pack with his brother's and sister's hands in his; and knowing that their lives depended on his judgment, he carefully picked his way from block to block. A dozen times, either he or the children slipped on the dancing ice, and once a great block near them rolled completely over, deluging them with water and blinding Koomanah with the spray. Recovering himself, he still splashed and struggled on like a little hero. At last one block, on which they stopped a moment, tilted on its side, and threw them in a heap. Here one of the little children was crushed between two great grinding cakes of ice, and sunk out of sight in the tossing, foaming water. Koomanah grasped the other child in his arms, and, staggering and plunging over the ice, the tossing and turning of which grew worse as he neared its outer edge, he managed to throw the baby he had saved close to a *kiak*, and then threw himself after it. Both were picked up and were soon safe in their home, which, though made desolate by the loss of one little one, had still two left, one of whom would be acknowledged as a little hero the world over.

Ahwanak's adventure was even more exciting, though he had no little children in his charge.

He had gone with his big brother Iquiesek and with Nannook, a splendid hunter of the village, on a walrus hunt. The three were caught on an ice-floe, or solid field of ice, which suddenly separated, and the piece on which they stood was blown straight out to sea. It sailed on until, in the drifting storm, nothing was to be seen but the waters

went to work and built a good strong *igloo* to protect them from the storm. Presently a walrus crawled up to ride on their ship of ice; they killed it, and, dragging its carcass up to their snow house, made a lamp out of the thick hide, prepared some lamp-wicking from pieces of cloth, cut a quantity of blubber from the walrus, and in a little while had their *igloo* about as warm as one regularly constructed on the land, and had, at the same time, plenty of meat for themselves and their few dogs. If they had only been provided with bedding, they could have safely remained on the island of ice all winter, so far as any fear of starvation was concerned. As it was, they drew their arms out of their coat-sleeves, and went to sleep in their clothes, as do all Eskimo when without bedding.

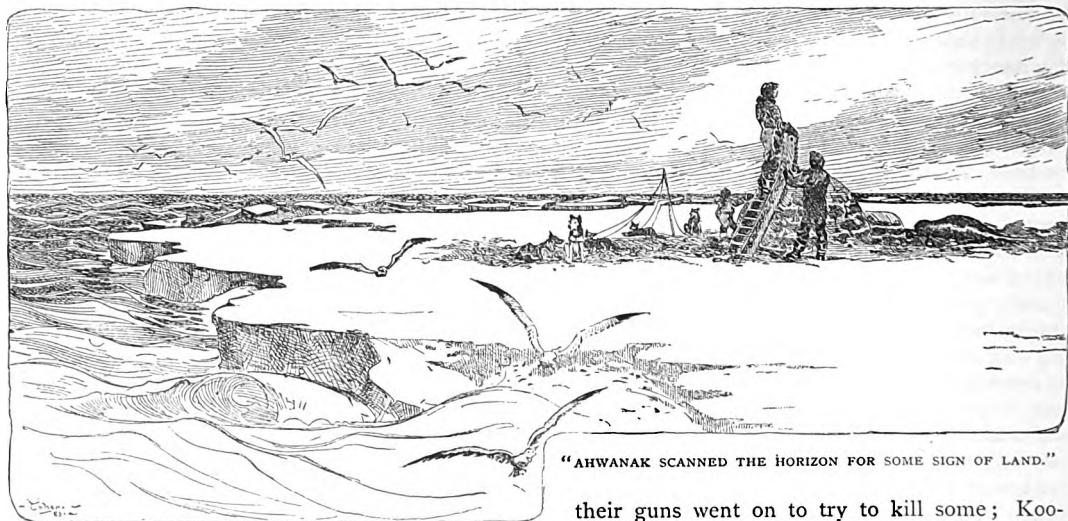
For two days the storm raged. They seldom ventured out, and could not tell which way they were drifting. On the third day, however, the storm cleared up, the long sledge was placed against the snow house, and from its topmost slat Ahwanak scanned the horizon for some sign of land, or something by which they might tell where they were. In the course of the day the prisoners on the ice-raft sighted on the horizon the bold headland of Poillon Point, and by night-time the tide and current had set them in so close to the land that they were able to reach the firm ice along-shore, where they soon hitched up their dogs and rode home as fast as they could over the twenty miles that intervened — greatly astonishing and delighting their anxious friends. These driftings out to sea on great cakes of ice, however, are rather common adventures, and nearly every hunter has had one or two such experiences in his life-time.

But to return to Ahwanak and Koomanah. When we left our morning's camp for our day's journey, the two boys would walk along, with but little to do; but if reindeer were seen grazing on the distant hills, Ahwanak and Koomanah would take charge of two of the sledges, while the men seized their guns and tried to kill some of the deer. If the reindeer were directly in our path, the dogs and sledges halted, and the two boys had only to stand guard; but if they were off our track, then the sledges kept on their way, some man taking the foremost sledge, and the boys easily driving the dogs, which very willingly follow a sledge-track in front of them. In case the party halted, the boys would watch the hunters from the top of a loaded sledge, and if they saw one come to the top of a ridge or on a hill, and with one arm extended, swing his body from a perpendicular nearly to the ground, they knew a reindeer had been killed, and that two or three of the dogs were needed to drag off the body. Then they would unhitch these from the team, and take them over to the hunter, who would fasten their traces around the reindeer's horns, and drag it to the sledge. Occasionally the two boys would try a reindeer hunt on their own hook, and although they were seldom success-

manah use this dwarf gun, as the boy could easily fire it from his shoulder. This, of course, increased its accuracy of aim, as it could be held much steadier. It held six cartridges, and could, therefore, be fired six times without reloading. As so wonderful a gun in so young a person's possession was never before known among these simple people, Koomanah was greatly elevated in their estimation, and felt very proud and elated over his fine weapon.

As I have said, the two boys seldom interfered with the hunting of the men, and when they took their guns (for Ahwanak had a musket that he greatly prized) and went away from the sledges, it was nearly always to go far to the right or left and hide behind some ridge. Here they would wait to see if the reindeer ran in that direction after the men had fired at them, in which case they might get a running shot as they passed. The farther north we penetrated, the more stupid were the reindeer; and having never before heard a shot fired, they would run about in a frightened and aimless way, thus giving the boys a much better chance at them.

One day, while going through a narrow valley between steep hills, reindeer were reported ahead. The sledges were stopped, and the hunters with



"AHWANAK SCANNED THE HORIZON FOR SOME SIGN OF LAND."

ful, not daring to frighten the deer from the men who were better hunters, yet once in a while they were rewarded, and then their eyes would fairly glisten with joy and pride.

Colonel Gilder, of our party, was very kind to little Koomanah, and becoming tired of carrying his revolver, he took off the ordinary wooden pistol-butt and put in a longer one, more like a gun-stock, and roughly made of walnut. He let Koo-

manah use this dwarf gun, as the boy could easily fire it from his shoulder. This, of course, increased its accuracy of aim, as it could be held much steadier. It held six cartridges, and could, therefore, be fired six times without reloading. As so wonderful a gun in so young a person's possession was never before known among these simple people, Koomanah was greatly elevated in their estimation, and felt very proud and elated over his fine weapon.

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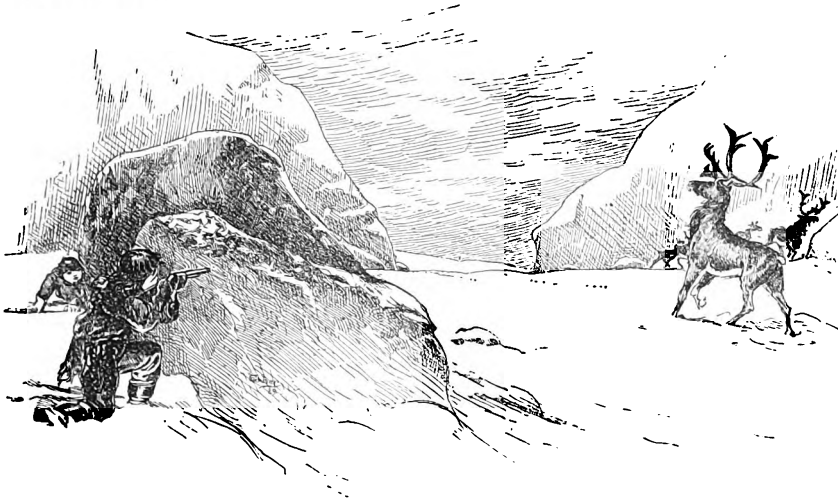
broke in a circle around the hunters, and were rushing down the valley, when they saw the dogs and sledges. Quick as a flash, they turned up the pass the boys had entered. When the deer came trotting along, and were within about a hundred yards of Koomanah, they turned suddenly around and stopped, and, with eyes dilating and ears pricked up, they looked backward through the pass, watching for danger, but never dreaming of that directly ahead of them in the shape of two small boys.

This stoppage gave Koomanah a splendid shot, but a long one; and with his heart in his mouth, for fear of missing, he took a broadside aim at a big buck, over the stone behind which he was hid-

sport with the small game, and we were constantly regaled with the ducks, geese, and ptarmigan that they brought in.

One of the special duties of the boys was to look after duck-eggs when in season. At this they were very successful, for during the summer the eider-ducks swarm in countless numbers to the island of King William's Land, where they hatch and rear their young disturbed by but few of their enemies,—the wolves, wolverines, and foxes. Many a nice dish of eggs did we have through the vigilance and energy of Koomanah and Ahwanak. As we were then living on nothing but seal and reindeer meat, these eggs were considered a great luxury. After the small ducks had grown large enough

to be eatable, the two boys killed a great number,—Ahwanak securing over fifty in one day. The Eskimo boys are excellent stone-throwers. It is no uncommon thing for them to kill a ptarmigan or a duck in this manner, as well as the little ground-squirrel (or marmot), common in that country, and bring it in to be eaten. As is the case with most savages, the Eskimo



"KOOMANAH TOOK A BROADSIDE AIM AT A BIG BUCK."

den. "Bang!" went Koomanah's pistol-gun, and away went the deer like arrows. But they had not gone a score of yards before the big buck commenced to stumble, and in a little while rolled over on its side and commenced kicking in the air. Koomanah's shot had been much better than he thought when he saw them all start away together. Of course, Koomanah had a right to be proud now over this big reindeer, that would have taken a half a dozen boys of his size to pack into camp, and he was highly praised for his sportsmanship.

During the whole trip Koomanah killed ten reindeer and Ahwanak six. There were two shot-guns with the party, and as none of the hunters seemed to monopolize the smaller game as they did the reindeer and seal, the two boys had great

children have few pets, as they have no way to take care of them.

Thus far, all that I have said has, I am glad to say, been wholly in favor of our two boys; but they had one bad habit for folk so young, although it is a habit which is common among the young Eskimo. This is smoking. As soon as they can learn to draw a pipe, they begin; and both men and women smoke, although the boys and women generally smoke a weed that grows in the Arctic country, and is not nearly so strong nor disagreeable as tobacco.

After Koomanah and Ahwanak returned to the northern part of Hudson's Bay at the close of our year's sledge-trip, they were given the guns they had so well earned, and ammunition for them-also.

(To be continued.)

and see-ing some things ly-ing on the bed, she went in to ex-am-ine them. There was a long blue shawl, just the col-or of Aunt Flo-ra's dress; and a white bon-net with blue feath-ers and a long red par-a-sol. Flo-ra took up the pret-ty bon-net and looked at it. Then she saw a lit-tle girl in the big look-ing-glass,—a lit-tle girl in a pink cal-i-co frock. Then Flo-ra put the bon-net on, and the lit-tle girl put on one ex-act-ly like it. How pret-ty she looked! But what was the use of a bon-net, with-out a long dress? That shawl, now, would make a very nice train. Flo-ra did not know which thought of it first, she or the oth-er lit-tle girl; but in an-oth-er min-ute each had a blue shawl pinned a-round her waist, mak-ing a ver-y long train in-deed. "Now for the par-a-sol!" smiled the oth-er lit-tle girl. Flo-ra was quite sure that she spoke this time, so up went two red par-a-sols. "How pret-ty we do look!" said Flo-ra. "But it is sil-ly to car-ry par-a-sols in the house. I must go out-of-doors." Then Flo-ra went out toward the barn to see James the farm-boy, for she knew he would ad-mire her fine dress. But there was no-bod-y at all in the barn-yard ex-cept the old pig in the sty. Flo-ra did not like the old pig,

but still he was SOME-BOD-Y. So she said: "Pig, see my long train! don't you wish you had one? Well, I don't be-lieve you ev-er *will* have one; so *there!*"



This was rude, and the pig was dis-pleased, for he knew what man-ners were, al-though he was un-ti-dy in his hab-its. So as Flo-ra swept by, he poked his head out and caught hold of the long train. "Hunk!" said the pig, and he gave it a great jerk. "Oh! oh!" cried Flo-ra, and down she fell in-to a mud-pud-dle. The fine bon-net, the blue train, and the red par-a-sol, all were spoiled. Poor Flo-ra cried; but the old pig smiled.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

FIRST and foremost this month, my friends, you shall hear the Deacon's report on the prize contest, FIFTEEN OWNERS WANTED, which was opened in May* last. Only fifteen nameless feet and legs, and fully four thousand two hundred and sixty-nine girls and boys who want to name them! My, what a busy time Deacon Green has had reading all those lists of names! And what hosts of different animals must have legs exactly alike, if all the answers are correct! But let us hear what the Deacon himself has to say:

"My dear 4269 children:

I thank you all for your hearty response to my request for a neat, brief, and correct list of the owners of the fifteen legs of which Mr. Dan Beard showed you pictures in the May ST. NICHOLAS.

"It has been very hard to decide among all these answers which three were the very best, as so many of the lists were almost exactly right and almost exactly alike.

"Yet, strangely enough, there was just one list that had the names precisely, word for word, as Mr. Beard gave them to me.

"The Little School-ma'am says that some of the legs would do quite as well for some other animals; yet it seems but right, in view of such uniformity of excellence, to give the first prize to the one sending the names of the very animals from which the leg-pictures were drawn. And I am sure that the 3974 American contestants will rejoice with the 295 foreign contestants that, in accordance with this decision, the first prize is won by a little ten-and-a-half-year-old Scotch cousin, named John H. Deans, who lives near the famous city of Edinburgh. This is his list:

"1, Human foot; 2, Dog; 3, Stork; 4, Tiger; 5, Rat; 6, Cat; 7, Deer; 8, Crow; 9, Child; 10, Cock; 11, Duck; 12, Rabbit; 13, Horse; 14, Monkey; 15, Cow.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for May, page 551.

† For the rest of the Roll of Honor, see "Letter-box," page 795.

"The second and third prizes were still harder to decide upon; but taking all the conditions into consideration, together with the advice of the Little School-ma'am and Mr. Beard, we found John Easter of Maryland (aged nine years) most fairly entitled to the second prize, and Bessie Thrall of Indiana to the third.

"How near all the following girls and boys came to being prize-winners, they can see by referring to John H. Deans's list.

Your faithful friend, SILAS GREEN.

ROLL OF HONOR.

R. W. Meade, Jr.—Jenny W. Noble—Edna Carey—J. M. Mitcheson—K. C. Rockwood—Charles Crawford—W. T. Cottrell—Ellicott R. Colson—Agnes Thompson—N. W. Dorsey—Thekla Gottesleben—Kate H. Spalding—Mary A. Forse—O. L. Hall—Fred. Fralick—Menie Deans—Arthur Strang—John A. Johnston, Jr.—Louis Dickson—Paul Loving—Edith P. Thomson—Geo. C. Willson—Mamie James—Augustus M. Stillman—Edith M. Hart—David Ericson—Lizzie Smith—Daisy B. King—Will Smiley—Marjorie R. Anthony—Dora Bennett—Alice W. Brown—Allie A. Milliken—Florence Smith—Theodore Kelsey—Mary Brotherton—Edna Dickerson—Willard E. Aikman—Jessie L. Mitchell—Mabel and Edith—F. C. Lyon—K. S. Burchell—Charley Gerry—Silas B. Brower—Lorrin Andrews—Grace Hickox—Helen Crane—Betsy Miller—Florence Nichol—E. T. Adney—Bessie Harlow—Mattie Hebersmith—Muriel J. Armstrong—Thatcher W. Hoyt—May Farnam—Sarah C. Neely—Emma Weighell—Susie E. Mason—Bessie Burch—Bertha Cist—George Watson—Geo. Easton—Sammie T. Birmingham—Grant Francis—Arthur W. Bingham—Blanche Huntington Stanley—Harry Bradford—Horatio Knight Bradford—Irene Ackley—Lulu A. Barnes—J. Mercer Garnett, Jr.—Louise H. Selden—Isabelle T. Moore—Anna K. Foulkrod—Anna Holmes Banks—Lizzie Lineaweaver—Addie Johnson—Alice Stevens—K. D. Quay—Annie K. Lemoine—Margaret Edson—Mabel L. Hastings—Winifred Norwood—Bertie Vail—Julia M. Sickels—Charles C. Helmick—Maggie Cole—Frank P. Smith—Rosalind Richards—May Mazel—Floyd Frazier—Nora Sissons—Annie Elizabeth Butchard—Arthur P. Stone—Jane Douglas Butchard—S. Livingston—Edward W. Goodwin—Clark Holbrook—Charles Cune, Jr.—Walter T. K. Brown—Bessie S. Adams—E. S. Perkins—William F. Patten—Robert R. Dearden, Jr.—N. H. Burdick—Frederick Dabney—Ida Faintoute—Laura M. Smith—Minnie Zeamer—F. L. Burns—Clara L. H.—L. Anderson—Gertrude Floyd—Margaret Blair Goodyear—G. W. C. Noble—Peter G. Pelret—Carrie S. Many—Daisy Sharpe—William S. Beaumont—A. F. Reddie—Mamie Higbee—†

THE ILLUMINATED FROGS AGAIN.

LITTLE Carrie S. of La Porte, Indiana, writes that she does not see "how the fire-fly could throw a light so that it could shine through a frog's skin"; but, on the other hand, a little girl of Pomeroy, Ohio, sends this letter:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Two years ago last summer, I was visiting a cousin at Marietta, Ohio, and one evening we saw a very dignified old toad come out near the porch. Cousin Helen and myself thought we would give him a fire-fly that we had caught. We fed it to him, and it illuminated his stomach. Truly, your young friend,

EUNICE GROW.

AN ILLUMINATED FISH.

CLIFTON, STATEN ISLAND, April 6, 1885.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read your story of the illuminated frog in the April ST. NICHOLAS, and can tell one to match it. Last summer our family was spending some time at Lake George, and we fished a great deal. One night I caught a fire-fly, and put it on a fish-hook, and dropped it into the lake. A fish swallowed the bait, and when I pulled it out of the water, we were

greatly surprised to find the fish illuminated, and when the fly fluttered in the fish it lighted him up. This continued for several minutes, and a number of people at the hotel came down to see it.

Your little friend,

NELLIE MORTON JOHNSTON.

A TAMED WELSH RABBIT!

LONDON, S. W.

DEAR JACK: Knowing your affection for animals, I thought you might like to hear of our wild rabbit, which we caught nearly two years ago in Wales; so you see there is such a thing as a live *Welsh rabbit*. He was then little more than a month old, and could sit with ease on a lady's hand. He is now exceedingly tame, and delights in being petted and stroked; sometimes when I call him he will come and sit up on his hind legs and try to kiss me. Our home is in London, and he lives in a hutch in the conservatory; but he gets plenty of exercise, for he has at least two runs a day either in the school-room or drawing-room. At one time we used to allow him to run up and down stairs, which he could do with great ease; but that was before we had a dog. He is very inquisitive, and will hop upon the table, and if he sees a pen or a pencil, will pick it up in his mouth and throw it on the floor. He likes warm milk, which he will drink out of a cup, though he prefers the saucer. Have any of your readers ever kept an ordinary warren rabbit? I have never known or heard of another one tamed. Your constant reader,

HELENA L. C.

WHITE SQUIRRELS.

A GOOD friend of mine, who lives in New Hampshire, and who loves to watch squirrels and

birds and all creatures of the woods and fields, has sent you this true story:

One day last summer I saw a lively red squirrel running along the fence, followed by what I at first thought to be a very light-colored rat. The little thing seemed quite feeble, and crawled slowly along, while the squirrel ran back and forth, apparently coaxing it forward. At last, becoming alarmed by some noise, the squirrel picked the invalid up in her mouth and ran with it to the nearest tree. I was convinced that it must be a young squirrel, either an albino or a cross between the red and gray. Whatever it was, the litter was all alike, for I saw three or four afterward, all of this very light-gray color. One was caught and tamed, but unfortunately it did not survive many weeks. It continued the same color on the back, but the nose, tail, and paws grew a trifle more reddish. The last time I saw one of them it was nearly full-grown, and only a careful observer would have noticed any red about it. They all appeared, while young, much tamer than the mother, but as they grew larger no difference was seen in this re-



"SHIP AHOOY!"

spect. The one which was brought up in the house was very affectionate and interesting. Its owner decided that it could see for only a short distance, for when called it would run first in one direction and then in another, but when within a foot or so of its master would seem to perceive him for the first time. This, however, may be a common failing in young squirrels. I should be glad to know if Deacon Green or the Little School-ma'am can furnish a parallel for this red mother of a white family.

Yes, the dear Little School-ma'am found a young *white* sparrow last winter. I will ask her soon to tell you all about it, my children. This little white sparrow had a curious history.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

COOKTOWN, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been looking through the "Letter-box," and only once have seen a letter from Australia. We live on the coast of North Queensland. This is a lovely place, almost surrounded with mountains, and we have a fine view of the sea. We have a number of ponies, and often go for rides.

We like all your stories very much, especially Louisa M. Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories." Hoping to see this in the "Letter-box."

We are your admiring readers,
JULIET AND NELLIE.

HANOVER, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, perhaps, you would like to hear from a little girl far over the sea. I have been intending to write to you all this winter, but never have had time. When you go to school in Germany, you do not have time to do anything. Not that they give hard lessons, but you have to stay in school such a long time, and go at such an unearthly hour. At eight o'clock in winter, and seven in summer. Just outside the city is "Herrnhausen," the beautiful palace of the Kings of Hanover. It is several hundred acres in extent. There is a palm-house and a lovely out-of-doors theater.

I am going to tell you a little story that a German lady told me the other day. On her farm near Bremen, there was a family of storks. A boy took one of the young storks, put a ring around its neck, and attached to it a message, bearing his name, address, and greetings to the person who should find it. The next spring it came back again, with another message on it, in a language that they could not read. They took it to some learned man, who read it for them in Arabic, and gave them a good deal of money for it. If it had been mine, I would not have sold such a curiosity. This is the seventh year I have taken ST. NICHOLAS, and I think it is splendid. Now I must say good-bye.

Your loving friend and reader,
NELLIE G. P.

SAVANNAH, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you a funny story about a black cat of ours. We put a box of bird-seed in a closet, and the next day, when the servant went to get the seed for the birds, she found that some mice had eaten it all up. And that night we set a trap to catch them. In the morning we opened the door, and the black cat sprang at the dead mouse in the trap, and ran into the next room, with trap and all in his mouth. My sister ran after him with the tongs, but the cat still held on; at last he pulled the mouse out of the trap and ate it up; but we took the other mouse in the trap away from him, and sent him out of the room.

Your devoted reader,
EDITH O'D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you about a funny little cow we have. Papa wanted the grass for the cow, so he had to put the calf into a hired pasture, and when the man took her, — would you believe it? — the very next night, about eleven o'clock, she came home; and then when he took her again, he went in the wagon and tied her to it, so as not to let her smell along the road, and that very night we were sitting on the porch wondering whether she would come back, and my sister said: "There she is down on the lawn!" And while she was coming up she did not stop to eat any grass, she was so glad to be at home. The first time, the man took her two or three miles away; but the second time, he took her still farther. Her name is Daisy.

From your friend,
CLARA T. C.

GLENBROOK, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am four years old. I send my love. I used to live in Woodland. I have sixteen kittens, and lots of scrap cats, too. My sister's name is Rosa. When Papa sees my name in the magazine, he will say, "Why, one of the children has written!"

OSCAR T.

Will Oscar please tell us what sort of a cat a "scrap cat" is?

LONDON ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if you have forgotten your English admirer whose letter you so kindly printed. In that letter, you may remember, I said that I wanted to taste pop-corn. You

will be glad to hear that an American friend of mine sent me some, and that at last I had my wish granted after waiting fifteen years!

Lots of love to Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the Little School-ma'am, and yourself.
I remain, your loving reader,
F. A.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an old lady. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since it was first issued, for my nieces, Hattie and Mabel. They are now young ladies, but think they can not do without their delightful old friend.

I myself am very fond of your visits, bringing so much that is "useful and beautiful and true."

We all love you, the old as well as the young, and bid you welcome and God speed.

Please tell Mr. Palmer Cox that we think his "Brownies" are the funniest little creatures that ever appeared to us mortals. The dude with his eye-glass, and all of the solemn, comical little faces, are perfectly irresistible.

H. D.

ROCK FERRY, NEAR LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for five years, and we like you better than any other magazine. We think the pictures are splendid, and my grandfather says he never saw a children's book with better engravings. In the first part of "Personally Conducted," we liked to see the picture of Liverpool Landing Stage, because we land there every day, having to cross the Mersey on the way to school, and we think that paddle-boat is the one we cross in. We like the stories of historic boys and girls; and — was it not queer? — last month there was a sketch of "Zenobia of Palmyra," and only the month before her portrait was in our sketch-book. Perhaps your readers would like to know about it. The sketching-club was started about three years ago, and there are eight members. Every month we choose a subject, and then all draw illustrations of that subject. The secretary pastes them in a book, and an artist friend criticises them. Then each member criticises and votes for the four she likes best. When the book is full, the one who has the most votes keeps the books. All our friends think it a good idea, and we all know it has done us good. I think if you let your children know of this plan, they will like it. We should like to say something else, but this letter is long enough already. We have never written to you before.

EVELINE AND WINIFRED.

WAVERLEY HOUSE, HALIFAX, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for four years, and like it very much. We are staying here for a few weeks. Mabel and I love to go down to the sea-shore and watch the ships come in. There are four war ships in the harbor. I have been on the admiral's ship "Northampton"; it's a large ship; I wish all the little boys that read ST. NICHOLAS could see it. There are nine forts here, and a good many English soldiers, besides the volunteers; it looks pretty to see the red-coats on the street. Some of the soldiers have been ordered off to the North-west.

I am ten years old, and Mabel is seven. If you would like to hear more about Halifax, I will write again.

Yours truly,
GEORGE N. C.

COVINGTON, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've no doubt that there are a great many little girls and boys who have never noticed the different characters of the "Brownies," which appear on the pages of the ST. NICHOLAS.

In every picture of those funny little men may be traced the same amusing characters. For instance, we will mention the Dude, who is never engaged in employment of any description, while all the rest of the "Brownies" are working as though their very existence depended upon it. But our aristocratic dude (as we might say) walks around with as much dignity as though he was a gentleman of leisure. He may always be known by his eye-glass, walking-cane, and silk hat.

Then we have the Irishman, who takes quite a prominent part in the pictures, has on a very funny little sugar-loaf hat, and can certainly be known by his turned up nose and smiling countenance.

In the April number of the ST. NICHOLAS may be seen the all-important little Dutchman, who, with his large hat, is busily engaged in carrying some branches up the hill.

We have also the court jester, and a great many other characters which I will let the children trace out themselves.

I hope that my little friends, since I have drawn their attention to these wee "Brownies," may amuse themselves by looking over the different pictures, and seeing how many queer, tiny men there are.

Very truly, T. P. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have taken you for a long time, and have never written to you before, I just want to tell how very fond of you I am, and how glad I am when the 25th of every month comes, so that I may get you, come home and curl myself up in a corner, and read your splendid stories until tea-time, for

Dear old St. Nick,
I do love you so, I really don't know
Whatever I should do
If I could not have you.

I remain, your affectionate reader, V. S.

DEACON GREEN'S ROLL OF HONOR (continued).

(DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: If any of the names on my Roll of Honor in the "Fifteen Owners" competition should be unavoidably crowded out of "Jack's" pages, will you please find space for them in The Letter-Box, and oblige

Your obedient servant, SILAS GREEN.)

Edith Higbee—Loena McKeel—Josie Leavitt—Genie Gillett—Louise Thompson—Annie Rice—Alex. E. Wight—James S. King—M. Robbins—Eda L. Baldwin—J. Roper—Florence Fargo—Juliette K. Jackson—Isabelle Z. Plume—Willie Mossman—Helen L. Tracy—Lilian G. Bates—Bessie S. Green—Alice Gouvry—Margaret B. Miller—Henry A. Truslow—Howard Emerson—Nora Glenn—May Latrobe—Franklin Blake Morse—Jennie M. Dodge—May A. Brown—Alice Peirson—Roland Lindsay—Corina A. Shattuck—L. C. Connolly—Laura Ricketts—Fred. Snyder—Edward F. Burke—Clifford McBride—Margaretta Spear—Lytton Foshay—Clarence H. Robinson—Richard E. Vose—Josie Bochman—Arthur D. Smith—Abbie F. Brown—Alice Austen—W. J. Bower—Mary E. Hotchkiss—Ethel Grimley—Frank H. Lowe—C. Hull—Lilian Lloyd—Willie H. Tomlinson—Catherine Harris—Josephine Currier—Mattie Wetherbee—Louis Irving Reichner—Madge K. Lathrop—Helen L. Barker—Clarence P. Franklin—Katherine T. Sprague—E. G. R.—Anna E. Storrs—Minnie E. Platt—Mabel T. Duncan—Hattie B. Sylvester—Fred N. Reed—Leroy Chamberlin—F. M. Wilkins—Emilie Doyle—May Peabody—Emily Latrobe—Martha Allison—R. Kehnth—Rodney L. Fletcher—George H. Warren—H. Stanley Todd—Helen P. Smith—Sarah L. Meeks—Oscar M. Chase—W. T. Davis—Myra Matteson—Walter J. Osborne—Ellen Newbold Lamont—Richard D. Schmidt—Carrie I. Coppins—Amelia Richards—Mary McKenzie—Clara Hawes—Anney Thurber—Helen M. Fairchild—Elmer C. Griffith—Bobbie Douglas—Lois M. Thresher—Eugene W. Leighton—Eva Jones—Minnie Miller—Florence B. Jacobs—F. P. Cooke—Jacob E. Ridgway—Robert H. Fernald—Alice N. Cane—Bessie Wall—Zoë Atkinson—Alice Wiswall—Nellie La Porte—Mary L. Wood—C. Mabel Beaman—E. Maude Quiggle—Mary W. Atwater—Edith C. Clagett—Esther L. Caswell—Phillips Bourne—Frank R. Blake—Austin B. Caswell—Mary de Klenck—Edgar C. Plummer—May Robertson—Winnie Loscombe—Godfrey S. Beaumont—Florence Dillingham—Walter Washabaugh—Guy W. McElvaney—F. V. A. Brower—Frank Weakley—Sadie J. Kimball—D. C. Chafee—Alice S. Wales—Emma D. Osgood—Russell Hoadley—Mabel Horn—R. Percy Vivian—Percy Mummery—Charlie Fred Stuart—William Lippert—Edgar Clifford Fry—Helen A. Fowler—Anna Farquhar—Lulu M. Houser—Florence A. Wood.

CUBA, April 17, 1885.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Many times have I thought I would write and tell you about the exciting times we had about robbers here.

These robbers were the terror of all people living outside of the cities. Perhaps some of your readers saw in the American newspapers how a gentleman was carried off by them, and his wife was forced to pay \$5000 hostage for him. I know this to be true, as I am personally acquainted with both the gentleman and his wife. I will tell you a little adventure of mine with the robbers. One night I and two lady friends and a brother started out for a neighboring estate to dine. This estate was about three miles off. We told our friends we would return at six P. M. surely. But something delayed us, and we did not start for home till seven P. M. We had only gone a mile and a half, when suddenly my friend Miss G— grasped my arm and said, "Look!" I did, and saw something that made my heart jump into my mouth. Drawn up in line in the road were three men on horseback. We could not say a thing, but watched them

with breathless fear as we approached them. As we came up, the light of the lantern one of them held fell on his face, and who should it be but one of the negroes on our estate! The other two men we also knew. You cannot imagine the relief it was to us. Our friends had become anxious because we had not returned at six P. M., and knowing that the robbers were in the wood we had to pass through, had sent the men to find us, fearing that the robbers might have taken us.

Good-bye. From your devoted admirer and reader,

E. L. B.

6 BONNINGTON TERRACE,
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was a wee, wee girl, mother read you to me. I have a beautifully bound volume of you, and I take you every month now for my very own. I like "Historic Girls" and "Driven Back to Eden" very much. In our last house, the nursery window overlooked Edinburgh Castle, and we could see from it the window from which James VI. was let down when he was a baby, and the soldiers carried him off to Stirling Castle. My sister Evelyn and my wee brother Bertie and I used to let our dolls down in a basket from our nursery window in the very same way, and sometimes they fell over the edge and broke their little necks. I am nine years old, and I hope to take you ever so many years. I have told many of my little friends about you, and some of them take you, too. I don't see how any little girl can get on without you. I know I can't.

Your little reader, LINA R. T.

CHICAGO, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and enjoy very much the lovely, lovely stories in you.

I go to Miss Grant's school, and take a good many lessons. My teacher is very pleasant indeed. I went to New Orleans not long ago, and saw the great Exposition, and I never saw anything I liked better; of course, I have not seen much, but papa also said he had never seen anything he liked so much. The wonderful machinery and all the machines ever invented were in miniature under a large glass case. They have little ships and houses meant to represent different hospitals, and, oh! so many things that it would take hours to write you all about them.

I am reading all the continued stories in you all at once, and it is rather hard to remember all I read. I like "His One Fault" especially; but just as it gets very interesting, the author suddenly stops, and then it is all I can do to keep from trying to guess what is to come, which I especially do not want to do, because I want each St. NICHOLAS to be a perfect surprise to your loving reader,

HELEN P. S.

PARIS, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you, and think you are nicer than any other magazine I have ever taken. I have two bound volumes of you, and they are just lovely. I can hardly wait, when one number comes of you, for the next. I have written one letter to you before this, and hope you will print this. Your faithful reader,

JUNE A. J.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little girls; we are eight, seven, and four years of age. We are each going to write a little bit to you.

I am Frances, and I like the "Brownies" so much, and I like the little dude the best of all. I have a pony, but I have not named him yet.

I am Janet. I like the St. NICHOLAS very much. I think "Davy and the Goblin" is one of the best stories in the St. NICHOLAS. I have a pony; it is called Dot.

I am Edith. I have a dog; it is a blue sky-terrier; he can sit up on his hind legs, and he can walk on them. My dog's name is Mop. And I have got also a pony; it is named Dimple; it will eat sugar out of my hand.

We have the ugliest dog ever looked at; his name is Tiger. He came from England, and he is a bull-dog.

You came to us for one of our Christmas presents, and we hope you will come next year.

Good-bye. From EDITH (8), JANET (7), and FRANCES (4).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in a pretty country place near Boston. We have lots of animals. Our horses' names are Dan and Nora; our cows' Cecilia and Peggy, and we have two pigs called Paul and Elsie. Can any of your little readers tell what is good for a sick cat? Our big cat Alfred is very sick. My big brother Leo hit him with a bat six months ago, and he has never got well. Do ask your readers if they know anything that will make him well, for we love him so much. I hope you will print this and make us so happy. Your friends,

JELLY T. U., AUCIA C. O., DOTTY C. H.

EVANSVILLE, IND.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I never wrote a letter to you before, but I thought you might be pleased to know this incident about my little sister.

This spring, for the first time in her life, she saw some young chickens. She was so much delighted with the little beauties, that one morning at the breakfast-table she astonished us all by saying: "Oh, Grandma! please save all these egg-shells, and I'll borrow Mrs. Lee's old hen, and we can have some little chicks, too."

Your loving reader, PRICE O.

WAVELAND, FLA.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For almost a year I have been gladdened by your monthly visits, and no other visitor is so welcome; and after reading, I have laid you carefully away, intending some time to have your volumes bound.

We came here to this beautiful Indian River almost six years ago, and have nearly all kinds of tropical fruits growing. Flowers bloom and birds sing here all the year round, and we are lulled to sleep at night by the "murmuring sea." Often we sail across Indian River, and there is the ocean beach strewn with all kinds of lovely shells and bright mosses, and I gather a great many of both. These are some of the pleasures of Florida life. I send many boxes off to girls and boys in other States less favored than this, and if your readers would like some, I will send some to them if they will write to me and send stamps to pay postage.

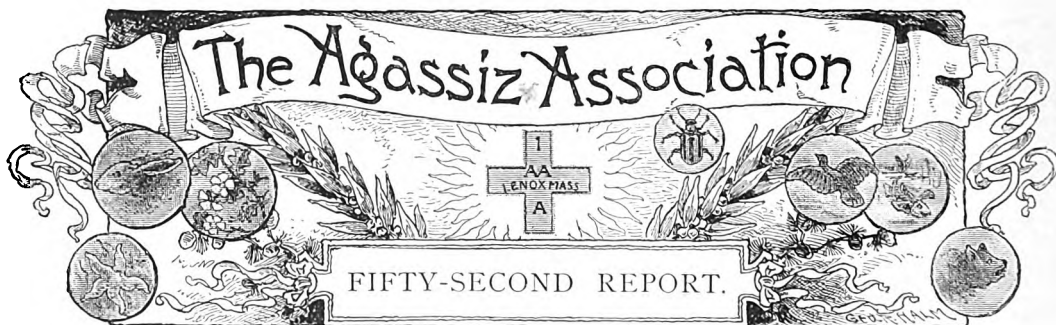
ST. NICHOLAS, here is a health to you, and may you live forever.
 LILY B.

MERIDEN, CONN.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the November number of 1881, E. H. S. gave plans for a house made of burnt matches. My brother George,

aged fifteen, made one just like it; he gave it a river scene, placing the house on a high bluff, with a gravel walk and steps leading to the sandy beach below, where were moored a yacht and row-boat. At one side of the house was an old-fashioned well and well-sweep. The trees were bits of evergreen, and the shrubbery, rosemary, which we got last summer at the shore; the grass was a piece of green plush, and the water a piece of looking-glass. He made it for Papa's birthday present. It was admired so much, that Papa sent it to Southington (Conn.) Fair, where it took the first premium. I like ST. NICHOLAS very much, and I sometimes take it to school Friday afternoon, and our teacher kindly reads a story to us.

LILIAN E. J.

We have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names we give herewith. We ask them to accept our thanks and our regrets that we can not make room for them all in the "Letter-box." Mary W. Davidson, Isabelle W. H., Clarita B. M., Marie V., Emme and Bessie, Laura Davidson, Bennie James, "Four-in-Hand," George Justice Ewing, J. O. W. and R. W. O., Arthur B. Whitney, Vivis D., M. A. S., Fanny S. Stewart, Bennie H. Denison, Helen Smith, Anne H., Miss M. A. S., Ilione Hurlbut, Annie Ellis, Rose Morse, Ethel Smith, Ruth Emerson, Jay H. Sypher, Mabel G. Thelwall, Willie, Susie, Franke, Exie, Bennie, Dorothy, Maggie, Anna and Lizzie, Georgiana Emery, Tello d'Spéry, J. C. Stevenson, A. W. Borie, James B. C., O. S., Lucy Webling, Daisy Bay, Carrie Gernand, Johnny A. Tillinghast, H. F. M., J. Kimball, Alice Grey, Lulu P. M., Lulu Chevallier, Justia B., Laura and Lottie, Fannie Chandler, H. A. D., Alice K., "Laurence Halstead," Bob and Ted, Alex. Douglas, and Mary Ludlow.



AUGUST is at the very height of the collecting season. Free from the restraints of school, and in large measure emancipated from the restrictions of the city, our 9391 members are exploring rock-vein and tide-pool, forest and stream, and securing material to work upon during the coming months of winter. No two studies are more appropriate for the short cold days than chemistry and mineralogy.

We hope by and by to be able to offer our friends a free course of simple studies in minerals; but, meanwhile, we are glad to present a second course in entomology, for those who can not undertake the lessons of the Brooklyn Club announced last month, as well as those who would like to do more than that.

This course will be entirely free, and is under the care of Mr. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, 19th and Race streets, Phila., Pa. Five monthly papers will be expected from each member of the class. As to the preparation of these papers, Mr. Parker writes as follows:

SHORT BIOLOGICAL STUDIES IN THE BUTTERFLIES.

In these short studies it is desirable to collect the material for winter work at once. This should consist of about a dozen specimens of each species chosen for study. They should be collected fresh in the field, and placed while alive in 70% alcohol, which kills them in a very short time. Then put them in a wide-mouthed bottle with similar alcohol, and cork tightly, standing it aside for future use.

The forms to be collected and studied, with the times at which the papers on them will be expected, are as follows: 1. On any common swallow-tail. One species will do as well as another. The commonest in the Eastern United States are described by Harris in *Insects Injurious to Vegetation*, pp. 263 to 269. Paper due Sept. 30. 2. On any common white or sulphur yellow. See Harris, pp. 269 to 273. October 31. 3. On one of our common blue or red hair-streaks, preferably *Lycena Americana*. See Harris, pp. 273 to 279. December 31. 4. On one of the great family of four-footed butterflies, meadow-browns, wood nymphs, etc., especially *Danaus Archippus*. Harris, pp. 279 to 306. February 28, 1886. 5. On a common skipper, such as *Eudamus Tityrus*. Harris, pp. 307 to 318. April 30, 1886.

During the summer of 1886 it is proposed to carefully study the life histories of three of the forms of which the structure has been made out during the winter. This will be considered in due time.

The following is an outline of our method of study:

Describe, with pencil sketches, carefully drawn,

1. The head—eyes, antennæ, or feelers, the tongue, with labial palpi on either side, etc.

2. The thorax—1st segment, bearing 1st pair of legs. 2d segment, bearing 2d pair of legs and 1st pair of wings. Note the number of joints in the legs, and distribution of the veins in the wings. The same for the third segment. Which segments bear breathing-pores on their sides?

3. The abdomen—number of segments, breathing-pores, etc. In all cases describe and figure what you see; do not be particular about giving the technical names of parts; these will come with practice. Papers corrected will be returned to those inclosing the necessary postage.

CHEMISTRY.

FRANK W. TRAPHAGEN, Ph. D., of Staunton, Va., kindly adds his name to the list of chemists willing to aid any of the A. A. in their study of chemistry.

CONCHOLOGY.

MR. HARRY E. DORE, of 128 Hall street, Portland, Oregon, renews his offer of assistance in conchology, and offers to the chapter sending him the largest number of species most accurately named, before October 1, a box containing fifty species (from 3 to 5 of each) of West Coast shells, all properly classified and ready for the cabinet. Mr. Dore can not promise to make a return to all unsuccessful candidates, but where any shells are received in a condition sufficiently good to warrant a return, he will render an equivalent.

NOTES.

168. *Peaches*. I have observed that the down on later peaches is heavier than that on the earlier varieties. I think it is to protect them from the frost.—Miss Tina E. Nash.

169. *Fishes in rapids*. In the Niagara River, above Lewiston, where the current is so strong that a rock at the least a foot in diameter was whirled along like a pebble, and where the water runs at the rate of nine miles an hour, I found fishes swimming.—Frank O. Ehrlich.

170. *Late flowers*. In November, 1884, I found in one little grove six varieties of plants in blossom: witch-hazel, violet, aster, dandelion, yarrow, and rudbeckia.—E. G. Freeman.

171. *A shrew-wren*. I found on Strawberry Island, Niagara River, a shrew-wren, which had cunningly built two nests, one as a decoy. The latter, situated about fifty yards from the true nest, was made of grass. When the wren saw us, she rose from her nest, and flew over and around the decoy, to deceive us, and draw our attention from her real home.—E. A. S.

[This note illustrates the danger of abandoning fact for theory. The facts seem to be that a wren was seen to fly from her nest over and around another one. There is nothing strange in this. That she built the other one is not clear. That her motive was deception, is wholly theoretical.]

172. *Diatoms*. I noticed the rapid increase of diatoms. I had a bottle of water, in which I could find perhaps one diatom in each drop, under the glass. A short time after, they had increased to such an extent that I could find fifteen in a drop, and many different shapes.—T. E. Schlegel.

173. *A voracious crow*. I shot eleven blackbirds, cut off their heads, and threw their bodies into the cage of a tame crow. Next morning, incredible as it may seem, I found that the bird had eaten them all. Nothing but feathers remained.—E. L. D.

[Here again the chain of evidence is not complete. Rats or cats may have intervened. A jury would hardly hang the crow on the sole evidence of the feathers.]

174. *Bluebirds in winter*. At Bristol, Pa., bluebirds can be seen almost any bright day in midwinter. I have repeatedly seen them in December and January, clinging to the vines that overhang our library windows. In Pennsylvania the bluebird is not migratory.—Joseph de Benneville Abbott.

[Let us hear the observations of others during the next winter.]

175. *A battle of ants*. I witnessed a battle between two tribes of ants. The battle-ground was a cleared space, about a foot square. The contestants were large black and small red ants. The smaller ants were victorious, as the larger ones retreated in disorder. The field was strewn with dead and dying.—Fred. V. Corregan, Oswego, N. Y.

176. *A pickerel captures a frog*. I picked up a small frog and pitched it into the water to see it swim. It suddenly disappeared with a great splash. When the water became smooth, there at the bottom of the creek lay a pickerel with the frog in its mouth.—F. V. C.

177. *Woodpeckers eat ants*. I shot a *Picus picatus*, and found nearly half a pound of great oak-ants (*Formica queretina*) in its crop.—Ernest L. Stephan.

178. *A bright-eyed cat*. December 6, 1884, I saw a pure white cat, whose right eye was a bright yellowish green, and whose left eye was bright blue.—Willie Sheraton, Wycliffe College, Toronto.

179. *Hypatia*. I have noticed in three flowers, a stamen bent over until its anther touched one of the stigmas. Is this the way the pollen reaches the ovary, or was it an accident?—Mary H. Tatnall.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

823. *Farmdale, Ky.* We have a flourishing Chapter of 18 members. We have made our hall into a reading-room, and we go there

and read the magazines and papers, and sometimes hold debates between the regular meetings.—Sam. H. Owen, Sec.

813. *Waupaca, Wis.* One very curious thing we have found is a piece of pottery, from a Wisconsin mound, which indicates the marks of the lathe. As this is uncommon, it seems as if it were worth the attention of members of the A. A. having pottery in their collection.—Richard M. Gibson, Sec.

366. *Webster Groves, Mo.* Our Chapter still lives. We have seen here an instance where knowledge first awakened by the A. A. has developed into an enterprise of practical and financial value.

742. *Jefferson, O.* We take tramps along the creek after *algæ* for the microscope, or fishes for our aquarium, and have lots of fun besides. We found a little pool in which were countless millions of *Volvox globator*. If any Chapter can tell us of a medium for mounting *algæ*, and other delicate vegetable tissue, that will not cause the cell-tissues to contract, we shall be happy.—A. E. Warren, Sec.

687. *Adrian, Mich.* We have our rooms with the Adrian Scientific Society, and have good collections. Among our books is Langille's *Birds and their Haunts*, which we think is the best. Dr. Griffith, of Palmyra, Mich., has given us a very rare collection of entomological specimens.—Geo. W. Tripp.

817. *Philadelphia (P.)* We have not a member who is not an enthusiast. At each meeting a paper is read by one member, and questions are distributed, to be answered at the next meeting.—W. P. Cresson, Jr.

700. *Mt. Pleasant, Iowa*. We began with 8, and now have 16, and two more will soon join, when our number will be completed, as we are limited to 18 until we can secure larger rooms. We should like to correspond with any Chapter that can give us any hints regarding the improvement of our Chapter.—Ollie Cole.

555. *Olympia, Washington T'y.* We now have a room of our own. It is a house that we have built with the help of our many friends. We hope to improve it as we are able. We all are little boys but one, and he works with us just like any other boy. Our library has grown so that we have many valuable books. We have about 200 plants, all named, and many other specimens. We are to have monthly public meetings and lectures. We have printed our own tickets, and one of our honorary members has printed and illustrated our posters. He did it all with a pen, but he put in the most beautiful butterflies and birds. We are now about a year old, and feel just ready to begin work. We have raised and expended about \$100, and we thank you for suggesting to us so good a way of spending our money and our time.—Robert L. Blankenship.

261. *Boston, Mass.* We are taking up a new course of study which promises to be very useful and exceedingly interesting. As we live in the city, we think we can do most by taking a regular course of geology from text-books, aided by what specimens we can obtain. We have purchased the book called *The Foundation of the Earth*, by Agnes Giberne, and have chapters read aloud at our meetings. We also purchased Prof. Shaler's new book, *First Lessons in Geology*. This is very clear and easy to understand.—Ruth A. Odiome.

776. *Oakland, Cal.* We are progressing very well. A member assigns a subject at each meeting. It is then the duty of each member to study on that subject and find out all he or she can about it. Such subjects as "Grasses," "Clovers," "Barks," "Bees," etc., have been assigned. We have collected several specimens for our cabinet. The meetings are held every Thursday night. We now number six. Some of the members are very active. We intend to take up, in connection with our meetings, the study of "Silk-worms, their culture, etc."—S. R. Wood, Sec.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
853	Fort Bliss (A)	6.	Walter F. Drum, El Paso, Texas.
854	Riverside, Ill. (A)	45.	Albert L. Murray, Cook Co.
855	Berkley, Cal. (A)	20.	Miss Gertrude Wheeler.
856	Brook, Nebraska (A)	12.	Miss Mary Aldrich.
857	St. Stephen, N. B. (A)	21.	Miss Todd, Box 30.
858	Yonkers, N. Y. (A)	5.	Arthur E. Hyde, Nepperhan Avenue.
859	Little Rock, Ark. (A)	4.	Ashley Cockrill, 911 Scott St.
860	Peru, Florida (A)	3.	B. Mays, Hill-boro Co.
861	Turlington, Neb. (A)	4.	T. W. Harvey, Otoe Co.
862	New York, N. Y. (W)	12.	Miss Willie March, 122 E. 15th Street.
863	Providence, R. I. (E)	6.	F. P. Gorham, 103 Knight St.
864	Littleton, N. H. (A)	8.	Miss N. I. Sanger.
865	Detroit, Mich. (H)	6.	Mrs. Richard Macauley, 61 Edmund Pl.
866	Cleveland, O. (C)	8.	Ch. H. Lewis, 602 Fairmount.
867	Fulton, N. Y. (B)	12.	W. R. Wright, Box 564.
868	Columbia, S. C. (B)	9.	A. G. La Motte.

DISSOLVED.

512. New York (P) Chas. Elsberg. |

732. Brookline, Mass. Miss Elsie Mills. |

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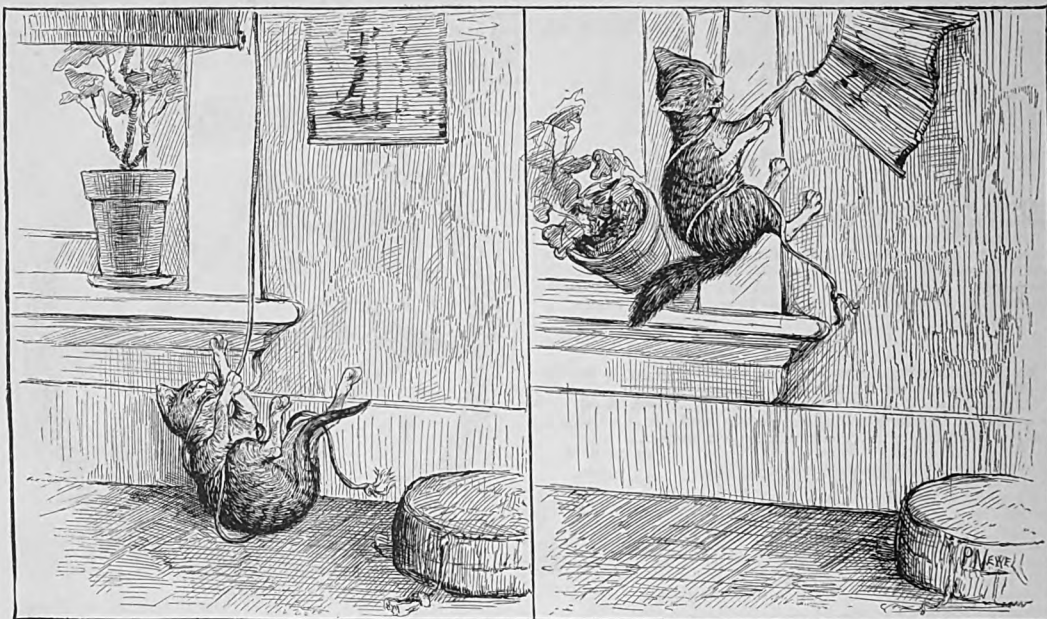
A circular logo with a decorative, repeating pattern border. Inside the circle is a four-pointed star. The top-left segment of the star contains a flower. The top-right segment contains a book. The bottom-left segment contains a candle. The bottom-right segment contains two bottles. In the center of the star, the words "The Square Word" are written in a stylized font. At the bottom of the circle, the name "Geo. W. Waterbury" is written in a small, curved font.

My first you'll find in "hunting," my second in a "bear,"
My third and fourth, you'll find them both in "polo," I declare.
My fifth you'll see in "telescope," my sixth is in your "eye,"
My seventh is in "hexagon," my eighth in "nullify."
My whole, a famous general, whose name I must decline
To tell you. He was born in August, seventeen-sixty-nine.

HORACE J. M. PRESTON.

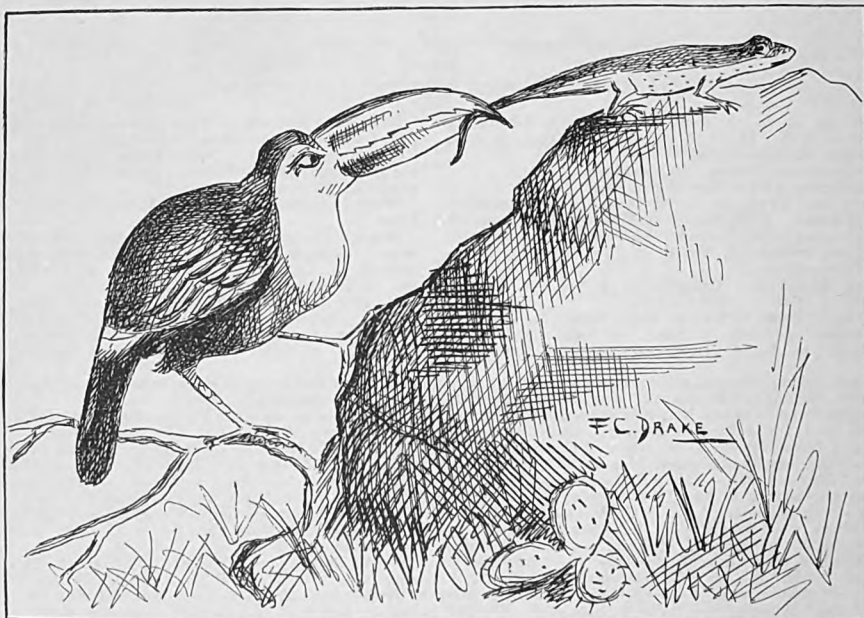
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Veni, vidi, vici: finals, Great Britain. Cross-words: 1. Vicksburg. 2. Ecuador. 3. Nile. 4. Aschia. 5. Vermont. 6. Irghenda. 7. Dove. 8. Illiman. 9. Vech. 10. Iowa. 11. Cagliari. 12. Ispahan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from A. and B., 1—Annie W. North, 1—L. W. M. and B. G., 2—"Epaminondas," 1—A. G. S., 1—G. U. Denton, 2—May Neuberger, 1—Dayard Sweeney, 1—Edward and Jerome, 4—Fay B. Miner, 1—"Meta Physics," 1—Anna L. Raussen, 4—S. E. S., 2—Edith Maud Benedict, 1—Effie K. Tallows, 6—Minnie G. and Newitt N., 1—Mary M. McLean, 1—Henry P. Cofran, 1—"Locust Dale Folks," 6—T. A. and M. A., 1—Venice James, 2—Bessie B. Adam, 1—Lillian M. Sprecher, 1—"Sara and Zara," 8—W. R. M., 3—"D. S. C.," 2—Kenneth B. Emerson, 8—"Pepper and Maria," 8—Alice V. Westwood, 8—Lillie E. Parmenter, 8—A. L. W. and M. E. W., 9—Fancy Fan, 2—Adele Neuberger, 1—"Mammozette," 2—Reggie and Nellie, 8—Mary F. Yeager, 5—Sallie Viles, 5—Hattie and Ida Gibson, 6—"Jimmy Shoestrings," 1—"Brownie," 2—Nellie B. Ripley, 2—Ella and Helen, 9—Jennie A. H., 5—Hallie Couch, 7—"Arthur Pendeniss," 7—"Clive Newcome," 7—R. H. Papa and Mamma, 5—"Two Cousins," 7—Jos. B. Sheffield, 4—"Huckleberry," 4—Hugh and Cis, 9—Francis W. Islip, 9—Eleanor Peart and J. Spiller, 5—May and Katie, 2—"By B. Y.," 8.



PUSS EXPERIMENTS WITH THE PATENT WINDOW-SHADE.

THE PATENT WINDOW-SHADE EXPERIMENTS WITH PUSS.



TOUCAN: "I SAY, WAIT A MINUTE, PLEASE. I'VE A LITTLE BILL AGAINST YOU!"

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

NO. 11.

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IN SEPTEMBER.

BY ELIZABETH COLE.

MORNINGS frosty grow, and cold,
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear
Where the rustling corn grows sear;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call;
Here and there a few leaves fall,
In the meadows larks sing sweet,
Chirps the cricket at our feet.—
In September.

Noons are sunny, warm, and still;
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill.
Amber sunshine's on the floor
Just within the open door;
Still the crickets call and creak,—
Never found, though long we seek,—
Oft comes faint report of gun;
Busy flies buzz in the sun,—
In September.

Evenings chilly are, and damp,
Early lighted is the lamp;
Fire burns, and kettle sings.
Smoke ascends in thin blue rings:
On the rug the children lie;
In the west the soft lights die;
From the elms a robin's song
Rings out sweetly, lingers long,—
In September.

SHEEP OR SILVER?

BY WILLIAM M. BAKER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET OF THE GREAT CAÑON.



THE wedge-like ravine into which Uncle Cyrus and Waldo had entered ran down among the rocks to a little river which Waldo, as he thought of the dear home faces in the midst of all this dreariness, at once named the "Hessie," because, as he explained to his uncle, "it makes such a to-do,—dashing, bubbling, foaming, telling everybody everything it knows—for all the world like our Hessie—God bless her!"

Remembering Hungry Wolf's directions, they turned at the water's edge and toiled due north and north-west up the river's bed and bank. It was the hardest sort of traveling; now they would have to step from one slippery stone to another,—now to wade in the water, now to take to dry land on one side or the other as they were able,—for it was a very shallow stream. As they went, they carefully studied every inch of the rocky wall on either side, for they were penetrating into the very heart of the mountain, and were being walled in more and more at every step.

They had gone on in this way several hours, studying the bed of the creek and the pockets, or small cavities, in the granite walls, for indications of metal, when suddenly the cañon seemed to close in so completely as to stop all further advance.

"Trapped?" asked Waldo, with a glance up the pitiless walls of that terrible ravine.

"Dead tired, at any rate," said Uncle Cyrus; and with scarce a word to each other, they boiled their coffee, ate a few mouthfuls of supper, and crouching at the bottom of the cañon, fell asleep, and in that comfortless, forlorn, and forsaken spot they slept until morning.

"Well, Waldo," said Uncle Cyrus, trying, after breakfast was over, to put the best face possible on the matter, "all we can do now is to go back. Sheep-raising may be a slow business, but it is an easier one than this, and much more certain. I'm at the end of my rope. This was our last chance at Hungry Wolf's treasure, and it's as

deceptive as all the others. Come on, my lad; we have done our level best, and the back track is a long and tedious one—but it must be traveled."

Waldo battered with indignant desperation against the towering walls of the cañon, as if he would have beaten a way through.

"Wait, wait, Uncle!" he begged; "this can't be the end. Hold on a minute till I make one last attempt."

He ran to the farthest end of the ravine. Then suddenly he stopped.

"A break, a break!" he shouted. "Come along, Uncle!"

Uncle Cyrus hurried to the spot, but almost before he reached it, Waldo had disappeared into a hole in the stone wall, not much larger than a barrel, and as dark as pitch. Plunging in after his nephew, Uncle Cyrus followed him on hands and knees, as the tunnel turned now this way and now that.

"Light—light ahead!" at last cried Waldo, and as he spoke a glimmer did penetrate into this subterranean passage, which, after a half-hour's tedious crawling, opened out finally into quite a broad space.

But here the cañon had closed up in real earnest. This was the end. On the left there was, however, a kind of split in the rocks running upward.

There was nothing to do but to try it. Up and up and up the fissure ran, and up and up and up the two clambered through the close, hot heart of the rocks to air and daylight. At last they came out upon a plateau on the very top of the mountain. It was a tract of not more than six or eight acres, so walled in that no man could have reached it in any other way than by the subterranean passage, except by a series of ladders on the outer side.

Completely tired out by their toilsome tramp and climb, they threw themselves down on the rocks, enjoying the cloudless sky and the pure air that blew in their faces. Then gathering some of the dry moss that grew in the rocks, they made a fire and prepared their breakfast of coffee and jerked venison.

Mindful only of the grand view of the great Sierras that lay stretched before him, Waldo stood by the parapet of rock, silent and thoughtful, when he was startled by hearing Uncle Cyrus give so loud and so sudden a yell that he was certain a bear or an Apache was near at hand.

He looked around. Uncle Cyrus was sitting in a bed of black mold, and — actually crying!

"What is it, Uncle?" asked Waldo, running toward him. "A snake-bite?" And the whisky-flask was produced as an antidote. But Uncle Cyrus, pushing it away, began to take up handfuls of the black mold, and let it run through his fingers as children do sand on the sea-shore, while all the time the big tears ran down his cheeks, and he spoke not a word.

Waldo was puzzled. Then a terrible thought came to him. Had his uncle gone crazy through grief and disappointment?

"What shall I do?" he thought. "How shall I ever get him home — or anywhere?"

"You poor, dear Uncle," he said, patting him soothingly on the back as we sometimes do with people who are very weak. "Come, come with me."

"You young ignoramus!" broke out his uncle, almost indignantly, turning up his tear-stained face; "can't you understand? Feel that!" and he scooped up a great handful of the black dirt and thrust it into Waldo's palm. "Feel that, I say! We're rich! We're rich, boy! It's silver!"

That black dirt — silver! Waldo dropped on his knees by his uncle's side. It was only a black mud dried up into a kind of gritty dirt; and there were acres of it. Then he remembered to have heard that the effect of thousands of years of heat and cold and rain upon the silver-bearing rock was to pulverize it to coarse black dust, which only needed to be treated with acids to bring out of that filthy black mass the silver — pure, white, and beautiful. And when he, too, saw those acres of wealth all around them, and knew that their long months of striving had not been in vain, he flung his arms around his uncle's neck and cried too. Excess of joy often unmans the stoutest heart.

"But can this be Hungry Wolf's treasure, Uncle?" demanded Waldo, after the first transports of joy were past.

"Not a bit of it, Waldo," Uncle Cyrus replied. "How could an uneducated Indian know that this black dirt is full of silver? This is our own especial find; but I am confident, too, that Hungry Wolf's mine is not far away; and, as this claim is ours, we are now in a position to put the search for his treasure in competent hands, and share in the result — if a successful one is reached."

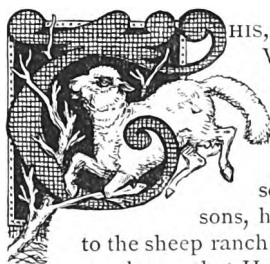
And this they did. By careful climbing and many risky descents, they contrived to get down from their rock-circled plateau, dropping down on the outside of the mountain, instead of attempting the cañon and the tortuous under-ground passage.

They carefully located their claim, hurried down the mountains to Prescott, and took legal steps to secure their "find," carrying with them metal

enough for a satisfactory assay. Then they sold their claim to a San Francisco company of mining operators, reserving plenty of shares as their own property. In all these matters, Uncle Cyrus was in his element, demonstrating how readily the ore could be shot down the mountain in long flumes, entering into all the details of the scheme, driving a strict bargain with the San Francisco firm, arranging with other prospectors to make a thorough search for Hungry Wolf's treasure, and stipulating for a large share in the profits from this, if found. Then, when all was arranged fully and beyond any chance of loss or business treachery, he said to his nephew: "And now, Waldo, for the Lampasas and home."

CHAPTER VIII.

SHEARING-TIME.



HIS, of course, happened after Waldo and his uncle had been away a little more than a year; and now the Edwards household, at the earnest solicitation of the Friersons, had come to make a visit to the sheep ranch on the Lampasas. The result was that Harry Edwards became so enthusiastic a believer in sheep that he bought for his mother several thousand acres adjoining the Friersons', and he had long talks with Ruthven as to the best breeds and all the details of the business.

One day, early in May, after they all had been discussing the subject in the shade of a great live-oak near the house, and had been fully informed by Ruthven as to the relative value and relative increase in stock and wool and meat, they all accompanied him to the shearing-place on the creek, where the sheep were being washed and sheared.

It was but a rude affair. A hurdle-pen had been built, from which ran a kind of plank canal. Japero, the Mexican, stood waist-deep in the running water, catching, scrubbing, and rubbing each sheep as it was driven in to him by old Jock, who overlooked everything. In a shed on the bank were the professional shearers, who make it a regular business to go from ranch to ranch, and shear the sheep at the rate of from two to five cents for each sheep sheared. Seizing upon a sheep, the shearer laid its neck across his left knee, its right side against his body, the fore-legs held firmly beneath his arms. By a rapid movement the fleece was opened up and down the stomach, and the wool closely sheared away from the body and around as far as the hand could

go. The animal was then turned to the other side, which was sheared in the same manner, and the fleece laid upon the table. A second clipping is never made, as the value of the wool lies altogether in the length of the clip. With a quick movement, a boy at the shearing-table turned back upon itself first the tail and then the head of the fleece, then the flanks, and in a twinkling a new fleece was tied up and added to the pile.

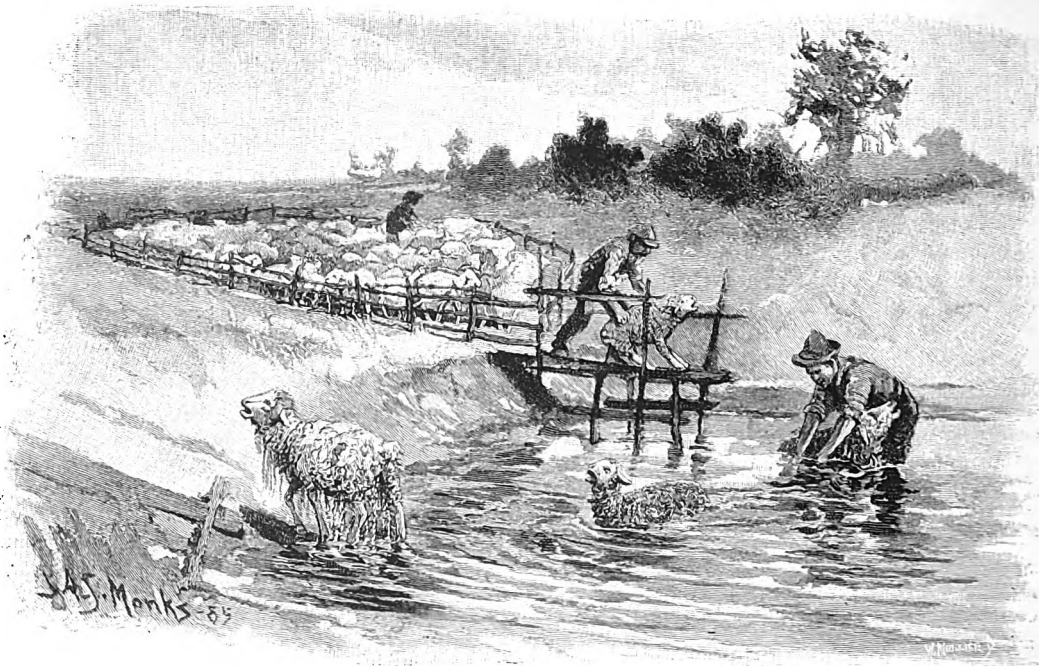
"Why, it is like working by machinery," exclaimed Madge Edwards. "How can they do it so fast?"

"Practice makes perfect," Ruthven explained.

"But how miserable the poor sheep look after they have had their jackets stripped off," Barbara

fair to tell you that there is almost as much trouble with sick sheep as with sick children. Jock has a perfect drug-store, with his ginger, gentian, castor-oil, aniseed, rhubarb, gin, laudanum, and linseed-oil. Sheep are really the feeblest of animals, and are subject to every disease you can think of. But Ruthven has proved them to be worth all the risk, and a sure and steady source of increase and profit."

Next day the entire household strolled out on the prairie, after dinner, to where old Jock was herding his newly shorn flock. Even Don Quixote had lost with his magnificent fleece part of his patriarchal bearing, but all were nibbling away with their customary haste, as if the sun would be down before they could get enough.



"JAFERO STOOD IN THE RUNNING WATER, CATCHING EACH SHEEP AS IT WAS DRIVEN DOWN TO HIM."

Edwards said, and then added, "and what do you do with the wool?"

"It goes through that hole in the floor," Ruthven replied, "and into a big sack. This sack, when filled, is sewed up and the wool is sent to market. When it reaches the hands of the manufacturers, it is carefully sorted over. One kind is used for blankets, another for shawls, a third for yarns, a fourth for flannels, and so on. It is astonishing how many different things are made of wool."

"But are your sheep all profit and no trouble?" Mrs. Edwards inquired.

"By no means," Mrs. Frierson said. "It is only

A more pastoral scene it was impossible to imagine. The air of the May evening was soft and balmy. The rim of hills, thirty or forty miles away, was now growing purple in the declining light. Except for a few flecks of fleecy white in the deep blue overhead, the sky was without a cloud; while the living green of the live-oaks and the cottonwood trees contrasted softly with the ever-varying and innumerable shades of verdure through which the grass changed in waving pulsations.

There was beauty, peace, stillness everywhere, and the grazing sheep only helped to complete the picture of rest and contentment. Suddenly the four girls, who were strolling on in advance of the

two mothers, saw riding swiftly toward them two ragged-looking men mounted on mustangs.



SHEARING THE SHEEP.

Accustomed as all were to seeing men in the roughest garb, these were so very uncouth and disreputable in appearance, from the floppy old hats on their heads to the well-worn boots on their feet, that the girls drew timidly back; but only for an instant. The next moment came a scream from Bessie, and flying forward, to the horror of all the rest, she rushed frantically up to one of the riders, who before they could interfere was bending down from his saddle, and actually hugging and kissing Bessie with all his might.

CHAPTER IX.

SHEEP — OR SILVER?

WE of course know who the two strangers were; — Waldo and Uncle Cyrus, home again after their search for the hidden treasure.

"We had hoped to steal in without being seen," Uncle Cyrus apologized, "and to have fixed up at least a little before showing ourselves. If I can get Waldo out of this trap, we will do so yet."

Waldo, however, seemed fairly trapped in the embraces of mother and sisters, and forgetful of his forlorn appearance. So Uncle Cyrus, grown plumper and ruddier than ever, seized him about the waist, fairly lifted him from his feet, and bore him away toward the cabins. Hattie ran like the wind to tell Ruthven, while Mrs. Frierson and Bessie walked after the two returned prodigals in a tumult of joy.

Although it was lamb and beef instead of fatted

calf which was spread before them at supper, never were wanderers more joyously received. Everybody was talking and laughing; no one seemed to be listening, and it was some time before Waldo could get a fair hearing.

"Let us go out into the moonlight," he said, when the meal was at last ended. "Uncle Cyrus and I are not used to being boxed up in houses; nothing less than all out-of-doors will suit us. But you are sure," he said, pausing as he stood by the table, "that, poor, miserable, and unfortunate ne'er-do-wells as we two are — you are *sure* you are as glad to see us as if we had come back rich?"

If Uncle Cyrus had increased in breadth, Waldo also had grown in stature and rugged health; and his mother and sisters looked at him in fond admiration.

"Poor as we are," he repeated, in pathetic tones, "willful spendthrifts, thrown back upon you as worthless idlers, you are sure you do not despise us?"

"O Waldo! how can you?" exclaimed his mother and sisters; and Ruthven grasped his brother's hand with so firm a grip that Waldo was compelled to draw it away in pretended pain.

Then out into the open air they all went, and while the moon shone brilliantly down upon the slope before the cabins, and the gentle breeze was heavy with the peculiar scent of the ocean of mesquit grass that stretched away to the south — Waldo, tall, vigorous, and earnest, told his story, while Uncle Cyrus added an occasional word, and all the company, even to old Jock, who, for this occasion only, had been lured away from his sheep, listened intently.

He told of their hopes and fears, of their labors and losses, of their wanderings, their deprivations, their discouragements, and their utter disgust with the slavish, feverish, peace-destroying life of a silver-hunter. Then of their last endeavor, of the awful cañon in the Cerbat hills, the under-ground passage and the high plateau, ending his story with the climax of Uncle Cyrus's apparent insanity, and the acres of black dirt that was full of purest silver, wealth, and victory.

And with this unexpected ending of the travelers' story, what a chorus of congratulations went up

from all the company! While Mrs. Frierson, through a mist of joyful tears, said to her son, as she folded him in her arms:

"Oh, my boy, my boy, you are better and dearer to me than all the silver of Arizona!"

"Yes, Bessie," said Uncle Cyrus, "it means victory for *us* at last, as I had hoped from the very first. But it means, too, a life of toil and disappointment that will wear out the stoutest heart. I tell you, good people," he added, with sudden energy, "the honest miller whose grist-mill clacks all day on a little stream in the obscurest country place among the hills, is a happier man, in his floury clothes, helping his neighbors put their meal-bags on their old horses, than the men who grind out gold and silver in a feverish, restless, too often rascally life. No son or brother of mine should go into it, so full of risk and demoralization is it. I know I have been in it, and so has Waldo, but — we've sworn off; have n't we, Waldo?"

"Well, *I* have, Uncle," said Waldo, "and so, you say, have you. Although I must say I should n't be surprised to see you try it again — when you

are rested, you know. Uncle Cyrus, ladies and gentlemen," he added, "is, as you all know, of a roving temperament; but, as you also know, I am of a quiet, stay-at-home, strictly domestic character," — here everybody laughed. "Oh, you may laugh, but it's so! Uncle may go; I will not. Sheep forever for me — and my mother!"

"But you must not think," Uncle Cyrus said, after plans and purposes and the future had been talked over late into the night, and all were turned toward the house again, "you must not think that our discovery is any very great thing. We shall make some thousands out of it — not hundreds of thousands."

"We shall get as much as we need for our purposes," Waldo said. "At present *my* purpose is to stick as closely as I can to the Lampasas. Silver is very well in its way, but from this hour, — hear ye, O thou beautiful Moon and still more beautiful Mother!" he said in mock heroics, his hand in air, — "hear ye my vow! When it is a question of Sheep or Silver for me — I intend to make it *Sheep* forever!"

THE END.

THE DREAMLAND SHEEP: A CHARM.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

WHEN, tossing on your restless bed,
You can not fall asleep,
Just resolutely close your eyes, —
See a field-path before you rise,
And call the dreamland sheep.

They come, they come, a hurrying crowd,
Swift-bounding, one by one;
They reach the wall in eager chase;
The leader finds the lowest place;
They cross, and on they run.

Oh! many times on sleepless nights
I watch the endless throng,
Their pretty heads, their woolly backs, —
As crowding in each other's tracks
They press and race along.

At the wall-gap, each plants its feet
On one stone — standing still, —
Makes its small leap like those before,
Then with its mates, score after score,
Goes scampering down hill.

I try to count them, but, each time,
Lose reckoning at the wall.
They come from where the gray mists blend, —
In mist they vanish at the end,
With far, faint bleat and call.

Off drop the day-time cares. Away
The nervous fancies fall;
And peacefully I fall asleep,
Watching the pretty dreamland sheep
Crowd through the dreamland wall.

THE BATTLE OF THE THIRD COUSINS.

A Fanciful Tale.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE were never many persons who could correctly bound the Autocracy of Mutjado. The reason for this was that the boundary line was not stationary. Whenever the Autocrat felt the need of money, he sent his tax-gatherers far and wide, and people who up to that time had no idea of such a thing found that they lived in the territory of

small. As none of these were of the slightest benefit, the learned doctor produced another kind of medicine which he highly extolled.

"Take a dose of this twice a day," said he, "and you will soon find ——"

"A new medicine?" interrupted the Autocrat, in disgust. "I will have none of it! These others



"THE LEARNED DOCTOR PRODUCED ANOTHER KIND OF MEDICINE."

Mutjado. But when times were ordinarily prosperous with him, and people in the outlying districts needed protection or public works, the dominion of the Autocrat became very much contracted.

In the course of time, the Autocrat of Mutjado fell into bad health and sent for his doctor. That learned man prescribed some medicine for him; and as this did him no good, he ordered another kind. He continued this method of treatment until the Autocrat had swallowed the contents of fifteen phials and flasks, some large and some

were bad enough, and rather than start with a new physic, I prefer to die. Take away your bottles, little and big, and send me my secretary."

When that officer arrived, the Autocrat informed him that he had determined to write his will, and that he should set about it at once.

The Autocrat of Mutjado had no son, and his nearest male relatives were a third cousin on his father's side, and another third cousin on his mother's side. Of course these persons were in nowise related to each other; and as they lived in

distant countries, he had never seen either of them. He had made up his mind to leave his throne and dominions to one of these persons, but he could not determine which of them should be his heir.

"One has as good a right as the other," he said to himself, "and I can't bother my brains settling the matter for them. Let them fight it out, and whoever conquers shall be Autocrat of Mutjado."

Having arranged the affair in this manner in his will, he signed it, and soon after died.

The Autocrat's third cousin on his father's side was a young man of about thirty, named Alberdin. He was a good horseman, and trained in the arts of warfare, and when he was informed of the terms of his distinguished relative's will, he declared himself perfectly willing to undertake the combat for the throne. He set out for Mutjado, where he arrived in a reasonable time.

The third cousin on the mother's side was a very different person. He was a boy of about twelve years of age; and as he had neither father nor mother he had been for nearly all his life under the charge of an elderly and prudent man, who acted as his guardian and tutor. These two, also, soon arrived in Mutjado,—the boy, Phedo, being mounted on a little donkey, which was his almost constant companion. As soon as they reached the territory of the late Autocrat, old Salim, the tutor, left the boy at an inn, and went forward by himself to take a look at the other third cousin. When he saw Alberdin mounted on his fine horse, and looking so strong and valiant, his heart was much disturbed.

"I had hoped," he said to himself, "that the other one was a small boy, but such does not appear to be the case. There is only one way to have a fair fight between these two. They must not be allowed to see each other. If they can be kept apart until my boy grows up, he will then be able, with the military education which I intend he shall have, to engage in combat with any man. They must not meet for at least seventeen years. Phedo will then be twenty-nine, and, more than that, the other man will be somewhat middle-aged, which may be an advantage to our side. To be sure, I am pretty old myself to undertake to superintend so long a delay, but I must do my best to keep well and strong, and to attain the greatest possible longevity."

Salim had always been in the habit of giving thirty-two bites to every mouthful of meat, and a proportionate number of bites to other articles of food; and had, so far, been very healthy. But he now determined to increase the number of bites to thirty-six, for it would be highly necessary for him to live until it was time for the battle between the third cousins to take place.

Having made up his mind on these points, the old tutor introduced himself to Alberdin, and told him that he had come to arrange the terms of combat.

"In the first place," said Alberdin, "I should like to know what sort of a person my opponent is."

"He is not a cavalryman like you," answered Salim; "he belongs to the heavy infantry."

At this, Alberdin looked grave. He knew very well that a stout and resolute man on foot had often the advantage of one who is mounted. He would have preferred meeting a horseman, and fighting on equal terms.

"Has he had much experience in war?" asked the young man.

"It is not long," answered the tutor, "since he was almost constantly in arms, winter and summer."

"He must be a practiced warrior," thought Alberdin. "I must put myself in good fighting-trim before I meet him."

After some further conversation on the subject, the old man advised Alberdin to go into camp on a beautiful plain not far from the base of a low line of mountains.

"Your opponent," said he, "will intrench himself in the valley on the other side. With the mountains between you, neither of you need fear a surprise; and when both are ready, a place of meeting can be appointed."

"Now, then," said Salim to himself when this had been settled; "if I can keep them apart for seventeen years, all may be well."

As soon as possible, Alberdin pitched a tent upon the appointed spot, and began to take daily warlike exercise in the plain, endeavoring in every way to put himself and his horse into proper condition for the combat.

On the other side of the mountain, old Salim intrenched himself and the boy, Phedo. He carefully studied several books on military engineering, and caused a fortified camp to be constructed on the most approved principles. It was surrounded by high ramparts, and outside of these was a moat filled with water. In the center of the camp was a neat little house which was well provided with books, provisions, and everything necessary for a prolonged stay. When the draw-bridge was up, it would be impossible for Alberdin to get inside of the camp; and, moreover, the ramparts were so high that he could not look over them to see what sort of antagonist he was to have. Old Salim did not tell the boy why he brought him here to live. It would be better to wait until he was older before informing him of the battle which had been decreed. He told Phedo that it was necessary for him to have a military education, which could very well be obtained in a place like this; and he was also

very careful to let him know that there was a terrible soldier in that part of the country who might at any time, if it were not for the intrenchments, pounce down upon him, and cut him to pieces. Every fine day, Phedo was allowed to take a ride on his donkey outside of the fortifications, but during this time, the old tutor kept a strict watch on the mountain; and if a horseman had made his appearance, little Phedo would have been whisked inside, and the draw-bridge would have been up in a twinkling.

After about two weeks of this life, it was dreadfully stupid to see no one but his old tutor, and never to go outside of these great ramparts except for donkey-rides, which were generally very short. Phedo therefore determined, late one moonlight night, to go out and take a ramble by himself. He was not afraid of the dreadful soldier of whom the old man had told him, because at that time of night this personage would, of course, be in bed and asleep. Considering these things, he quietly dressed himself, took down a great key from over his sleeping tutor's head, opened the heavy gate, let down the draw-bridge, mounted upon his donkey, which was glad, as was he, to go out, and rode forth upon the moonlit plain.

That night-ride was a very delightful one, and for a long time they rambled and ran; first going this way and then that, they gradually climbed the mountain, and, reaching the brow, they trotted about for a while, and then went down the other side. The boy had been so twisted and turned about that he did not notice that he was not descending toward his camp, and the donkey, whose instinct told it that it was not going the right way, was also told by its instinct that it did not wish to go the right way, and that the entrenchments offered it no temptation to return. When the morning dawned, Phedo perceived that he was really lost, and he began to be afraid that he might meet the terrible soldier. But, after a time, he saw riding toward him a very pleasant-looking young man on a handsome horse, and he immediately took courage.

"Now," said he to himself, "I am no longer in danger. If that horrible cut-throat should appear, this good gentleman will protect me."

Alberdin had not seen any one for a long time, and he was very glad to meet with so nice a little boy. When Phedo told him that he was lost, he invited him to come to his tent, near by, and have breakfast. While they were eating their meal, Alberdin asked the boy if in the course of his rambles he had met with a heavy infantry soldier, probably armed to the teeth, and very large and strong.

"Oh, I've heard of that dreadful man!" cried

Phedo, "and I am very glad that I did not meet him. If he comes, I hope you'll protect me from him."

"I will do that," said Alberdin; "but I'm afraid I shall not be able to help you find your way home, for in doing so I should throw myself off my guard, and might be set upon unexpectedly by this fellow, with whom I have a regular engagement to fight. There is to be a time fixed for the combat, for which I feel myself nearly ready, but I have no doubt that my enemy will be very glad to take me at a disadvantage if I give him a chance."

Phedo looked about him with an air of content. The tent was large and airy; there seemed to be plenty of good things to eat; the handsome horseman was certainly a very good-humored and agreeable gentleman; and, moreover, the tent was not shut in by high and gloomy ramparts.

"I do not think you need trouble yourself," said he to his host, "to help me to find my way home. I live with my tutor, and I am sure that when he knows I am gone he will begin to search for me, and after awhile he will find me. Until then, I can be very comfortable here."

For several days the two third cousins of the Autocrat lived together in the tent, and enjoyed each other's society very much. Then Alberdin began to grow a little impatient.

"If I'm to fight this heavy infantry man," he said; "I should like to do it at once. I am now quite ready, and I think he ought to be. I expected to hear from him before this time, and I think I shall start out and see if I can get any news of his intentions. I don't care about going over the mountain without giving him notice, but the capital city of Mutjado is only a day's ride to the west, and there I can cause inquiries to be made when he would like to meet me, and where."

"I will go with you," said Phedo, greatly delighted at the idea of visiting the city.

"Yes, I will take you," said Alberdin. "Your tutor don't seem inclined to come for you, and, of course, I can't leave you here."

The next day, Alberdin on his horse, and Phedo on his donkey, set out for the city, where they arrived late in the afternoon. After finding a comfortable lodging, Alberdin sent messengers to the other side of the mountain, where his opponent was supposed to be encamped, and gave them power to arrange with him for a meeting. He particularly urged them to try to see the old man who had come to him at first, and who had seemed to be a very fair-minded and sensible person. In two days, however, the messengers returned, stating that they had found what they supposed to be the intrenched camp of the heavy infantry man they had been sent in search of, but that it was en-

tirely deserted, and nobody could be seen anywhere near it.

"It is very likely," said Alberdin, "that he has watched my maneuvers and exercises from the top of the mountain, and has concluded to

known his plans to the lady, and hoped that she would consider it a good idea to marry him.

"I am sorry to interfere with any of your arrangements," said the Princess, "but as soon as I heard the terms of my father's will, I made up my mind to marry the victor in the contest. As I can not inherit the throne myself, the next best thing is to be the wife of the man who does. Go forth, then, and find your antagonist, and when you have conquered him, I will marry you."

"And if he conquers me, you will marry him?" said Alberdin.

"Yes, sir," answered the Princess, with a smile, and dismissed him.

It was plain enough that there was nothing for Alberdin to do but to go and look for the heavy infantry man. Phedo was very anxious to accompany him, and the two, mounted as before, set out from the city on their quest.



THE THIRD COUSIN ON THE FATHER'S SIDE.

run away. I shall give him a reasonable time to show himself, and then, if he does not come forward, I will consider him beaten, and claim the Autocracy."

"That is a good idea," said Phedo, "but I think, if you can, you ought to find him and kill him, or drive him out of the country. That's what I should do, if I were you."

"Of course I'll do that, if I can," said Alberdin; "but I could not be expected to wait for him forever."

When his intention had been proclaimed, Alberdin was informed of something which he did not know before, and that was that the late Autocrat had left an only daughter, a Princess about twenty-five years old. But although she was his daughter, she could not inherit his crown, for the country forbade that any woman should become Autocrat. A happy idea now struck Alberdin.

"I will marry the Princess," he said, "and then every one will think that it is the most suitable thing for me to become Autocrat."

So Alberdin sent to the Princess to ask permission to speak with her, and was granted an audience. With much courtesy and politeness he made

when he reached the distant town where Phedo had lived, he found that the boy had not been there; and after taking some needful rest, he retraced his steps, crossed the mountains, and made his way toward the capital city, hoping to find news of him there. It was necessary for him to be very careful in his inquiries, for he wished no one to find out that the little boy he was looking for was the third cousin of the late Autocrat on the mother's side. He therefore disguised himself as a migratory medical man, and determined to use all possible caution. When he reached the camp of the young horseman, Alberdin, and found that personage gone, his suspicions became excited.

"If these two have run off together," he said to himself, "my task is indeed difficult. If the man discovers it is the boy he has to fight, my poor Phedo will be cut to pieces in a twinkling. I do not believe there has been any trouble yet, for the boy does not know that he is to be one of the combatants, and the man would not be likely to suspect it. Come what may, the fight must not take place for seventeen years. And in order that I may still better preserve my health and strength to avert the calamity during that period, I will increase

my number of bites to forty-two to each mouthful of meat."

When old Salim reached the city, he soon found that Alberdin and the boy had been there, and that they had gone away together.

"Nothing has happened so far," said the old man, with a sigh of relief; "and things may turn out all right yet. I'll follow them, but I must first find out what that cavalryman had to say to the Princess." For he had been told of the interview at the palace.

It was not long before the migratory medical man was brought to the Princess. There was nothing the matter with her, but she liked to meet with persons of skill and learning to hear what they had to say.

"Have you any specialty?" she asked of the old man.

"Yes," said he, "I am a germ-doctor."

"What is that?" asked the Princess.

"All diseases," replied the old man, "come from germs; generally very little ones. My business is to discover these, and find out all about them."

"Then I suppose," said the Princess, "you know know how to cure the diseases?"

"You must not expect too much," answered the old man. "It ought to be a great satisfaction to us to know what sort of germ is at the bottom of our woes."

"I am very well, myself," said the Princess, "and, so far as I know, none of my household are troubled by germs. But there is something the matter with my mind which I wish you could relieve." She then told the old man how she had determined to marry the victor in the contest for her father's throne, and how she had seen one of the claimants whom she considered to be a very agreeable and deserving young man; while the other, she had heard, was a great, strong foot soldier, who was probably very disagreeable, and even horrid. If this one should prove the conqueror, she did not know what she should do. "You see, I am in a great deal of trouble," said she. "Can you do anything to help me?"

The pretended migratory medical man looked at her attentively for a few moments, and then he said:

"The reason why you intend to marry the victor in the coming contest, is that you wish to remain here in your father's palace, and to continue to enjoy the comforts and advantages to which you have been accustomed."

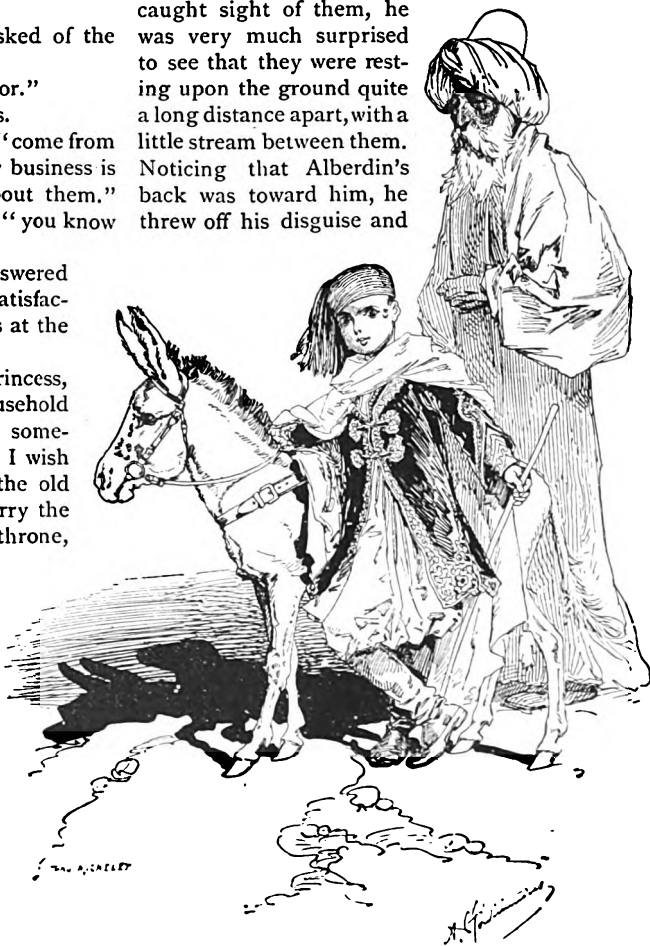
"Yes," said the Princess; "that is it."

"Well, having discovered the germ of your disorder," said the old man, "the great point is gained. I will see what I can do."

And with a respectful bow he left her presence.

"Well," said old Salim to himself, as he went away, "she can never marry my boy, for that is certainly out of the question; but now that I have found out her motive, I think I can arrange matters satisfactorily, so far as she is concerned. But to settle the affair between that young man and Phedo is immensely more difficult. The first thing is to find them."

Having learned the way they had gone, the old tutor traveled diligently, and in two days came up with Alberdin and Phedo. When he first caught sight of them, he was very much surprised to see that they were resting upon the ground quite a long distance apart, with a little stream between them. Noticing that Alberdin's back was toward him, he threw off his disguise and



THE THIRD COUSIN ON THE MOTHER'S SIDE.

hastened to Phedo. The boy received him with the greatest delight, and, after many embraces, they sat down to talk. Phedo told the old man all that had happened, and finished by relating

that, as they had that day stopped by this stream to rest, Alberdin had taken it into his head to inquire into the parentage of his young companion; and after many questions about his family, it had been made clear to both of them that they were the two third cousins who were to fight for the Autocracy of Mutjado.

"He is very angry," said the boy, "at the tricks that have been played upon him, and went off and left me. Is it true that I am to fight him? I don't want to do it, for I like him very much."

"It will be a long time before you are old enough to fight," said Salim; "so we need not consider that. You stay here, and I'll go over and talk to him."

Salim then crossed the stream, and approached Alberdin. When the young man saw him, and recognized him as the person who had arranged the two encampments, he turned upon him with fury.

"Wretched old man, who came to me as the emissary of my antagonist, you are but the tutor of that boy! If I had known the truth at first, I would have met him instantly; would have conquered him without hurting a hair on his head; and carrying him bound to the capital city, would have claimed the Autocracy, and would now have been sitting upon the throne. Instead of that, look at all the delay and annoyance to which I have been subjected. I have also taken such a fancy to the boy that rather than hurt him or injure his prospects, I would willingly resign my pretensions to the throne, and go back contentedly to my own city. But this can not now be done. I have fallen in love with the daughter of the late Autocrat, and she will marry none but the victorious claimant. Behold to what a condition you have brought me!"

The old man regarded him with attention.

"I wish very much," said he, "to defer the settlement of this matter for seventeen years. Are you willing to wait so long?"

"No, I am not," said Alberdin.

"Very well, then," said the old man, "each third cousin must retire to his camp, and as soon as matters can be arranged the battle must take place."

"There is nothing else to be done," said Alberdin in a troubled voice; "but I shall take care that the boy receives no injury if it can possibly be avoided."

The three now retraced their steps, and in a few days were settled down, Alberdin in his tent in the plain, and Salim and Phedo in their entrenchments on the other side of the low mountain. The old man now gave himself up to deep thought. He had discovered the germ of Alberdin's trouble;

and in a few days he had arranged his plans, and went over to see the young man.

"It has been determined," said he, "that a syndicate is to be formed to attend to this business for Phedo."

"A syndicate!" cried Alberdin. "What is that?"

"A syndic," answered Salim, "is a person who attends to business for others; and a syndicate is a body of men who are able to conduct certain affairs better than any individual can do it. In a week from to-day, Phedo's syndicate will meet you in the large plain outside of the capital city. There the contest will take place. Shall you be ready?"

"I don't exactly understand it," said Alberdin, "but I will be there."

General notice was given of the coming battle of the contestants for the throne, and thousands of the inhabitants of the Autocracy assembled on the plain on the appointed day. The Princess with her ladies was there; and as everybody was interested, everybody was anxious to see what would happen.

Alberdin rode into the open space in the center of the plain, and demanded that his antagonist should appear. Thereupon old Salim came forward, leading Phedo by the hand.

"This is the opposing heir," he said; "but as every one can see that he is too young to fight a battle, a syndicate has been appointed to attend to the matter for him; and there is nothing in the will of the late Autocrat which forbids this arrangement. The syndicate will now appear."

At this command there came into the arena a horseman heavily armed, a tall foot soldier completely equipped for action, an artilleryman with a small cannon on wheels, a sailor with a boarding-pike and a drawn cutlass, and a soldier with a revolving gun which discharged one hundred and twenty balls a minute.

"All being ready," exclaimed Salim; "the combat for the Autocracy will begin!"

Alberdin took a good long look at the syndicate ranged before him. Then he dismounted from his horse, drew his sword, and stuck it, point downward, into the sand.

"I surrender!" he said.

"So do I!" cried the Princess, running toward him, and throwing herself into his arms.

The eyes of Alberdin sparkled with joy.

"Let the Autocracy go!" he cried. "Now that I have my Princess, the throne and the crown are nothing to me."

"So long as I have you," returned the Princess, "I am content to resign all the comforts and advantages to which I have been accustomed."

Phedo, who had been earnestly talking with his tutor, now looked up.

"You won't resign anything!" he cried. "I adopt you both as my father and mother, and you shall live with me at the palace. Alberdin and my tutor shall run the government for me until I am grown up; and if I have to go to school for a few years, why, I suppose I must. And that is all there is about it!"

The syndicate was now ordered to retire and disband; the heralds proclaimed Phedo the conquering heir, and the people cheered and shouted with delight. All the virtues of the late Autocrat had come to him from his mother, and the citizens of Mutjado much preferred to have a new ruler from the mother's family.

"I hope you bear no grudge against me," said Salim to Alberdin; "but if you had been willing to wait for seventeen years, you and Phedo might have fought on equal terms. As it is now, it would have been as hard for him to conquer you, as for you to conquer the syndicate. The odds would have been quite as great."

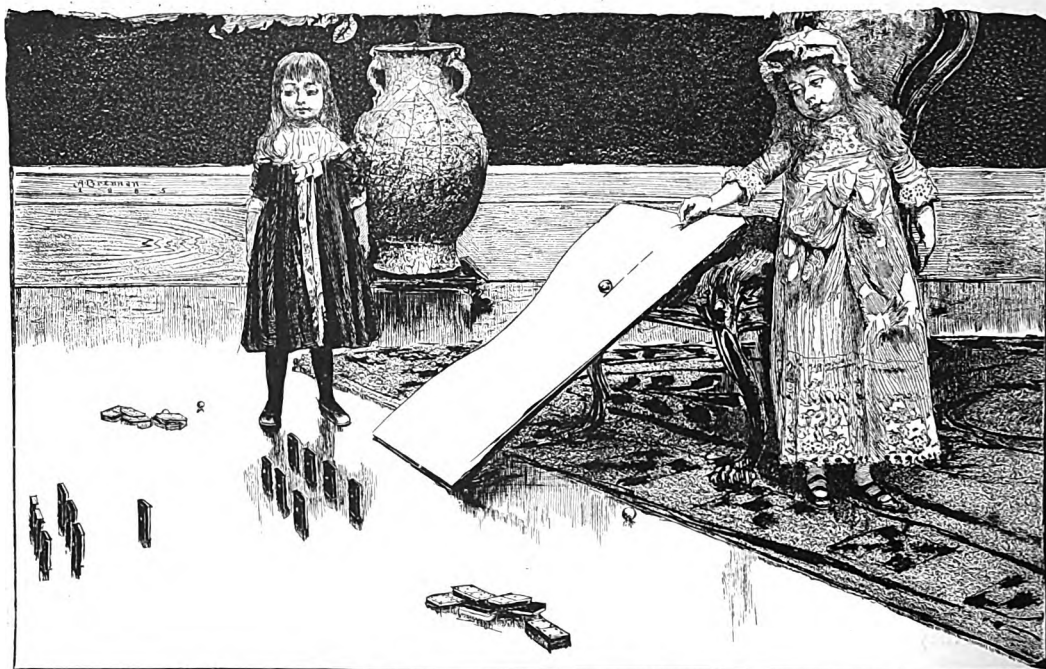
"Don't mention it," said Alberdin. "I prefer things as they are. I should have hated to drive the

boy away, and deprive him of a position which the people wish him to have. Now we all are satisfied."

Phedo soon began to show signs that he would probably make a very good Autocrat. He declared that if he was to be assisted by ministers and cabinet officers when he came to the throne, he would like them to be persons who had been educated for their positions, just as he was to be educated for his own. Consequently he chose for the head of his cabinet a bright and sensible boy, and had him educated as a Minister of State. For Minister of Finance he chose another boy with a very honest countenance. For General Superintendent of Education he selected an intelligent girl, because he said that women thought very much about education, and were great on sending children, particularly boys, to school. He also said that he thought there ought to be another officer, one who would be a sort of Minister of General Comfort, who would keep an eye on the health and happiness of the subjects, and would also see that everything went all right in the palace, not only in regard to meals, but lots of other things. For this office he chose a bright young girl, and had her educated for the position.



PHEDO'S CABINET.



A GAME OF DOMINO-TEN-PINS. (SEE PAGE 874.)

BONNIE JEAN.

BY N. W.

IT promised to be a rough night on the Scottish coast. All day long the wind had blown in fitful gusts; and now a furious north-west gale had set in from the sea. Down on the shore, the waves moaned and sighed uneasily, and out over the treacherous rocks the spray hung like a mist.

"I dinna like the look of the sea and the sky," little Jean Campbell said to herself, drawing closer under the shelter of the old boat, and pushing the curly yellow hair out of a pair of serious blue eyes. "I wish father was hame."

"Father" was Captain Campbell, of the "Eastern Star," which Jean firmly believed to be the largest and most beautiful vessel afloat. But now he was away on a long voyage,—and Jean did miss him so!

From the shore, where Jean stood, she could see, beyond the strip of sand and rocks and the short brown meadows, the little house where she lived with her grandmother; for Captain Campbell's wife

had died when Jean was but a baby, and he had brought the little lassie home to his mother.

It was very lonely sometimes, Jean thought. The nearest neighbor lived two miles away, over the moor; and two miles along the shore in another direction was the life-saving station. Jean knew all the men attached to it, particularly the one whose duty it was to patrol the coast between the station and her grandmother's cottage. They all were fond of the little ten-year-old lassie, and told her marvelous stories of strange adventures at sea, promising to watch carefully for the "Eastern Star" whenever it should sail past to Glasgow.

Little Jean, wrapped in her plaid, sat under the lee of the big boat on the shore, wondering about father, and watching the figure of the coast-guard pacing slowly toward her. He nodded to Jean, as he approached, stopping to raise his glass and look keenly out to sea, and then stepped behind her shelter out of the wind.

"It's a rough night for ye to be oot, my lassie," he said, kindly. "Ye'd best gang along hame before the storm comes."

"I'm no' afraid," Jean answered. "But I'll be gangin' hame now. Will it be an ower hard storm?"

"The Lord help the puir lads comin' on this coast the nicht," the coast-guard said. "It'll be the warst gale this year yet. Ye ken Donald Rae is sick, an' I maun take his watch as weel as my ane. So I'll no' be here but ance mair the nicht—at ten. Ye're aye thinkin' o' the 'Eastern Star,'" he added, seeing Jean look anxiously out at the tossing, furious sea. "Aweel, dinna worry your little head about her, my lassie. She'll no' be in for a week yet, and ye can trust her captain to keep off the coast, and the Captain up above to watch over her."

Then he went on, with a pleasant "Gude-nicht," and Jean hurried home just in time to es-

with tears at the thought of the brave sailors exposed to so fearful a danger, remembering the words of the old coast-guard, "It'll be the warst gale o' this year yet."

"May be the waves'll roll high over the Devil's Head, as Grandmother says they did one time when she was a wee bit lassie," Jean thought. "I'd like to see sic a grand sight."

The tall clock was striking eleven that night when Jean awoke, aroused by some sound, she hardly knew what. Slipping softly out of bed, she pushed aside the curtain and looked out, and saw that the rain had ceased to fall, though the wind still blew furiously. And there beyond the moor the sea roared and raged, a great, heaving, black waste of water, tossing white sheets of spray high over the rocks.

"I doubt not it's ower the Devil's Head," Jean said to herself, softly. "An' may be I'll never see it so again, if I dinna see it the nicht."



"BRAVE LITTLE JEAN NEVER THOUGHT OF THE DANGER."

cape the rain, which began to fall in torrents. All through the evening she watched the storm, curled up close to the window, while Grandmother Campbell and Margery, the maid, knitted busily. The roar of the wind and thunder of the waves did not alarm Jean, though the blue eyes filled

She listened to make sure that Grandmother Campbell was asleep; then hastily dressing herself, she wrapped her plaid tightly around her, half-frightened at the thought of the black night outside, and went softly downstairs and out-of-doors. It was not so dark but that she could find her way

across the strip of meadow, though the wind almost took her off her feet at times; and in a few minutes she was at the shore.

Never in her life had the little Scotch girl seen a more fearful sea than that which now tossed and roared at her feet. The moon was up and, though covered by flying, ragged clouds, gave light enough to show the water flung high over the great rock known as "The Devil's Head." And somewhere out on that treacherous sea, the "Eastern Star" was sailing. Jean shivered to think of it. And as she crouched under a rock, out of the wind, the sound that had awakened her came again, and then again and again. It was a signal-gun from some ship, perhaps even then crushing and grinding to pieces on the rocks.

Jean leaned forward, eagerly listening, as a blue light flashed up from the water directly before her, followed by another. Fixing her eyes on the place where the rocket came from, she could dimly see the outline of a vessel which had drifted broadside upon the reef, and was being swept continually by the furious sea.

"They've run on the Siren!" Jean said, in an awestruck whisper. "The vera worst rock on a' the coast, Father says. They'll sure hear the guns at the station, and be here soon," she added, and looked along the shore, half expecting to see the men dragging the great life-boat to the rescue; but as far as she could see, the beach was deserted.

"The ship'll break up, an they dinna hasten!" she exclaimed, with a pitiful little sob, which was answered by another gun from the doomed vessel. But the wind blew from the direction of the station, and carried the sound away from the men. Then gazing with wide, frightened eyes at the wreck, she remembered that the coast-guard had told her he would not be there again that night.

"He'll be takin' Donald Rae's watch along the other shore," she thought. "I canna let them a' droon. I maun go mysel'."

She fastened her plaid around her, and then with one look at the wrecked ship, where in imagination she could see the brave sailors waiting hopelessly for it to break up, she started along the shore toward the station. It was fully two miles of rough, sandy beach, a hard enough walk in the day-time, but terribly dismal on such a night. Brave little Jean, however, never thought of the danger and loneliness of her undertaking; only her loving little heart went out in pity for the poor fellows awaiting death out on the treacherous Siren. The wind was against her, and she struggled along through the wet, heavy sand, sometimes almost blinded by clouds of sand and water, and drenched by showers of spray that flew over her when she drew too near the boiling surf. Once a wave larger than the rest rushed up, curling

almost to her waist, and Jean, shrinking back, realized for the first time the danger of her position; but the thought of turning back never entered her brave little head.

"The captain may be has a little girl waitin' for him at hame. An' if I'm no' in time, he'll never come back to her. Father was think I was right, I know," she said as she hurried on.

It was a pathetic sight, this little lonely figure, wet and tired, with yellow hair blown into the frightened, tear-stained eyes, stumbling wearily along through the storm on her errand of mercy. How she found her way, bewildered by the roar of the sea and the darkness, was known only to Him in whom the dear little lassie trusted to "take care o' Father at sea."

The lights of the station were in sight now, and the men just off watch sprang to their feet as brave little Jean, dripping and exhausted, came in.

"There's a ship aground — on the Siren. I kenned ye did not hear, an' — I came," she gasped breathlessly, then staggered and fell heavily forward, as the nearest man caught her in his arms.

"The brave, bonnie lassie!" the old coast-guard exclaimed, while they hurried to the boat.

Then came the words: "Now, my lads!" and away they rushed to the rescue.

Jean was kindly cared for by the men, who could hardly have believed the story of her dangerous walk, had it been told by another than Captain Campbell's little lassie, and sitting wrapped in a warm coat by the fire, she was soon rested, and earnestly begged to return to the wreck.

"I dinna like to be awa' when they a' come ashore," she said, so great was her faith that they would be saved; and with two of the coast-guard, who carried lanterns and guided her carefully along the easiest way, carrying her over rough, dangerous places, Jean was speedily at the point where she had first seen the signal-lights.

A faint gray streak was beginning to show more distinctly, though the storm still raged furiously, and the Devil's Head was crested with foam. An eager crowd of villagers and coast-guard were watching a dancing black speck, now lifted high on an immense wave, then plunging down into a vast black chasm.

"It's the life-boat," they told Jean. "The Lord send them there in time, for the ship's breakin' up fast."

The sea had never seemed to little Jean so cruel and terrible as it did that early morning when she sat with her eyes fixed on the life-boat, which had appeared again, slowly making its way over the tossing, black waves.

"They've saved them!" the man with the glass exclaimed, and then a dead silence fell upon the

crowd, while the great boat came nearer, the crew pulling with long, steady strokes, and a little knot of bareheaded, blue-jacketed men in the stern. A few minutes, and a dozen eager fellows had rushed into the breakers and dragged the boat ashore, almost lifting the rescued sailors from it, cramped and stiff from their desperate struggle for life.

The captain of the wrecked vessel was the last man to leave the boat, and as he reached the shore, an eager little figure came flying across the sand.

"Father, Father!" Jean cried joyfully; then she was caught up in the arms of a tall, bronzed man, while a hearty cheer burst from the crowd, and proud voices told the story of little Jean's part in the rescue.

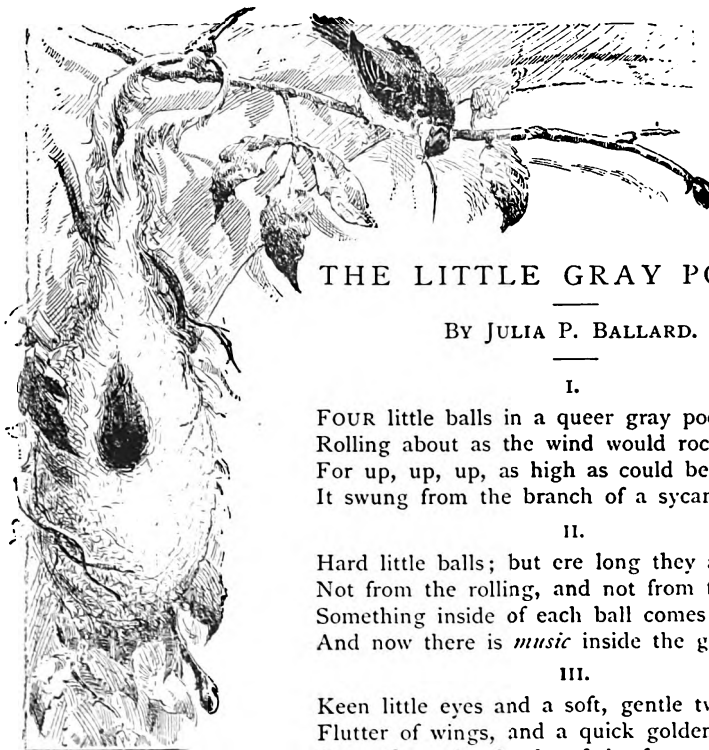
For, sure enough, it was Captain Campbell and his officers and crew; and the "Eastern Star" lay beating to pieces out on the rocks. They had arrived on the coast sooner than they were due, and

had hoped to reach Glasgow before the storm came on; but through an injury to the rudder, the ship had become unmanageable, and drifted hard and fast upon the Siren. It had been a bitter night for the captain as he stood helpless, expecting every moment to be drawn down into the angry black depths, while before his eyes was the cottage where, as he supposed, his little Jean was safely sleeping.

"If it hadna been for my brave, bonnie lassie, we should a' be coming ashore like that," Captain Campbell said, recognizing in a great spar just flung on the sand the one to which he had clung till rescued by the life-boat.

Then they went home to tell the wonderful story to Grandmother Campbell and busy Margery.

Captain Campbell sailed away on his next voyage as captain of a much larger and finer ship than the poor old "Eastern Star"; and in gold letters on its side could be read the name,— "The Bonnie Jean."



THE LITTLE GRAY POCKET.

BY JULIA P. BALLARD.

I.

FOUR little balls in a queer gray pocket,
Rolling about as the wind would rock it;
For up, up, up, as high as could be,
It swung from the branch of a sycamore-tree!

II.

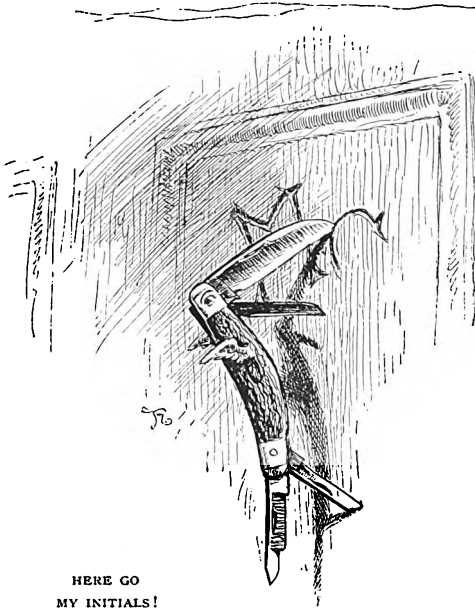
Hard little balls; but ere long they are breaking,—
Not from the rolling, and not from the shaking,—
Something inside of each ball comes to knock it;
And now there is *music* inside the gray pocket!

III.

Keen little eyes and a soft, gentle twitter,
Flutter of wings, and a quick golden glitter;—
Songs from the depths of the forest are ringing,
And empty and lone the gray pocket is swinging!

THE TERRIBLE JACK-KNIFE.

BY L. N. CHAPIN.



HERE GO
MY INITIALS!

ONCE upon a time there was a Jack-knife.

Now, there are good jack-knives, and there are bad jack-knives, just as there are good little boys, and bad little boys. There are a great many jack-knives that always seem anxious to make something useful, and there are a great many other jack-knives that always seem to be in mischief—cutting the furniture, scratching the doors, and doing other things that are bad.

This Jack-knife I am telling you about was one of the bad kind.

I never heard its name, but probably it was Sharpe.

Well, one day this Jack-knife went on a regular lark. Now, when a bad boy goes on a lark, there is sure to be some mischief done; and jack-knives are likely to act very much as boys act. So this Jack-knife, being, as I said, on a regular lark, went racing about, hunting for a chance to do something terrible. By and by it rushed out upon a piazza, where it thought no one could see it, but where there was a door—a clean, fresh-painted, brand-new door, that had never had a scratch on it.

Then this terrible Jack-knife whipped out one of its blades, and it said (that is, it would have said if it could talk), “Here’s a good chance to cut and slash, and nobody ’ll ever know who did it. I’ll just have a fine old time with this door. And s’pos’n’ they find it out—what ’ll they say? Well, who cares? Here go my initials.” Now, initials are the first letters of anybody’s name. And that makes me think this Jack-knife’s name could n’t have been Sharpe. For the first letter that it cut was a big M. Dear, dear, it was simply dreadful to see that nice door cut and hacked in that way. And I think the door felt terribly about it, too, for it just turned a kind of pale drab.

Well, when this terrible Jack-knife had cut and hacked out the M., then it began to cut a big C. Now, of course, its name could n’t have been Sharpe, nor Steele, nor anything like them, for those names don’t begin with an M. But it never finished the C. For just then somebody came along and frightened it away. Bad jack-knives are very easy to scare. But it had done enough to spoil the looks of the door; and the worst of it is that it can never, never be fixed—no, never.

Now, I have been thinking, suppose this old Jack-knife should some day be reformed, and become a real good Jack-knife, as I hope it will; and suppose that, instead of doing bad things, it should learn to do useful things—such as sharpening lead-pencils, making boats that will sail, and tops that will spin, and other things like that; suppose all this,—and then suppose that some day—may be fifty years from now—it should come around and just take a look at that door. Oh, yes; it would be there, no doubt, with the very same hack there that the Jack-knife had made. My, would n’t that Jack-knife feel sad! Every time it looked toward the door it could n’t see anything but those dreadful hacks that it had made fifty years ago. Sad? I should say it would feel sad!

MORAL.

Never do anything you may be sorry for.

N. B.—This is a true story, and was written by an eye-witness.

HIS ONE FAULT.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHILE Kit was getting his affairs into this fresh tangle, his mother was making a hurried journey on foot from East Adam village to Uncle Gray's farm.

She had seen nothing of her son since that moonlight glimpse of him, when he rode to her door on the false Dandy's back. She had grown anxious, waiting for him to come, as he had promised, to tell her the story of his wonderful adventure. And now rumors had reached her of the astounding error into which he had that night been betrayed, and of his starting off the next day, alone, to make such amends for it as he could to the owners of both horses.

In great distress of mind she trudged to the farm-house door. Her coming was observed; and with as cheerful a countenance as she could assume, but with apprehensions of an unpleasant scene, Aunt Gray admitted her brother's widow.

There was still a faint odor of burnt stramonium and saltpeter in the house, showing that Uncle Gray, despite the fine weather, had not yet fully recovered from his asthmatic attack.

"Mariet! Why, how do you do?" said Aunt Gray, affecting pleasurable surprise at sight of the widow.

But poor Mrs. Downimede had neither time nor breath to waste in fine phrases.

"What is this strange thing I hear," she said, sinking upon a chair, "about my Christopher?"

"What! have you heard about that?" replied Aunt Gray, with a smile of broad pleasantry. "Well, he did make the funniest mistake! Do take off your things, wont you? And stop to tea."

But Kit's mother could n't think of tea, nor of anything else, until she knew what had become of her boy. She sat, with her face sadly pale and worn in its frame of black crape, while Aunt Gray, dropping into an arm-chair opposite, proceeded, not without touches of humor, to describe Kit's curious misadventure.

"Just think of his comin' home here, proud as a kitten with her first mouse, and then findin' after all, that he 'd brought another man's hoss! I declare it was too bad! and yet I could n't help laughin' for the life of me when I come to think it over. But his uncle could n't see anything comical in it. He took it about as hard as Christopher himself did. It went right to his bronchial tubes"

(Aunt Gray meant *bronchial* tubes, I suppose), "along with the night air; and he has been strainin' at gnats and swallerin' camels ever since."

"But where is he—where is Christopher?" the pale lips of the widow inquired, with deep concern.

"You need n't be the least mite worried about Christopher," Aunt Gray replied, with an appearance of greater confidence than she perhaps felt. "I gave him money for his expenses, and he's a boy that can be trusted to take care of himself, for all his blunderin'."

"Take care of himself!" said a simmering voice; and Uncle Gray, hollow-chested and bent, with bristling iron-gray hair, and hooked, fallow nose, shuffled into the room. "If he can, I shall be glad to know it; for I'm confident that there's nothin' else under the canopy he can be trusted to take care on."

"I'm so sorry!" said the widow, wiping her eyes. "He is heedless at times, I know. But he has many good qualities; that you must allow. There never was a better boy to his mother than my Christopher. And I did hope—I did hope"—beginning to sob—"you would have had a little patience with him!"

"P-p-patience with him!" said Uncle Gray. "Job himself could n't have patience—and con-tin-ner to have—with such a dunderpate! He would mislay the family Bible if he had the handlin' on 't; or the barn-door if 't was n't on hinges. It's lucky his head is fast to his shoulders, or you might expect to see him go mopin' around without it some mornin', askin' if anybody 'd seen anythin' of his head!"

Uncle Gray ended with a hoarse sound that was intended for a sarcastic laugh.

"Well!" Aunt Gray interposed, soothingly. "It's a pretty good head, if it does blunder sometimes. And it's a still better heart the boy has; nobody can find any fault with that. Don't you begin to be discouraged about your son, Mariet, for I'm not. He's pure gold all through; no gilt nor tinsel about him. And he'll turn out so, mark my word."

"I know what he is," said the widow. "I only wish I knew as well *where* he is at this moment, or that I had him back in our own little home once more. I never thought you would do such a thing as to let him go off alone, on a hunt for the stolen horse, in the first place. Still less would I have believed,—after your promise to be like a father to

him, if he would come and live with you!—still less did I imagine you could be so unfeeling as to tell him he need n't come back without Dandy."

She gave Uncle Gray a reproachful look through her tears. He paced excitedly to and fro, breathing sonorously.

"Wal, wal!" he said, "I was provoked to death! So would anybody 'a' been in my place. And, the fact is, I *can't* have a boy around that I can't rely on to look after things; that 's the long and the short on 't."

"I don't know what we 're going to do," said the weeping widow. "And yet I do, too; Christopher must come back home,—if he ever comes back at all!—or find another place. And I can't bear—oh, I can't bear to have him go to strangers! What can we expect of them, since his own relatives are so hard upon him?"

"I never meant to be hard upon him, Sister Marier," replied Uncle Gray. "I *have* been kind to him, if I du say it! Leastwise, I meant to be."

"I suppose so. And yet I can't understand!" murmured the widow. "After he had been away once, and had had bad luck, and you had learned how little he was to be trusted, I wonder you should have let him start off again,—a mere boy so—to hunt for your horse, or even to return the one he had brought home."

"The truth is, I did n't know what I was about," replied Uncle Gray. "I was half crazy with the azmy. Otherwise, I 'd no more 'a' done it than I 'd——"

Uncle Gray, still pacing to and fro, with his head down, stopped, and lifting his eyes, looked through the window, as if in search of a metaphor strong enough for his purpose. But all at once he forgot that he wanted a metaphor; he forgot even to wheeze.

A two-seated, open buggy, containing three persons, was driving into the yard. Aunt Gray noticed the changed expression of her husband's face, and heard the sound of wheels; following his glance with her own, she saw a stout driver on the front seat and a young lady with a parasol behind.

"Why, they 're strangers!" she exclaimed, as soon as she had looked twice. "Gracious me! I must hurry and dress up a little."

Uncle Gray stared at the horse, and said hoarsely: "Dandy Jim! as I 'm a livin' bein'!"

The widow caught sight of a base-ball cap, and a smiling face partially eclipsed by the larger orb of Eli's cloudy countenance, and exclaimed joyfully: "Christopher! it 's Christopher! it 's my boy come back!"

Christopher it was, indeed, with the real Dandy, and Mr. Badger and Miss Badger; having accom-

plished at last, without guile, what he had once thought to do by artifice or stealth.

He had Lydia to thank for this happy result; as but for her timely interference Eli would certainly have turned back from the point where we left them, and driven home in an unreasoning rage.

Despite her lisp, and the cut of her flaxen hair, and other qualities which Kit did not particularly fancy, she had at that crisis shown herself possessed of more good sense and firmness of purpose than he had given her credit for, during their brief acquaintance.

By her influence over her father, which even his anger could not long resist, she had compelled him to halt and listen; then, encouraging Kit to remonstrate, she had helped him bring out the strong points in the case, and shake the resolution of the most obstinate of men.

If it were really a stolen horse he had bought, he could not expect to hold it, no matter how much money he had paid for it; and a lawsuit would only add to his loss. Did he doubt Kit's word, he could prove it true or false by finishing the journey, then more than half accomplished. This would be the best thing to do, under any circumstances; Kit agreeing that Eli should not be without a horse to drive home again, if he could help it.

Nor need he be so incensed with the boy, Lydia argued. It was not a very wicked stratagem he had used, and he had shown his honest intentions by confessing the truth about it before it was too late to turn back.

"If you had taken my money," he explained, "as I expected you would, when we started, I should have felt I was doing right. But the more I thought of it, the worse it seemed to take advantage of your kindness in that way. For you really have been kind!"

"We owed it to you, for latht night," said Lydia. "For though you wath hunting for your horth, you wath n't obliged to come and tell uth about the grape-thtealerth."

"I am as sorry as anybody can be," Kit added, "that you have bought a horse of a man who had no right to sell it, and I am sorry to lose your friendship."

"Oh, you wont loothe that!" exclaimed Lydia. "I think more of you than ever."

"But never set up any claim ag'in to not being smart enough!" said Eli, his growl beginning to soften. "For ther' is nothin' over 'n' above stupid about you!"

More conversation of the same sort had at length changed his determination; and here they were with Dandy at Uncle Gray's door.

"Wal, f'r instance!" said Uncle Gray, rushing out as Kit was getting down from the buggy. "You 've actually brought the right hoss this time! Wal! wal! it 's the beatermost thing you ever did yet!"

Surprise and joy had caused him to forget both his asthma and his hat, and in his eagerness to look Dandy over, he paid very little heed to Kit's companions. He opened the horse's mouth, he patted its neck, he stroked its shanks; then, he ran his fingers through his own stiff upright forelock, and stood off a pace or two for a better view of Dandy, again exclaiming gleefully:

"Wal! wal! f'r instance!"

Meanwhile, somebody else was no less absorbed in Christopher, hugging and kissing him with laughter and tears, regardless of the eyes of strangers.

"This is my mother," said he, as soon as he could free himself, introducing her to Mr. and Miss Badger. "And this is my Aunt Gray. And Uncle Gray."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE next morning, Elsie Benting sat sewing and singing in the old farm-house at Maple Park, in Duckford, when the stout serving-woman from the kitchen looked in upon her.

"You don't wish any broken crockery mended, or tin pans soldered, do you? Or would you like to buy any patent solder or cement? A man here has some that he claims will do wonders."

"No," said Elsie, hardly looking up from her sewing. "You know I can't attend to anything of that kind when Mother's away."

"So I told him," replied the servant. "But he's very urgent; he wont take 'no' for an answer. He insists on seeing the lady of the house."

"I'm not the lady of the house, tell him!"

As she spoke, Elsie started up indignantly. The persistent peddler had followed the servant, and was already pushing into the room where the young girl was.

"You need not buy anything of me if you do not wish," he said, with polite effrontery. "But give me a broken plate, or a leaky pan, and let me show you in about a minute and a half what my solder and cement will do."

"We don't want anything of the kind," said Elsie, with spirit, wondering at the same time where she had seen that face and heard that voice.

"You can use the solder yourself," her visitor insisted, with brazen blandness. "Any child can use it to mend any sort of tin-ware; a very great convenience, as every housekeeper knows who has tried it. I am a plumber and tinner myself, and I

am aware that I am spoiling my own trade when I offer such an article for sale. But why have leaky basins and dippers, or why employ a mechanic, when you can do your own repairs at a trifling expense?"

"But when I tell you distinctly," said Elsie, rising, with sparkling eyes, "that we don't wish for anything——" Suddenly she stopped, as if interrupted by a bewildering thought.

"Or my patent cement," the fellow rattled on, showing packages which he produced from a bag he carried. "Think how often you fracture a bowl or a vase, and it must go into the waste-barrel for want of a slight outlay—a minute's work and a cent's worth of this truly magical substance which I offer for sale."

Elsie appeared mollified.

"Excuse me," she said. "Perhaps I will let you try your cement on—let me see—what have we, Dorothy? Sit down, if you please!"

The peddler smilingly seated himself, and glanced quickly about the room, while Elsie followed the servant to the kitchen.

"Anything!" whispered the girl, eagerly; "the dish-cover that had the knob broken off the other day—give him that. And any old plate. Keep him till I come back!"

She darted from the back door, and ran with slippered feet and bare head to the orchard, where the boys were gathering apples. Charley was on a wagon with some baskets under a tree, Lon was in the branches, and Tom up a ladder, when she appeared, breathless with running and excitement, and told them who was in the house.

"Are you sure?" cried Tom. "We don't wish to make another mistake."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Elsie. "It's the right one, this time. I never shall forget that face! Come! Come, quickly as you can!"

She hurried back to the house, accompanied by Charley, while Tom slipped down the ladder and Lon dropped from the boughs.

The retailer of magical substances, adjusting the knob of the dish-cover, in the sitting-room where Elsie had left him, was somewhat disconcerted to see her return with Charley, followed immediately by Lon and Tom.

"Hello!" he said, looking up, while he pressed the knob in place.

"Hello!" Lon replied, advancing resolutely toward him. "I think I've seen you before."

"Great Scott!" said the tinker, with a laugh. "I believe you! How did you get out of that scrape? I've thought of it a hundred times, always regretting that I was obliged to leave you on the road-side, with your wagon and harness, minus a horse!"

He spoke with gay volubility; but his hand was unsteady, and the knob slipped from its place.

"No doubt you've found it very funny," said Lon, "but our recollections of you have n't been so pleasant."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the tinker, rising and casting a quick look behind him. "I hope you got your horse?"

"Oh, yes!" said Tom, walking around to the door on the other side of the room, beyond the visitor, "and the little fellow who took him."

"And now," added Lon, "we've got the big fellow who helped the little fellow who took him."

"You helped that boy off with our horse, and we have good reason to believe you had stolen his horse first. Your name is Branlow."

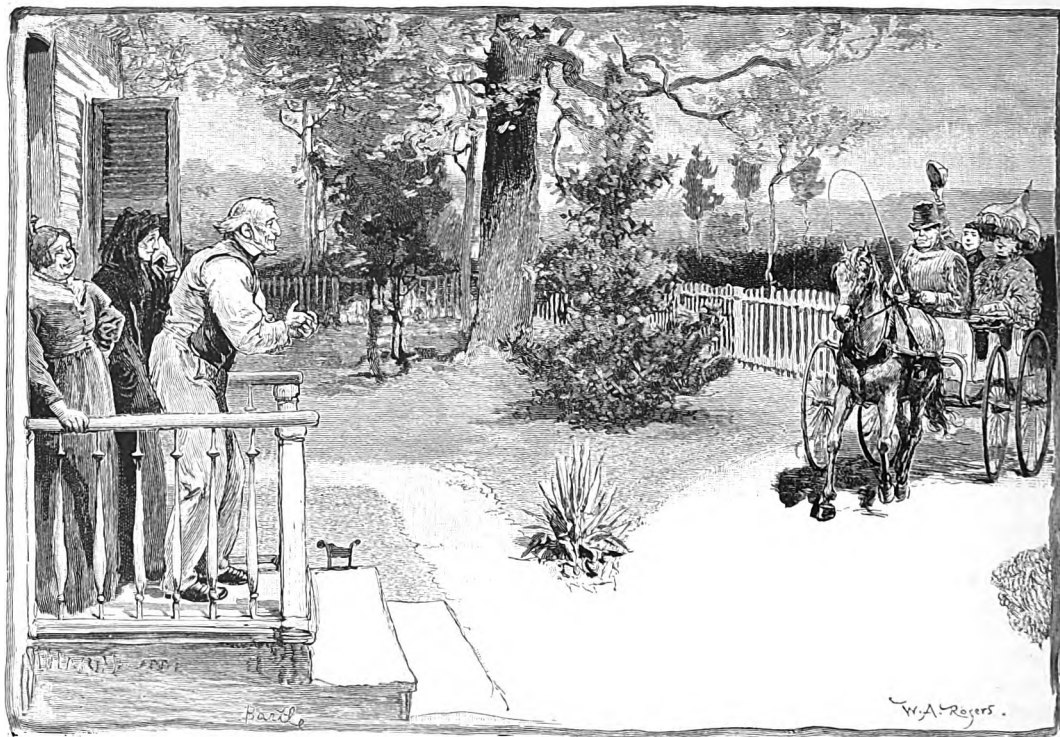
"That's my name, if I know myself," Cassius admitted. "But what you are talking about is more than I can comprehend."

"Go with us and you'll find out," said Tom.

"Go where?" inquired Branlow.

"To a justice of the peace."

"I'll go with you when you have an officer with a warrant to take me," said Branlow. "Till then, don't you dare lay hands on me—not one of you! I have n't stolen your horse, nor helped



"WAL, F'R INSTANCE!" SAID UNCLE GRAY. (SEE PAGE 823.)

"Oh! got two of them, have you?" the tinker retorted, with an effort at cheerfulness. "Glad to hear it. I give this up as a bad job, Miss," turning to Elsie. "You wont take any of my cement, I suppose? Sorry to have troubled you."

He returned his packages to the bag, which he shut, and started with it toward the door.

"It is a bad job—for you, I'm afraid," said Lon. "You'll find that we can stick to you, without cement!"

"Why, gentlemen," said the tinker, feigning astonishment, "what's your business with me?"

anybody steal it. Now, take my advice—mind your own business and let me alone."

He had a wicked look, evidently meaning to show fight if the boys did not let him pass. Elsie looked on in terror, half-regretting what she had done. Meanwhile, conscience was making a coward of Lon.

"I have been thinking, boys," he said; "that if our horse was taken by mistake, nobody stole him, and I don't know what charge we can bring against this fellow."

"And I've been thinking, too," said Tom,

"that his stealing the other horse is n't our affair. I suppose we shall have to let him go."

"That 's where you 're wise, gentlemen," remarked Branlow, grinning with a greenish-yellow face. "Thank you!" he added, with mock politeness, as Lon stepped aside for him. "Sorry I could n't trade with you to-day, Miss! Good-day!"

The Bentings all were so sure he was a rogue that Elsie was ready to cry with vexation (thinking, perhaps, of Kit's wrongs), and the boys were highly chagrined at their own unheroic conduct in letting him off so easily.

"If I'd been sure we had a right to take him, I would n't have minded his bluster," said Lon.

"Nor I," said Tom. "Our mistake the other day has made me think twice when I go catching horse-thieves."

"See the scamp swaggering along the road! laughing in his sleeve at us, I've no doubt!" exclaimed Charley.

"I wish I were certain we had the least claim on him," said Lon, his courage rising again.

"I'd like no better fun than to tackle him," muttered the ferocious Tom.

"I would n't have let him go!" declared Charley.

While they followed him thus courageously with their eyes, but not at all with their feet, Branlow was indeed laughing in his sleeve, and congratulating himself on his lucky escape.

"I thought 't was all up with me, for a minute," he said to himself. "How under the sun did it happen that I should come to the house of those fellows I saw at Peaceville? Well, they wont see me here again very soon."

He was walking away at a brisk pace, when something caused Elsie to think of her work-basket. She examined it hastily, and cried out:

"Oh, my thimble! he has taken my best thimble!"

Branlow had in fact practiced that light-fingered industry of his once too often. He was well aware of the unfortunate circumstance, when, casting furtive glances behind, he saw two of the brothers come out of the maple grove before the house and start toward him with an excitement of manner which did not seem to him of good augury.

"Hold on!" called Tom, beckoning him back, "if you want to sell some of your solder."

But Branlow was never in his life less anxious to make sales than at that moment. Instead of waiting for the boys to come up with him, he quickened his walk. At the same time he was seen to take something from his pocket and give it a little fling toward the road-side.

The two boys continued to call and beckon, to attract his attention; while the other and eldest

brother made a swift detour of the fields to head him off. Discovering this movement when Lon was nearly abreast of him, Branlow broke into a run.

An interesting race followed, Lon running in the field and Branlow in the road, while Tom followed at a distance. Cassius was fleet of foot, but he had his bag to bother him, and he soon perceived that in the kind of endurance denominated "wind," he was no match for the sturdy young farmers. He stopped, and turned defiantly.

"Well! what 's the trouble now?" he demanded, as Lon leaped over the road-side wall.

"You 've my sister's thimble," said Lon.

"It's a false charge," replied Branlow. "Don't you touch me!" He snatched something from his pocket, which flew open in his hand, and became a shining dirk.

"False or not," said Lon, "strike one of us with that knife and you will have a worse charge to answer."

Tom, at the same time, came rushing to the spot, and Charley was not far off. The Benting blood was up in all of them,—their courage no longer honeycombed with doubts as to their right to capture a scoundrel.

"If a thimble is all you want, you can search me," said Cassius; "but promise to let me go if you don't find it."

"Don't promise that," Tom cried breathlessly; "he threw something away when he saw us coming. Did you find it?" he shouted back at Charley, who had remained to search the road-side.

Charley held up something as he ran. It was not a thimble, but a pair of scissors.

"So he took her scissors, too!" said Tom. "Elsie did n't know that."

"You may as well give up, Branlow!" Lon said. "Put away your knife, and go with us peaceably, or you 'll be knocked down and dragged." With these words, he took a step forward and stood sternly facing the coward.

For coward Cassius was, with all his recklessness and bluster. He dropped his hand to his side, still holding the open knife.

"Shut it, I say!" ordered Lon.

As Branlow still hesitated, backing off and remonstrating, Lon sprang upon him, seizing his arm before it could be raised to strike.

"Grip him, boys!" cried Lon, and in a moment Branlow was disarmed and a prisoner.

"Now, what do you want of me, my fine fellows?" he said, assuming an air of innocence. "Why do you accuse me about those scissors that you found back there? I thought it was a thimble that you said you wanted."

"That 's just what we do want," said Lon.

"Search me, then!" said Branlow.

"That, again, is precisely what we propose to do!" was the reply.

Cassius emptied his pockets for them, and they examined the contents of his bag. In it they found, in addition to his cement and solder, a pair of silver forks, a dessert-spoon, and three tea-spoons, but no thimble.

"You see, my friends," said Branlow, "you have no hold on me whatever. You don't claim that you've lost a pair of scissors; and I've no thimble. Now, my advice to you is, to save yourselves and me trouble by selecting any of these articles you like, accepting them with my compliments, and letting me proceed about my business."

"We don't care to accept stolen property, which I've no doubt this is," said Lon. "Give another look for the thimble, Charley, where you found the scissors. Here, Elsie!"

As the frightened girl advanced to meet her brothers returning with their prisoner, Lon held up something.

"Did you ever see these before?"

"They look like my scissors; they must be!" said Elsie; "though I had n't missed them."

"Go back and examine your work-basket, and make sure, please," said Lon.

She was gone but a few minutes, when she returned, exclaiming: "They have been taken! That pair must be mine!"

About the same time, Charley, after some further search in the road-side grass, cried, "Eureka!" He had found a thimble, which Elsie immediately identified.

"You see how it is, Mr. Branlow," said Tom, exultingly.

"I see how it is," replied Cassius, recklessly. "You've caught me! But you need n't hang on to my arm so hard; I'm not going to get away."

(To be continued.)

"I don't imagine you are!" laughed Lon.

"But *you're* going to take a sensible view of the situation,—are n't you?" said Branlow.

"You can't gain anything by keeping me; you've recovered your scissors and thimble. Now, if you object to receiving the trifles I have come by, in the way of business, take what money I have in



"BRANLOW BROKE INTO A RUN." (SEE PAGE 825.)

my pocket-book, call it an even thing, and say good-bye. How 's that for a fair proposal?"

"It's a proposal we can no more accept, than we can take your miscellaneous plunder!" said Lon. "Bring around the horse and wagon from the orchard, Charley, while Tom and I cultivate the acquaintance of this slippery gentleman."

The wagon was brought, the baskets of apples were taken out, and the seats put in; and in a few minutes the boys were ready to set off for town with their captive.

"I owe this to you, Miss! I shall remember the favor!" said Branlow, looking back with a malicious glance at Elsie standing in the door to see them start.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

VI.—SCHUBERT.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT was born January 31, 1797, at Vienna.

His father supported himself by teaching. He appreciated the marvelous power of his little son, and did all he could to cultivate it, but his "all" was unfortunately very little. From his earliest years Franz's genius showed itself, and it reminds us of Mozart, whose infant triumphs were very similar. A young friend often took him to a pianoforte factory, where he practiced, and between this chance and what he could accomplish on an old piano at home, he taught himself the rudiments of his art. His brother Ignaz taught him the violin and clavier, but he soon outgrew his master, and was sent to Holzer, a choir-master, who instructed him in pianoforte and organ playing, and in singing. This teacher used to say with tears: "If ever I wished to teach him anything new, I found he had already mastered it."

At the age of eight, Schubert wrote his first pianoforte composition, and thus began his career. When eleven, he sang in the parish church, where his fine voice and beautiful style of singing attracted great attention. Soon after this, with several other candidates, he was examined for admittance into the Emperor's choir, a position which would entitle him to instruction in the Imperial school. The other boys were much amused at the lad's appearance, and, from his gray suit, thought he must be a miller's boy; but their laughter changed to admiration when they heard the child sing, and the committee was only too glad to secure his services. Schubert was now a good violinist, and was made a member of the school band, which studied the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. All these composers made a deep impression on him, especially Beethoven, whom he almost worshipped, and whom he always looked up to as his master.

When about thirteen, his longing to write overpowered him, and he shyly confided to his friends that he had already composed music, and could produce much more if only he could get more music-paper; his friends were sympathetic and appreciative, and whenever an opportunity arose would produce one of his works. Perhaps one of the greatest advantages that Schubert drew from the school was the intimacies he formed there with boys who were to be his truest friends

through life. One of them, Joseph Spaun, furnished him with music-paper as long as he was in the school, and was ever ready to give him money and appreciation.

Schubert now began to neglect everything for composition. We must remember that besides music, he received instruction in history, geography, mathematics, drawing, French, and Italian. During the first year, his progress in all these branches was excellent; but afterward music absorbed every thought and feeling he possessed. Schubert made weekly visits home, where his compositions were frequently played by the family. It is said that if Schubert's father made a mistake in playing, the boy, on the first occasion, would pass it over, but the second time, would say, very timidly: "Father, there must be a mistake somewhere"; and soon the mistake would be corrected.

Franz received little help in the art of composition from his school; his teacher, like Holzer, seems to have been awed by the boy's genius. His life at the school had its dark side; the practice-room was often too cold to sit in, and in a letter to his brother, he begs him to send him a roll or an apple, the meals were so wretched, and he had to wait eight hours between dinner and supper.

In 1813, he left the school and taught as his father's assistant for three long and weary years, composing constantly in addition to his regular duties. It was during this period that he met Salieri, who received him as a pupil, and took the greatest delight in teaching him. Schubert owed more to this man than to any of his instructors, and was always grateful for his interest.

In 1815, Schubert wrote nearly a hundred songs, besides his symphonies and other compositions. Everything he touched turned to music, from the most lovely poems to the most worthless verses; the text mattered little to him if only he could set it to music. It was during this year that he wrote the famous "Erl-king," through which he first became known to the public. "When I finish one song," he says, "I turn to the next." He wrote with the greatest ease, and never corrected his work. We are told that once, during a stroll through a little village, he happened to see a volume of Shakespeare, and on reading "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," he said: "Oh, such a melody has come into my head; if only I had music-paper at hand!" Some one drew some staves on a bill of fare, and there, amid the noise and confusion of

an inn, he wrote the lovely song that bears that title. Schubert was obliged to support himself from his songs, and as few of them were ever published, it is a mystery how he ever managed to live.

The year 1822 was a memorable one to Schubert, for he then had an interview with Beethoven. We have already spoken of his enthusiasm for the great master. When poor Schubert stood in the presence of the man he had so long adored, every bit of courage forsook his gentle, sensitive spirit, and he was scarcely able to utter a word. It was not till long afterward that Beethoven knew Schubert's work. During his last illness, he read some of his songs, and expressed great surprise that he had not seen them before. Schubert visited him before he died, and was so overcome with grief at his illness, that he burst into tears and rushed from the room.

In 1823, Schubert wrote an opera, which was returned without examination; soon after this he wrote another, with the same result; a third one was performed, but proved a complete failure. Schubert was then completely discouraged and became very despondent.

Fortunately for him, he entered upon a trip through upper Austria with his friend, Franz Vogl. This man was a fine singer, and devoted to Schubert, who often played the accompaniments of his songs while Vogl sang them. It was mainly through Vogl's efforts that Schubert's songs became known to the public. Sometimes Schubert played alone, and in speaking of such a time he says:

"I felt that the keys under my hands sang like voices, which makes me very happy, for I can not endure that dreadful thumping, which even some great players adopt, but which pleases neither my ear nor my judgment."

This trip through the country did everything for

Schubert. Everywhere the minstrels were received by friends, who were entranced by their music. Schubert now set some songs from "The Lady of the Lake," all of which, especially the "Ave Maria," were greatly admired. Schubert delighted in the free country life and the beautiful scenery; every peak, every valley, every tree consoled and charmed him, and he returned home with his health restored.

For the next few years, Schubert's life was uneventful; he worked as industriously and ceaselessly as ever. In 1828, he was anxious to visit some friends in the country, but lack of money prevented him. Instead, he moved into a new house, which was still damp, and which probably caused his death. His health now began to fail; but after a while it improved, and among other places, he made a short journey to Eisenstadt, where he visited the grave of Haydn. On returning to Vienna, he became much worse, and at last he took to his bed. He does not seem to have endured any pain, but only to have suffered from low spirits and weakness. Poor, lonely, unappreciated, there seemed no joy for him in life. We have seen how completely his musical education was neglected. He never heard his most beautiful creations.

He died November 19, 1828. During his last illness he begged to be buried with Beethoven; and his poverty-stricken father and brother Ferdinand made every sacrifice in order to lay him near his master. Some friends raised a monument, on which is written:

"Music has here entombed a rich treasure,
But still fairer hopes."

How inadequate the tribute; and yet, what record of Schubert save his music could satisfy us?

MY SWEETHEART.

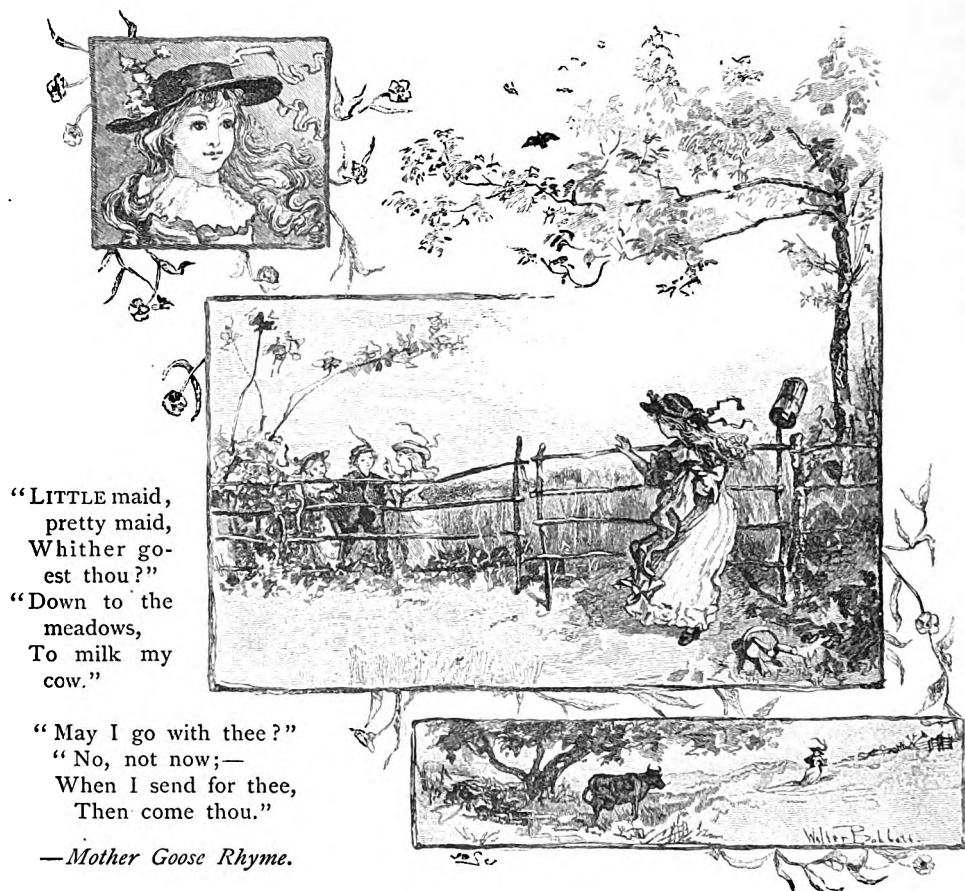
BY ALLEN G. BIGELOW.

I 'M in love with a fair little maiden —
With her eyes, with her lips, with her hands,
With her dozens of dear little dimples;—
And although she 's petite
On her sweet little feet,
'T is a wonder to me how she stands.

And she loves me, this dear little maiden;
And her hands, and her eyes, and her lips,
And her dimples, all giving me welcome—

In a sweet, artless way
Have their say, every day,
As to meet me she lovingly trips.

Will she wed me, this sweet little maiden?
— Bless you, no! That she never will do.
But, when I have told you the reason,
I have n't a fear
'T will appear to you queer;
For I 'm thirty—while she 's only two!



DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

BY E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER VIII.—MIDSUMMER LABORS.

OUR house was far enough away from the barn to prevent the shock of the thunderbolt from disabling us for longer than a moment or two. Merton had fallen off his chair, but was on his feet almost instantly; the other children were soon sobbing and clinging to my wife and myself. In tones that I sought to render firm and quiet, I said:

“No more of this foolish fear. We are in God’s hands, and He will take care of us. Winifred, you must rally and soothe the children, while Merton and I go out and save what we can. All danger to the house is now over, for the worst of the storm has passed.”

In a moment my wife, although very pale, was re-assuring the younger children, and Merton and I hurried from the house.

“Lead the horse out of the basement of the barn, Merton,” I cried, “and tie him securely behind the house. If he wont go readily, throw a blanket over his eyes.”

I spoke these words as we ran through the torrents of rain that followed the tremendous concussion produced by the lightning.

I opened the barn doors and saw that the hay was on fire. There was not a second to lose, and excitement doubled my strength. The load of hay on the wagon had not yet caught. Although almost stifled with sulphurous smoke, I seized the

shafts and backed the wagon with its burden out into the rain. Then seizing a fork, I pushed and tossed off the load so that I could draw our useful market vehicle to a safe distance. There were a number of crates and baskets in the barn, also some tools, and so on. These I had to lose. Hastening to the basement, I found that Merton had succeeded in leading the horse away. There was still time to smash the window of the poultry-room and toss the chickens out into the rain. Our cow, fortunately, was in the meadow by the creek.

By this time, Mr. Jones and Junior were on the ground, and they were soon followed by Rollins, Bagley, and others. There was nothing to do now, however, but to stand aloof and witness the swift destruction. After the first great gust had passed, there was fortunately but little wind; and the flames were prevented from spreading by the heavy down-pour. In this we stood, scarcely heeding it in the excitement of the hour. After a few moments, I hastened to assure my trembling wife and crying children that the rain made the house perfectly safe, and that they were in no danger at all. Then I called to the neighbors to come and stand under the porch-roof.

From this point we saw a great pyramid of fire and smoke ascending into the black sky. The rain-drops glittered like fiery hail in the intense light of the fire and the still vivid flashes of lightning.

"This is hard luck, neighbor Durham," said Mr. Jones, with a long breath.

"My wife and children are safe," I replied, quietly.

Then we heard the horse neighing and tugging at its halter. Bagley had the good sense and will to pull off his coat, tie it around the animal's eyes, and lead it some distance away from the flames, with their fatal fascination.

In a very brief space of time, the whole structure, with my summer crop of hay, gathered with so much labor, sank down into glowing, hissing embers. I was glad to have the ordeal over, for I had feared that the wind might rise again. Now I was assured of the extent of our loss, as well as of its certainty.

"Well, well," said the warm-hearted and impulsive Rollins; "when you are ready to build again, your neighbors will give you a lift. By converting Bagley into a decent fellow, you've made all our barns safer, and we owe you a good turn. He was worse than lightning."

I expressed my thanks, adding, "This is n't so bad as you think; the barn was insured."

"Well, now, that's sensible," said Mr. Jones; "I'll sleep better for that fact, and so will you. Robert Durham. You were wise in time, and you'll make a go of it here yet. I'm sure o' that."

"I'm not in the least discouraged," I answered; "far worse things might have happened. I've noticed in my paper that a great many barns have been struck this summer, so my experience is not unusual. The only thing to do is to meet such things patiently and make the best of them. So long as the family is safe and well, outside matters can be remedied. Thank you, Mr. Bagley," I continued, addressing him, as he now led forward the horse. "You had your wits about you. The old horse will have to stand under the shed to-night."

"Well, Mr. Durham, the harness is still on him, all 'cept the head-stall; and he's quiet now."

"Yes," I replied, "in our haste we did n't throw off the harness before the shower, and it has turned out very well."

"I tell ye what it is, neighbors," said practical Mr. Jones; "'t is n't too late for Mr. Durham to plant a big lot of fodder-corn, and that's about as good as hay. We'll turn to and help him get in a lot."

This was agreed to heartily, and one after another they wrung my hand and departed, Bagley jogging in a companionable way down the road with Rollins, whose chickens he had stolen, but had already paid for. I looked after them and thought: "Well, I have not lost my barn in the way some thought at one time I might. As Rollins suggested, I'd rather take my chances with the lightning than with a vicious neighbor. Bagley acted the part of a good friend to-night."

Then seeing that we could do nothing more, Merton and I entered the house. I clapped the boy on the shoulder as I said:

"You acted like a man in the emergency, and I'm proud of you. To see a young fellow at his best is almost worth the cost of a barn."

My wife came and put her arm around my neck as she said:

"You bear up bravely, Robert, but I fear you are discouraged at heart. To think of such a loss, just as we were getting started!" and there were tears in her eyes.

"Yes," I replied, "it will be a heavy loss for us, and a great inconvenience, but it might have been much worse. Let us all sit down, and I'll tell you something. You see my training in business led me to think of the importance of insurance, and to know the best companies. As soon as the property became yours. Winifred, I insured the buildings for nearly all they were worth. The hay and the things in the barn at the time will prove a total loss; but it is a loss that we can stand and almost make good before winter. I tell you honestly that we have no reason to be discouraged. We shall soon have a better barn than the one lost; for, by good planning, a better one can be

built for the money that I shall receive. So we will thank God that we all are safe ourselves, and go quietly to sleep."

With the passing of the storm, the children had become quiet, and soon we lost in slumber all thought of danger and loss.

In the morning, the absence of the barn made a great gap in our familiar outlook, and brought many and serious thoughts; but with the light came renewed hopefulness. All the scene was flooded with glorious sunlight, and only the blackened ruins made the frightful storm of the previous evening seem possible. Nearly all the chickens came at Winnie's call, looking draggled and forlorn indeed, but practically unharmed and ready to resume their wonted cheerful clucking after an hour in the sunshine. We fitted up for them the old coop in the orchard, and a part of the ancient and dilapidated barn which was to have been used for corn-stalks only. The drenching rain had saved this and the adjoining shed from destruction, and now in our great emergency they proved useful indeed.

The trees around the site of the barn were blackened and their foliage burnt to a crisp. Within the stone foundations the smoke from the still smoldering *débris* rose sluggishly. I turned away from it all, saying:

"Let us worry no more over that spilled milk. Fortunately the greater part of our crates and baskets were under the shed. Take the children and pick over the raspberry patches carefully once more, while I go to work in the garden. That has been helped rather than injured by the storm, and, if we take good care of it, will give us plenty of food for the winter. Work there will revive my spirits."

The ground was too wet for the use of the hoe, but there was plenty of weeding to be done, while I answered the questions of neighbors who came to offer their sympathy. I also looked around to see what could be sold, feeling the need of securing every dollar possible. I found much that was hopeful and promising. The lima-bean vines had covered the poles, and toward their base the pods were filling out. The ears on our early corn were fit to pull, the beets and onions had attained a good size; the early peas had given place to turnips, winter cabbages and celery; there were plenty of green melons on the vines, and more cucumbers than we could use. The pods on the first-planting bush-beans were too mature for further use, and I resolved to let them stand till sufficiently dry to be gathered and spread in the attic. All that we had planted had done, or was doing, fairly well, for the season had been moist enough to insure a good growth. We had been using new potatoes

since the first of the month, and now I saw that the vines were so yellow that all in the garden could be dug at once and sold. They would bring in some ready money, and I learned from my garden book that I could still sow on the cleared spaces the strap-leaved turnips, and they would have time to mature.

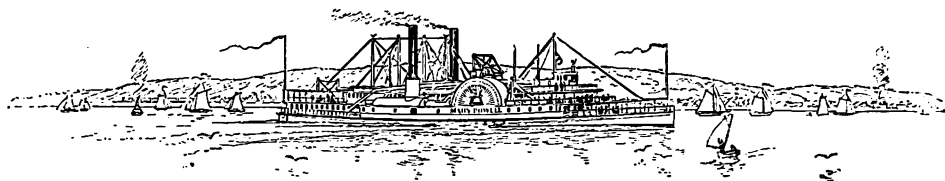
After all, my strawberry-beds gave me the most hope. There were hundreds of young plants already rooted, and still a greater number lying loosely on the ground; so I spent almost the whole morning in weeding these out and pressing the young plants on the ends of the runners into the moist soil, having learned that with such treatment they form roots and become established in a very few days.

After dinner, Mr. Jones appeared with his team and heavy plow, and we selected an acre of upland meadow where the sod was light and thin.

"This will give a fair growth of young corn-leaves," he said, "by the middle of September. By that time you 'll have a new barn up, I s'pose; and after you have cut and dried the corn, you can put a little of it into the mows in place of the hay. The greater part will keep better if stacked outdoors. A horse will thrive on such fodder almost as well as a cow, 'specially if ye cut it up and mix some bran-meal with it. We 'll sow the corn in drills a foot apart, and you can spread a little manure over the top of the ground after the seed is in. This ground is a trifle thin; a top-dressin' will help it 'mazin'ly."

Merton succeeded in getting several crates of raspberries, but said that two or three more pickings would finish them. Since the time we had begun to go daily to the landing, we had sent the surplus of our vegetables to a village store, with the understanding that we could trade out the proceeds. We thus had accumulated a little balance in our favor against which we could draw in groceries and other requisites.

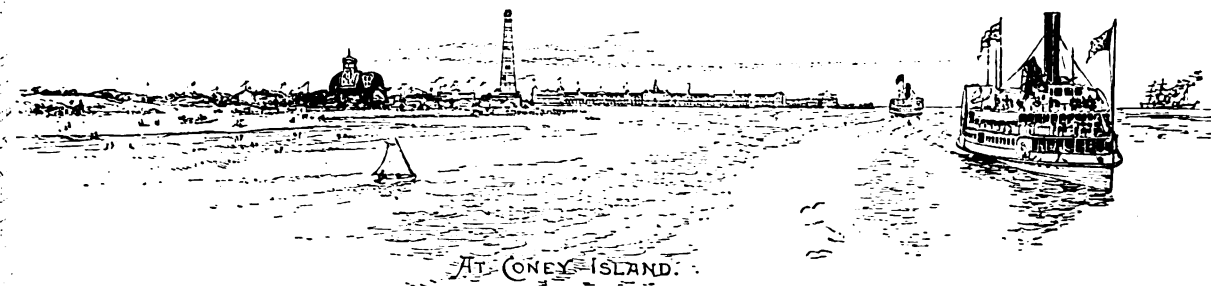
On the evening of this day I took the crates to the landing, and found a purchaser for my garden potatoes, at a dollar a bushel. I also made arrangements at a summer boarding-house for the sale of our spring chickens, our sweet corn, tomatoes, and some other vegetables, as fast as we had them to spare. Now that our income from raspberries was about to cease, it was essential to make the most of everything else on the place that would bring money, even if we had to deny ourselves. It would not do for us to say: "We can use this or that ourselves." The question to be decided was, whether, if such a thing were sold, the proceeds would not go further toward our support than the things themselves. If this should be true of sweet corn, lima-beans, and even the melons, on which



ON THE HUDSON RIVER.



THE DECK OF THE "MARY POWELL."



AT CONEY ISLAND.

the children had set their hearts, we must be chary in consuming them ourselves. This I explained in such a way that all except Bobsey saw the wisdom, or, rather, the necessity of it. As yet, Bobsey's tendencies were those of a consumer, and not a producer or saver.

Rollins and one or two others came the next day, and, with Bagley's help, the corn for fodder was soon in the ground.

I was now eager to begin the setting of the strawberry plants in the field where we had put potatoes, but the recent heavy shower had kept the latter still green and growing. During the first week in August, however, I found that they had attained a good size, and I then began to dig long rows on the upper side of the patch, selling in the village, each week, several barrels of potatoes.

We had now dispensed with Bagley's services, a good word from me having secured him work elsewhere. I found that I could not make arrangements for rebuilding the barn before the last of August, and we now began to take a little of the rest we so needed. Our noonings were two or three hours long. Merton and Junior had time for a good swim every day, while the younger children were never weary of wading in the shallows. I insisted, however, that they should never remain long in the water at any one time, and now and then we all took a grain or two of quinine to fortify our systems against any malarial influences that might be lurking about at this season.

The children were also permitted to make expeditions to the mountain-sides for huckleberries and blackberries; and as a result, we often had these wholesome fruits on the table, while my wife canned the surplus for winter use. A harvest apple-tree also began to be one of the most popular resorts, and delicious pies made the dinner-hour more welcome than ever. The greater part of the apples were sold, however, and this was true also of the lima-beans, sweet corn, and melons. My account-book showed that our income was still running well ahead of our expenses.

Bobsey and Winnie had to receive another touch of discipline, and learn another lesson from experience. I had marked with my eye a very large, perfect musk-melon, and had decided that it should be kept for seed. They, too, had marked it; and one morning, thinking themselves unobserved, they carried it off to the seclusion of the raspberry bushes, proposing a selfish feast by themselves.

Merton caught a glimpse of the little marauders, and followed them. They had cut the melon in two, and found it as green and tasteless as a pumpkin. He made me laugh as he described their dismay

and disgust, then their fears and forebodings. The latter were soon realized, for seeing me in the distance, he beckoned. As I approached, the children stole out of the bushes, looking very guilty.

Merton explained, and I said:

"Very well, you shall have your melon for dinner,—and nothing else. I intend you shall enjoy this melon fully. So sit down under yonder tree and each of you hold half the melon till I release you. You have already learned that you can feast your eyes only.

There they were kept, hour after hour, each holding a half of the green melon. The dinner-bell rang, and they knew that we had ripe melons and green corn; while nothing was given them but a little bread and water. Bobsey howled and Winnie sobbed, but my wife and I agreed that such tendencies toward dishonesty and selfishness merited a lasting lesson, and they received one. At supper they were as hungry as little wolves; and as I explained that the big melon had been kept for seed, and that if it had been left to ripen they should have had their share, they felt that they had cheated themselves completely.

"Don't you see, children," I concluded, "that to act honestly is not only right, but that it is always best for us in the end."

Then I asked: "Merton, what have the Bagley children been doing since they stopped picking raspberries for us?"

"I'm told they've been gathering blackberries and huckleberries in the mountains, and selling them."

"That's promising. Now I wish you to pick out a good-sized water-melon and half a dozen musk-melons, and I'll leave them at Bagley's cottage to-morrow night as I go down to the village. In old times they would have stolen our crop; now they shall share in it."

When I delivered the present the following evening, the children welcomed the gift with many exclamations of delight, and Bagley himself was touched.

"I hear good accounts of you and your children," I said, "and I'm glad of it. Save the seeds of these melons and plant a lot for yourself. By the way, Bagley, we'll plow your garden for you this fall, and you can put a better fence around it. If you'll do this, I'll share my garden seeds with you next spring, and you can raise enough on that patch of ground to help support your family."

"I'll take you up!" cried the man, "and I'm thankful to ye."

"God bless you and Mrs. Durham!" added his wife. "Now we're beginning to live like human beings."

The Moodna creek had now become very low, and not over half of its stony bed was covered with water. At many points, light, active feet could find their way across and not get wet. Junior now had a project on hand, of which he and Merton had often spoken of late. A holiday was given to the boys, and they went to work to construct an eel-weir and trap. With trousers well rolled up, they selected a point on one side of the creek where the water was deepest, and here they left an open passage-way for the current. On each side of this they began to roll large stones, and on these placed smaller stones, raising two long obstructions to the natural flow. These continuous obstructions slanted obliquely up-stream, directing the main current to the open passage, which was only about two feet wide, with two posts on each side narrowing it still more. In this they placed the trap, a long box made of lath, sufficiently open to let the water run through it, and having a peculiar opening at the upper end where the current began to rush down the narrow passage-way. The box rested closed on the gravelly bottom, and was fastened to the posts. Short, close-fitting slats from the bottom and top of the box, at its upper end, sloped inward, till they made a narrow opening. All its other parts were eel-tight. The eels coming down with the current which had been directed toward the entrance of the box, as has been explained, passed into it, and there they would remain. They never had the wit to find the narrow entrance by which they had entered. This turned out to be useful sport, for every morning the boys lifted their trap and took out a goodly number of eels; and when the squirmers were nicely dressed and browned, they proved delicious food.

In the comparative leisure which the children enjoyed during August, they felt amply repaid for the toil of the previous months. We also managed to secure two great gala-days. The first was a trip to the sea-shore; and this was a momentous event.

The "Mary Powell," a swift steamboat, touched every morning at the Maizeville landing. I learned that, from its wharf in New York, another steamboat started for Coney Island, and came back to the city in time for us to return on the "Mary Powell" on the same day. Thus we could secure a delightful sail down the river and bay, and also have several hours on the beach. My wife and I talked over this little outing, and found that by taking our lunch with us, it would be inexpensive. I saw Mr. Jones, and induced him and his wife, with Junior, to join us. Then the children were told of our plan, and their hurrahs made the old house ring. Now that we were in for it, we proposed no half-way measures. Four

plump spring chickens were killed and roasted, and to these were added such a quantity of ham-sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, that I declared that we were provisioned for a week. My wife nodded at Bobsey, and said:

"Wait and see!"

Whom do you think we employed to mount guard during our absence? None other than Mr. Bagley. Mr. Jones said that it was like asking a wolf to guard the flock, for his prejudices yielded slowly; but I felt sure that this proof of trust would do the man more good than a dozen sermons. Indeed, he did seem wonderfully pleased with his task, and said:

"Ye'll find I've 'arned my dollar when ye get back."

The children scarcely slept, in their glad anticipation, and were up with the sun. Mr. and Mrs. Jones drove down in their light wagon, while Junior joined our children in another straw-ride, packed in between the lunch-baskets. We had ample time after reaching the landing to put our horse and vehicle in a safe place, and then we watched for the "Mary Powell." Soon we saw her approaching Newtown, four miles above, then speed toward and round up to the wharf, with the ease and grace of a swan. We scrambled aboard, smiled at by all. I do not suppose we formed, with our lunch-baskets, a very stylish group; but that was the least of our troubles. I am confident that none of the elegant people we brushed against were half so happy as we were.

We stowed away our baskets and then gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the lovely Highland scenery, and to watching the various kinds of craft that we were constantly passing. Winnie and Bobsey had been placed under bonds for good behavior, and were given to understand that they must exercise the grace of keeping moderately still. The sail down the river and bay was a long, grateful rest to us older people, and I saw with pleasure that my wife was enjoying every moment and that the fresh sea breezes were fanning color into her cheeks. Plump Mrs. Jones dozed and smiled, and wondered at the objects we passed, for she had never been much of a traveler; while her husband's shrewd eyes took in everything, and he often made us laugh by his quaint comments. Junior and Merton were as alert as hawks. They early made the acquaintance of deck-hands who good-naturedly answered their numerous questions. I took the younger children on occasional exploring expeditions, but never allowed them to escape my reach, for I soon learned that Bobsey's promises sat lightly on his conscience.

At last we reached the great Iron Pier at Coney Island, which we all traversed, with wondering eyes.

We established ourselves in a large pavilion, fit-

ted up for just such picnickers as ourselves. Beneath us stretched the sandy beach. We elderly people were glad enough to sit down and rest, but the children forgot even the lunch-baskets, in their eagerness to run upon the sand in search of shells.

All went well until an unusually high wave came rolling in. The children scrambled out of its way, with the exception of Bobsey, and he was caught, and tumbled over, and lay kicking in the white foam. In a moment I sprang down the steps, picked him up, and bore him to his mother.

His clothing had been deluged; and now what was to be done? After inquiry and consultation, I found that I could procure for him a little bathing-dress which would answer during the heat of the day, and an old colored woman promised to have his garments dry in an hour. So the one cloud on our pleasure proved to have a very bright lining, for Bobsey, since he was no longer afraid of the water, could roll in the sand and gentle surf to his heart's content.

Having devoured a few sandwiches to keep up our courage, we all procured bathing-dresses, even Mrs. Jones having been laughingly compelled by her husband to follow the general example. When we all gathered in the passage-way leading to the water, we were convulsed with laughter at our ridiculous appearance; but there were so many others in like plight that we were scarcely noticed. Mr. Jones remarked that if "we could take a stroll through Maizeville now, there would n't be a crow left in town."

Mrs. Jones could not be induced to go beyond a point where the water was over a foot or two deep, and the waves rolled her around like an amiable porpoise. Merton and Junior were soon swimming fearlessly, the latter wondering, meanwhile, at the buoyant quality of the salt water as compared with that of our creek. My wife, Mousie and Winnie allowed me to take them beyond the breakers, and soon grew confident. In fifteen minutes I sounded recall, and we all emerged, lank Mr. Jones now making, in very truth, an ideal scarecrow. Bobsey's dry clothes were brought, and half an hour later we all were clothed, and, as Mr. Jones remarked, "for a wonder, in our right minds."

In due time we arrived at home, tired, sleepy, yet content with the fact that we had filled one day with enjoyment and added to our stock of health.

The next morning proved that Bagley had kept his word. Everything was in order, and the amount of work accomplished in the garden showed that he had been on his mettle.

The month of August was now well advanced. We had been steadily digging the potatoes in the field and selling them in their unripened con-

dition, until half the acre had been cleared. The vines in the lower half of the patch were now growing very yellow, and I decided to leave them until the tubers had thoroughly ripened, for winter use. By the twentieth of the month we had all the space that had been cleared, half an acre—set in Dutchess and Wilson strawberries; and the plants first set were green and vigorous, showing a disposition to renew their running tendencies. But these runners were promptly cut off, so that the plants might grow strong enough to give a good crop of fruit the following June.

I now began to tighten the reins on the children, and we all put in longer hours of work.

During the month we gathered a few bushels of plums on the place. My wife preserved some, and the rest were sold at the boarding-houses and village stores; for Mr. Bogart had written that when I could find a home market for small quantities of produce, it would pay me better than sending it to the city. I kept myself informed as to city prices, and found that he had given me good and disinterested advice. Therefore, we managed to dispose of our small crop of early pears and peaches in the same manner as with the plums. Every day convinced me of the wisdom of buying a place already stocked with fruit; for although the first cost was greater, we had immediately secured an income which promised to leave a margin of profit after meeting all expenses.

During the last week of August the potatoes were fully ripe, and Merton, Winnie, Bobsey and I worked manfully, sorting the large from the small, as they were gathered. The crop turned out very well, especially on the lower side of the field, where the ground had been rather richer and moister than in the upper portion.

I permitted Merton to dig by spells only, for it was hard work for him; but he seemed to enjoy throwing out the smooth, great, white-coated fellows, and they made a pretty sight as they lay in thick rows behind us, drying, for a brief time, in the sun. They were picked up, put in barrels, drawn to the dry, cool shed, and well covered from the light. Mr. Jones had told me that as soon as potatoes had dried off after digging, they ought to be kept in the dark, as far as possible, since too much light made them tough and bitter. Now that they were ripe, it was important that they should be dug promptly, for I had read that a warm rain was apt to start the new potatoes growing, and this spoiled them for table use. So I said:

"We will stick to this task until it is finished, and then we shall have another outing. I am almost ready to begin rebuilding the barn; but before I do so, I wish to visit Houghton Farm, and shall take you all with me. I may obtain some



ideas which will be useful, even in my small outlay of money."

So we dug away at the potatoes, and gathered like ants until we had nearly a hundred bushels stored. As they were only fifty cents a bushel, I resolved to keep the rest of the crop and sell during the following winter and spring, when I might need money more than at present, and also get better prices.

Then, one day toward the end of August, we all started, after an early dinner, for the Farm, Junior going with us as usual.

Houghton Farm, distant a few miles, is a magnificent estate of about one thousand acres; and the outbuildings upon it are princely in comparison with anything I could erect. They had been constructed, however, on practical and scientific principles, and I hoped that a visit might suggest to me some useful hints. Sound principles might be applied, in a modest way, to even such a structure as would come within my means. At any rate, a visit to such a farm would be full of interest and pleasure.

We had been told that the large-minded and liberal owner of this model farm welcomed visitors, and so we had no doubts as to our reception. Nor were we disappointed when, having skirted broad, rich fields for some distance, we turned to the right, down a long, wide lane, bordered by beautiful shrubbery, to the great buildings, each one numbered conspicuously. We were met courteously by Major Alvord, the agent in charge of the entire estate; and when I had explained the object of my visit, he kindly gave us a few moments, showing us through the different barns and stables. Our eyes grew large with wonder as we saw the complete appliances for carrying on an immense stock-farm. The summer crops had been gathered, and we exclaimed at the hundreds of tons of hay, fodder, and straw stored in the mows.

When we came to look at the sleek Jersey cows and calves, with their fawn-like faces, our admiration knew no bounds. The children went into ecstasies over the pretty, innocent faces of the Jersey calves.

We next went to see a great Norman mare, and the large, clumsy colt at her side. Then we all admired beautiful stallions with fiery eyes and arching necks, the superb carriage-horses, and the sleek, strong work-animals and their stalls, finished in fine, hard wood. Soon afterward, Bobsey went wild over the fat little Essex pigs, black as coals.

"Possess your soul in patience, Bobsey," I said. "With our barn, I am going to make a sty, and then we shall begin to keep pigs."

I had had no good place for them thus far, and felt that we had attempted enough for beginners.

Moreover, I could not endure to keep pigs in the muddy, common pens in ordinary use, feeling that we could never eat the pork produced under such conditions.

After a visit to the sheep and poultry departments, each occupying a large farm by itself, we felt that we had seen much to think and talk over.

It was hard to get Winnie away from the poultry houses and yards, where each celebrated breed was kept scrupulously by itself. There were a thousand hens, besides innumerable young chickens. We were also shown incubators, which, in spring, hatch little chickens by hundreds.

A visit to "Crusoe Island" entertained the children more than anything else. A mountain stream had been dammed so as to make an island. On the surrounding waters floated fleets of water-fowl, ducks and geese of various breeds, and, chief in interest, a flock of Canada wild-geese, domesticated. Here we could look closely at these great wild migrants that, in spring and fall, pass and re-pass high up in the sky, in flocks, flying in the form of a harrow or the two sides of a triangle, meanwhile sending out cries that, in the distance, sound strange and weird.

Leaving my wife and children admiring these birds and their rustic houses on the island, I went with Major Alvord to his offices, and saw the fine scientific appliances for carrying on agricultural experiments designed to extend the range of accurate and practical knowledge. Not only was the great farm planted and reaped, the blooded stock grown and improved by careful breeding, but, accompanying all this labor, was maintained a careful system of experiments tending to develop and establish that supreme science,—the successful culture of the soil. Major Alvord evidently deserved his reputation for doing the work thoroughly and intelligently, and I was glad to think that there were men in the land, like the proprietor of Houghton Farm, who were willing to spend thousands annually in enriching the rural classes by bringing within their reach the knowledge that is power.

I was thoughtful as we drove home, and at last my wife slyly lifted a penny toward my face.

"No," I said, laughing, "my thoughts shall not cost you even a penny. What I have seen to-day has made clearer what I have believed before. There are two distinct ways of securing success in outdoor work. One is ours, and the other is after the plan of Houghton Farm. Ours is the only way possible for us—that of working a small place and performing the labor, so far as possible, within ourselves. If I had played 'boss,' as Bagley sometimes calls me, and hired the labor which we have done ourselves, the children meanwhile idle, we

should soon have come to a disastrous end in our country experiment. The fact that we all have worked hard, and wisely, too, in the main, and have employed extra help only when there was more than we could do, will explain the balance in our favor. I believe that one of the chief causes of failure on the part of people in our circumstances is that they employ help to do what they should have done themselves, and that it doesn't and can't pay small farmers and fruit-growers to attempt much beyond what they can take care of, most of the year, with their own hands. Then there's the other method,—that of large capital carrying on a farm as we have seen to-day. The farm then becomes like a great factory or mercantile house. There must be at the head of everything a large organizing brain capable of introducing and enforcing thorough system, and of skillfully directing labor and investment, so as to secure the most money from the least outlay. A farm such as we have just seen would be like a bottomless pit for money in bungling, careless hands."

(To be concluded.)

"I'm content with our own little place and modest ways," said my wife. "I never wish our affairs to grow so large that we can't talk them over every night, if so inclined."

"Well," I replied, "I never should have made a great merchant in town, and I am content to be a small farmer in the country. The insurance money will be available in a few days, and we shall begin building at once."

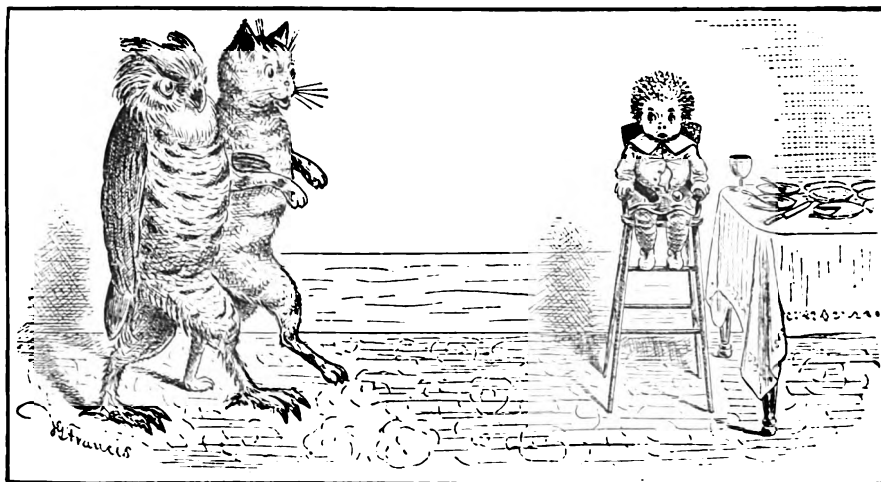
The next day, Merton and I cleared away the rest of the *débris* in and around the foundations of the barn; and before night the first load of lumber arrived from the carpenter who had taken the contract.

This forerunner of bustling workmen, and all the mystery of fashioning crude material into something looking like the plan over which we had all pored so often, was more interesting to the children than the construction of Solomon's temple.

"To-morrow the stone-masons come," I said at supper; "and we are promised a new barn, complete, by October."

THE OWL, THE PUSSY-CAT, AND THE LITTLE BOY.

BY J. G. FRANCIS.



THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to see
A Boy of diminutive size,
Who was full of contrition, remorse, and crust
From lemon and gooseberry pies.
They lifted him up, and they cast him down,
And rolled him over the floor,
And the Boy resolved, when they vanished away,
That he'd sleep after dinner no more.

SPIDERS OF THE SEA.

BY C. F. HOLDER.



A BABY-CRAB.

QUITE a number of years ago an old gentleman, while walking through a large market in one of the southern cities, stopped before a booth bearing the sign, — "Shedders, Shrimps, and Hard-shells."

In a box, reposing on soft beds of seaweed, were layers of crabs all busily engaged, so it seemed, in

blowing bubbles that glistened in the sun with many rich tints and colors. Some of the hard-shells had numbers of eggs attached to them, and as the old gentleman stood looking at them, the thought entered his mind, "Why not start a crab-farm and save all the trouble of fishing for crabs?"

As he was a very enterprising old gentleman, the project was forthwith put into execution. An immense floating tank was built, through which the water was allowed to flow in and out; and in this hundreds of crabs carrying eggs were placed. An old colored man was engaged to attend to their wants, and in a short time he reported that the bottom of the tank contained numbers of very small empty shells, but that no young crabs were to be seen. The crab-farmer thereupon took some of the water out in a glass jar, and found to his surprise that it contained vast numbers of hideous little creatures with enormous horns. Here, then, was the trouble; the horned animals were eating the eggs, thought the old gentleman. So the colored man was directed to strain them out, and did so with such effect that they soon disappeared.

Not until the crab-farm had been given up as a failure by the old gentleman, did he learn that these same little horned animals that he had worked so hard to get rid of were the young crabs themselves.

He was not the only person that has been so deceived, however. Only half a century ago these little horned creatures were considered separate and distinct animals, until finally a naturalist made the discovery that they were the crabs themselves, in one of the curious early stages of their growth.

Soon after leaving the egg, the baby-crab, with its queer horns, is apparently seized with violent convulsions, and in a moment wriggles out of its skin and appears in an entirely new guise, called the "large-eyed" stage. The new shell hardens

at once, and a few moments later the crab may be seen swimming about as before. The eyes are still enormous, and what were swimming legs in the first stage are now assistants in preparing food, the horns having almost disappeared.

Soon other curious convulsions occur,—not, however, so violent as the first,—and the little animal slowly works itself out of its skin again, and sinks securely upon the bottom, where in two days a new shell has hardened, and its existence as a regular crab commences,—all the changes, in some species, having occurred during four days. Such is the babyhood of crabs in general throughout the world.

On the beaches of the Middle States the sand-crabs and "calling-crabs" are the most common, and in Normandy the sand-crabs are the means of great sport to the frequenters of the beach. A number are caught and decorated with the colors of their captors, who arrange them in a row, each keeping a finger on the back of his champion. At the word "Go," they release them, the entire body of crabs rushing down the beach in a headlong, or endwise, race to the sea, the owners following eagerly after them to note the first crab that reaches the water and to claim the prize.

These crabs live in holes in the sand, and at the beginning of winter pass into a deep sleep, called hibernation; in the spring they dig their way out, showing great skill as miners.

But it is as articles of food that crabs are most valued. Thousands of barrels of them are sent to the markets of the great cities; and in southern countries they take the place of the lobster. In the United States the great green crab, hard or soft, is preferred for the table.

The most noted locality for catching them is the waters of Chesapeake Bay, in the extensive mud flats about the mouth of the James River. The process of "treading" for them consists in walking over the flats, feeling with bare feet for the soft-shell crabs; and as there is a strong belief among the darkies who do the treading, that a soft-shell crab is always guarded by a hard-shell mate, the walking is not free from suspense. The soft-shell is easily felt and lifted up by a dexterous movement of the toes, or by a scoop-net; but sometimes the inquisitive foot of the treader interrupts a meeting of hard-shells, and a few nips from these are enough to make the agonized treader hurry into his skiff as rapidly as possible.

England, was broken up by a vessel, and all the marked crabs made their escape. A few days later, however, great numbers of them were retaken at Lizard Point, where they had been caught origi-



THE GREAT JAPANESE CRAB.

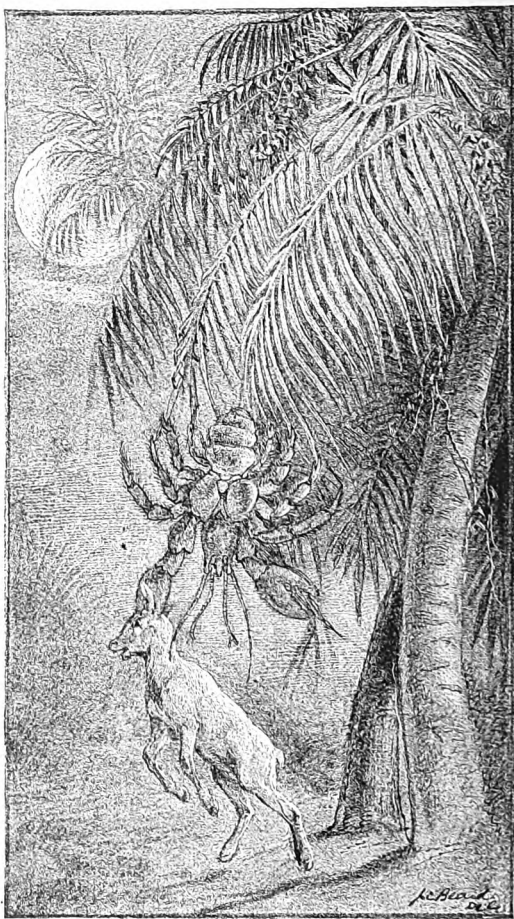
nally. After escaping from the car and into the water, they had traveled back to their sea-home, a distance of eleven miles from Falmouth.

Among the most remarkable and the largest of crabs is one which is highly esteemed in Japan as an article of food. Its chief claws are each five feet in length, measuring from ten to twelve feet between the tips of the nippers, and presenting an astonishing spectacle when entangled in the nets and hauled aboard the boats. The body is almost triangular and comparatively small. With their slow, measured movements and powerful weapons of defense, these crabs are the giants of the spiders of the sea. Professor Ward, who has collected them in Japan, states that they have a remarkable habit of leaving the water at night and crawling up the banks of the river, presumably to feed, and that there they are sought by the crab-hunters. A story is told of a party of fishermen who had camped out upon the river bank, and one of whom aroused the others in the night by yells and screams. Running to the spot, they found that one of these monster crabs in wandering over the flats had accidentally crawled over the prostrate fisherman. He awoke with the great claws moving about him,

and it would be hard to tell whether the man or the crab was the more terrified.

Those of the ST. NICHOLAS readers who live in the vicinity of Boston will find a fine specimen of this great sea-spider, though not of the largest size, in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Surpassing even the great Japanese crab in *strength*, however, is the famous palm, or robber crab, of the Indian Ocean, a land hermit that exceeds two feet in length. In the Spice Islands they are considered great delicacies, and at Hila, Professor Bickmore saw two at the house of the assistant resident that were being fattened for the table like pigs. The palm-crab is found in



A ROBBER-CRAB LIFTS A GOAT FROM THE GROUND.

the cocoa-nut groves, living in holes beneath the trees and subsisting upon the fruit, tearing the husks from the nuts with its powerful claws and conveying it to its nest for use as a lining, or bed.

The nests are often pillaged by the Malays, who use the shreds of husks in calking their vessels and in the manufacture of mats and various articles. The palm-crabs possess no little intelligence, as they always open the end of the cocoa-nut that contains the eye-spots; shred by shred the husk is torn away, and finally, when the eyes appear, the crab hammers them repeatedly with its large claw until an opening is made. Sometimes the crab will secure so firm a hold upon the nut with its large claw that it can dash it against a rock until the nut-shell is broken.

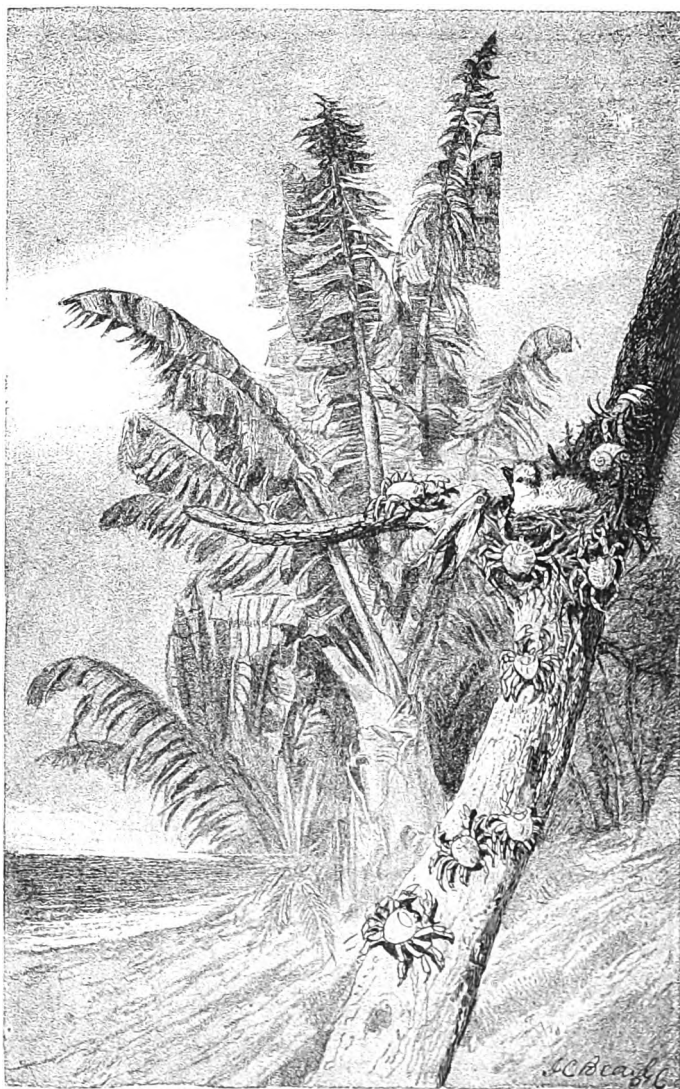
The robber-crab of the Samoan Islands, called the "*Ou Ou*," adopts still another method.* It first ascends the tree and brings down the fruit; then, after husking it, the crab returns again to the tree and hurls or drops the nut to the ground until it is broken. One naturalist tells of a robber-crab that seized a goat by the ears as it was passing along under a tree, and fairly lifted it from the ground.

There is another crab which is equally powerful, and Captain Mosely informed the late Mr. Darwin, that upon confining one in a tin cracker-box, it forced down the edges of the metal, punching numerous holes through the tin, and ultimately escaped. In appearance they resemble huge spiders. They stand a foot or more from the ground, and brandish their enormous claws with a clattering noise as they move along, a warning to all intruders. They deposit their eggs in the sea.

The common hermit-crabs, to which the robber-crabs are related, are found both on land and in the sea, and I have frequently seen a large hermit-crab near Loggerhead Key, Florida, carrying about a heavy shell with perfect ease. In some places, the beach is almost entirely formed of shells, each the home of a land hermit-crab, and I have often watched the hermit-crabs of Bird Key during the breeding season of a sea-bird called the Noddy, when a continual struggle for food is carried on between them and the birds. The Noddy builds its nest upon the low bay-

cedars, the nest being merely a mass of dried twigs dropped upon the tree in the rudest manner possible.

When the young bird is hatched, it is kept well supplied with small fishes by the parent noddy;



PIRATE-CRABS STEALING A FISH FROM A YOUNG SEA-BIRD.

but the arrival of these luxuries is closely watched by a horde of pirate-crabs. The large purple-backed land-crab crawls from holes in the sand; the red-tinted fellow known as the *Grapsus* appears as if by magic, while innumerable hermit-crabs with shells of every conceivable pattern move onward toward the nest. Some climb neighboring bushes, or low trees, and drop down upon the baby-bird; others ascend the trunk of the

* On the authority of Mr. T. H. Hood, in his "Notes on a Cruise in H. M. S. 'Fawn' in the Western Pacific."

tree, until finally every branch and twig about the nest is occupied by a robber-crab, while the young bird, with wing erect, vainly endeavors to retain the fish. It is soon in the claws of the advancing

The purple, or land-crab, is found all over the world, and in the West India Islands they commit great ravages upon the plantations of sugar-cane. On some of the more unfrequented islands in May

or June, these crabs make a remarkable pilgrimage. They live for the greater part of the year upon the high lands several miles from the sea; but once a year, at the season named, they leave their holes, and move at night in vast columns, often three miles long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, to the sea, where they deposit their eggs.

Nothing seems to deter this great army; the march being kept up with an undaunted perseverance that overcomes all obstacles. At this time they are caught in large numbers for the table, as on the return march to the hills they are in poor condition, and soon undergo the molting process.

One of the most interesting examples of intelligence among the sea-crabs, is that of a hermit-crab, which seems to have a perfect understanding with a sea-anemone, that fastens itself upon its shell, and shares the food the crab may capture. This might be considered an accidental occurrence, were it not that the crab proves its friendship by assisting the anemone to move to its new shell, when, by reason of its growth, the crab has to change its quarters; and if the anemone is not satisfied with one shell, the crab tries others until its friend is suited.

A similar friendship exists between another hermit-crab, found in the Mediterranean Sea, and an anemone which accompanies it. In this case the friendship is not altogether disinter-

ested, as the anemone is used as a decoy by the wily crab, which gives it board, lodging, and traveling accommodations, in return for its services.

The crabs, called by scientists *Dromia*, encourage the growth of various animals and plants upon their backs, and the spider-crab of our own shores known as the decorator, is invariably found bearing upon its back a thick growth of sea-weed, placed



THE LAND-CRABS' MARCH TO THE SEA.

throng, that, closing in from all sides, unites in a general battle, in which the piratical crabs fall in a shower to the ground, where the combat is renewed, and the largest crab finally bears away the game.

The *Grapsus* displays no fear of the young bird, and a well-known scientist once saw a crab of this kind capture and carry off the young noddy itself.

there by itself. Many crabs so resemble stones that other protection is unnecessary; the Mask-crab is so called because of certain markings on its back that cause it to resemble a human face;



HENSLOW'S CRAB CATCHING FISH.

while the Glass-crabs are so transparent that print can be read through them, and being thus difficult to detect, they readily escape the watchful eyes of hungry fishes.

In the selection of their homes, the crabs show curious characteristics. Some of the hermits burrow in the sand, arranging the opening so that the large claw fits it perfectly, forming an animated door that rises up to grasp any intruder that seeks entrance. Certain crabs travel about on the backs of turtles; there is one kind that lives in the interior of a sea-cucumber, while another crab is found living within a large Brazilian star-fish. One little fellow of the crab family lives in the folds of the jelly-fish, while another clings to the feathers of a certain sea-bird.

In the deep sea some crabs are blind, while others have wonderful phosphorescent eyes and are veritable lamps of that silent world. Equally curious are the surface-crabs, colored with wondrous tints and resembling sea-weeds so perfectly that the very birds and fishes fail to see them. Many crabs are famous swimmers, and the one known as



THE MASK-CRAB.

Henslow's swimming crab, often seen many miles from land, will dart into a school of herrings, seize a fish in its knife-like jaws, and cling to it until its victim floats dead upon the surface.

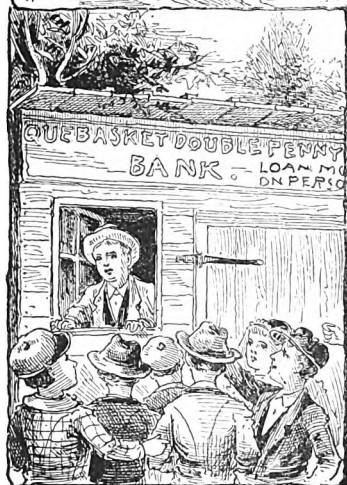
The crabs, or sea-spiders, purify the water by their habits as scavengers, as they prey upon



A CRAB CAPTURING A BIRD.

small sea-animals living and dead; but they become in turn victims themselves to the fishes of the deep sea.

A GREAT FINANCIAL SCHEME.



BY
SOPHIE
SWETT.

BEN SCATTERGOOD felt that his talents were running to waste. It was discouraging for a boy who intended to be the greatest financier of the age to have to till the soil on his father's little farm in that part of the township which was called "Pharaoh's Heart," because it was so stony, and to have to pick huckleberries and do "chores" for the neighbors, to earn money to buy his Sunday shoes.

He did not expect to burst upon the world a full-fledged Rothschild or Vanderbilt; but driving a plow, and digging turnips, and milking cows were occupations that did n't seem even to pave the way to a great financial career; Ben was very discontented. And there was Tobias, who really loved farming, and yet he was to be sent to the city to learn business, because he was lame and left-handed and his father thought he was n't fit for anything else. Ben was sometimes tempted to run away, but he felt that it would be mean; for his father had rheumatism, which grew worse and worse every year, and there was a brood of little ones, all younger than Ben, and going down as evenly as a flight of stairs until one came to the two pairs of twins, Jed and Jethro, and Mirandyo and Marosybo. Ben felt that he was needed at home.

Yet he also felt a daily-growing conviction that handling pumpkins and potatoes was a very tame occupation for a boy who wished to be handling stocks and bonds; and that keeping the twins

straightened out was but a paltry use for talents that might make their owner a power in Wall street.

When the weekly paper found its way to "Pharaoh's Heart," Ben always retired with it to the nearest available seclusion, generally the hay-loft, and eagerly scanned the financial column; and he thought he understood all about bulls and bears, and puts and calls, and margins and corners, as well as he understood when to plant corn, or when the trout in Stony Brook were most likely to bite.

But, alas! of what avail was such knowledge to a boy who had to work and spend his time on a stony little farm in Quebasket, where stocks and bonds were almost unknown?

Strangely enough, it was Tobias who suggested to Ben a great idea,—Tobias, who was the proud but embarrassed possessor of a dollar and nineteen cents, with which the speckled hen had come off triumphant after the vicissitudes of hatching and rearing a brood of ducklings. It was particularly gratifying, because the speckled hen had hitherto met with reverses in all her business undertakings, and Tobias had cherished gloomy forebodings that she would die in debt.

But even now perplexity was casting a shadow over Tobias's joy. "It's queer, but I declare I have n't anything particular to do with that dollar 'n' nineteen cents!" he said, limping into the barn, where Ben sat on the meal-chest, moodily snapping corn at the cross old gander.

Ben stared at him in astonishment. This was an entirely new experience for one of the Scattergood family. To have a great many things to do with money, but no money, was their every-day condition.

Tobias might be slow, but he was not frivolous. "I might buy some turkeys' eggs and sell 'em," he said. "Turkeys are more excitin' than hens, but then they're more risky, too!"

"Turkeys! You tried that last year, and only five eggs hatched, out of a dozen, and the gander kicked one of the young ones to death, and one was drowned, trying to swim with the ducks, and

one ran its head into the rat-trap, and the horse stepped on one, and the other just up and died—because it was lonesome, I suppose. A great investment *that* was!” said Ben contemptuously.

“I suppose I had better put the money away,” said Tobias. “Eliakim Tuesley said, the other day, that he had thirteen dollars and ninety-one cents in an old stocking. There was a tin bank in our house—it would seem more appropri’t to put it in a bank than in an old stocking—but some of the twins hammered it all to pieces trying to get a copper cent out.”

“That is a great kind of a bank! If I were five years old, I might put my money down the chimney of a little tin house painted red,” said Ben, with withering scorn.

“I should just like to know what you would do with it!” said Tobias hotly. “It ’s easy to tell a fellow what *is* n’t the best thing—”

“I should make it grow, just as I would corn,” said Ben, with an air of superiority. “If you could put it where it would double itself in a year, in ten years you ’d have—let ’s see how much,”—and Ben began to make calculations.

“I should like to know where I could make it double itself in a year,” said Tobias.

Ben was in a brown study.

“There ought to be a bank in Quebasket,” he said at length. “Tobe, I think I shall set up a bank!”

Tobias gazed at his brother in astonishment, not unmingled with admiration.

“It ’s a pretty big undertaking, but if any boy can do it, you can, Ben,” he said.

“If I make it go,” said Ben, “you shall be the first depositor, and I ’ll pay you ten per cent. for your dollar ’n’ nineteen cents.”

Tobias was not equal to the task of computing his year’s interest without time and a pencil; but ten per cent. sounded well, and dazzling visions of wealth rose before his eyes.

“The old work-shop is n’t just what I should choose for a bank-building, but it will do,” said Ben. “It ’s lucky that we happen to live on the main road; it would n’t look well to have a bank out in the field.” And then remembering that Tobias could paint letters of astonishing evenness, he said:

“You may paint the sign, Tobe, if you ’d like to. I’ve thought of a name that will sound well,—The Quebasket Double-Penny Bank. Make the sign big and showy. We must make everything attractive! I’m going to talk to the fellows; and I say, Tobe, if it turns out well you shall be cashier,—no, you can’t reckon quickly enough for that, but you shall have some position.”

That had a very agreeable sound to Tobias’s

ears, and his faith in Ben was great; but, nevertheless, his prudent mind suggested a painful doubt.

“I s’pose I am slow, Ben,” he said: “but I can’t see how you are going to pay the interest, and salaries, and things. Money wont grow of itself in the old shop.”

“Well, I should think you were slow!” exclaimed Ben. “What do banks generally do with their money? I shall lend it.”

“Lend it!” Tobias actually turned pale at the thought of his “dollar ’n’ nineteen cents.” “I guess you don’t know Quebasket boys so well as I do! There was Lem Rollins,—he went off to Boston with my jack-knife in his pocket; and Zach Halstead broke my musk-rat trap all to pieces and never offered to buy me another; and Tom Jenkins has owed me thirteen cents these two years; and when I ask him for it, he says times are very hard! Of course some boys would pay——”

“You must be clever to think I shall lend money without security! Of course boys can’t do things just as men do,—the fellows have n’t real estate,—but I shall take mortgages on personal property. Tom Jenkins’s gun is worth eight or nine dollars, and he ’ll not borrow any money from my bank without giving a mortgage on the gun; and if he does n’t pay principal and interest when it is due, I shall foreclose,—that means take possession of the gun!”

Tobias’s doubts were swallowed up in admiration. His brother Ben was a wonderful boy, and the Quebasket Double-Penny Bank was the greatest financial scheme of the age!

Tobias hurried away in search of a smooth board and his father’s paint-pots, while Ben went to “talk to the fellows,” paying his first visit to Eliakim Tuesley, the greatest capitalist of his acquaintance.

Eliakim was strongly impressed with the importance and responsibility attending the possession of his wealth; but he was readily convinced that it would never double itself in the toe of the stocking, and that it *might* in the Double-Penny Bank. Ben’s task was much easier from the fact that his mathematical abilities were so highly regarded. If any boy could make a bank a success, it was Ben Scattergood; that was the universal opinion. Ben was “square,” too,—which in Quebasket vernacular meant honest,—it was safe to trust him with money.

Even Dan Vibbert, who worked in the clothes-pin factory, and supported his mother and little sister, and was as wise and prudent as if he were sixty instead of sixteen, agreed to save ten cents a week from his earnings, if possible, and deposit it in the bank; and he gave Ben, on the spot, fifty

cents which he had saved to buy a blue necktie with red dots.

Dick Malcolm, who was a rich man's son, but who spent all his money on caramels and cornballs, sternly resolved to forego these luxuries, and tried to sell his donkey and cart that he might deposit the proceeds in Ben's bank.

Arthur Wingate, who had saved seven dollars toward buying a bicycle, lent a willing ear to Ben's argument that money which was increasing every day was better than a bicycle which was wearing out; and Tommy Tripp sold his calico colt that he had meant to raise.

There was a great financial excitement in Quebec. Ben came home in the evening and found that the sign, upon which Tobias had worked zealously all the afternoon, had "Quebasket Double-Penny Bank" on it, in dazzling white and yellow letters on a black ground bordered with red lines.

The office equipments were very primitive, and Ben resolved that the bank's first earnings should purchase a desk which was not evolved from a trough, and a safe which would give a dignity to the establishment that was not to be imparted by an old tin coffee-canister and a cake-box.

But the coffee-canister and the cake-box had money in them, and so were more business-like than an empty safe; and with this reflection Ben consoled himself, even when some of the boys—who had no money to deposit—said they "could put their money into tin boxes at home without carryin' it up to Scattergood's ole work-shop."

Of course Ben knew that no one could expect to carry on so ambitious an enterprise without having some troubles; so he was not surprised when his sister Arethusa Ann sold her gold beads to a peddler for twenty-five cents, to put into the bank, and his mother sent him after the peddler in hot haste to get them back at any price, because they had belonged to their grandmother, and Ben had to give the peddler a dollar for them. He was not surprised, but he almost wished he had listened to Tobias, who said girls ought not to be allowed to deposit, because they would want to take their money out the very next day to buy candy or ribbons, or would be fussy and come every day to see if it were safe. But he was glad afterward that he had not listened to Tobias, for some girl-friends brought money and seemed just as sensible about it as the boys, from Mary Jane Pemberly, who had earned seventy-five cents by knitting stockings, to Kitty Malcolm, who was saving up her allowance to buy a Shetland pony with a tail that touched the ground. Kitty had eleven dollars,—she was almost as wealthy as Eliakim Tuesley; and Ben, who believed in women's rights, had some idea of making her one of the

directors. But when he confided this idea to the boys, it was received with scorn and derision, and Ben abandoned it with the patient superiority of one who knows that his opinions are in advance of his age. He decided, soon after, that he would have no directors, but would himself be the sole manager of the institution, and this decision prevented impending hostilities between Eliakim Tuesley and Win Reeder, who intended to deposit fourteen dollars when his uncle came home.

Another trouble was that some of the depositors returned weeping, and demanded their money back, owing to the prejudice of their parents or guardians. But it happened that the larger capitalists had full control of their funds, so this was no serious drawback to the success of the bank. Ben's father seemed to regard the undertaking as sport, and said Ben had better be at work. But Ben thought he would soon be able to show people that his enterprise was something more than play; and that all the little trials incident to its beginning would be forgotten in the glory of its success.

But Ben's strong arguments had aroused such a zeal for saving money and putting it into the bank, that nobody seemed to think of borrowing any to spend.

Ben felt himself under the necessity of affixing to his sign the information that the bank would "loan money on personal property or any good security." He did not like the looks of that notice; it detracted very much from the dignity of the bank; he wished people would understand, without that, how his bank must be managed; and he felt very much annoyed when Uncle Amri Treworgy, as he was driving by, stopped and laughed, and called out:

"Gone into the pawn-broker business, Ben? Where are your three gilt balls?"

Uncle Amri was a queer old fellow, who had amassed a considerable fortune by shrewd investments and speculations. He was called "Uncle" by everybody, and was in reality a great-uncle to Ben; and Ben had thought of asking his advice about the bank. He was glad now that he had not.

But his wounded feelings were soothed by the immediate results of the notice. It was novel and exciting to be able to borrow money! There was a reaction from the severe self-denial that had made the taste of peanuts and taffy an almost forgotten delight to Quebec boys, and some of the depositors were the first borrowers!

There was so great a demand for very small sums that Ben feared the labor of keeping the books would be too great, and he refused to lend any amount smaller than a quarter of a dollar. This caused great dismay among the smaller boys; and

the village confectioner, who had ordered a double quantity of peanuts and corn-balls in view of the unusual demand for them from young capitalists, was now left with the increased supply on his hands.



BEN LISTENS TO UNCLE AMRI'S "LECTURE." (SEE PAGE 851.)

The interest on loans was to be paid weekly, but Ben found it very difficult indeed to make his collections. The boy who borrowed a quarter thought three cents a week very little to pay for the use of it when he borrowed it, but

three cents looked much bigger at the end of the week, and it increased rapidly to very astonishing proportions! At the end of three weeks it was nine cents, and it was often very inconvenient to pay it. And in how much worse condition was the boy who had borrowed a dollar!

Then, too, Ben found it difficult to be sufficiently hard-hearted to take possession of the mortgaged articles. But Tobias counseled firmness, and Ben at length felt obliged to take possession of several pocket-knives, a Guinea hen, a cage of white mice, a silver watch, a backgammon board, and a squirrel. The owners of most of these articles very soon appeared with the interest due and claimed their property, but one of the knives had been broken after it was mortgaged, and the gray squirrel slipped out through a hole in the hen-house, and probably rejoined its family in the woods; and its opinion undoubtedly was that the Quebasket Double-Penny Bank had done some good in the world. But Tobias, with a wrinkled brow and deep misgivings about his "dollar 'n' nineteen cents," charged the knife and the squirrel to the loss account of the bank. The Guinea hen, too, caused embarrassment by laying three eggs while imprisoned in the bank, which John Sylvester, her owner, claimed. And when he threatened to have a lawsuit if they were not returned to him, Ben felt obliged to give them up, because he thought an appeal to law would seriously interfere with the success of the bank. Poor Tobias spent half a day in calculating the profits that might have accrued to the bank from those three Guinea hen's eggs, and he never became reconciled to their loss.

Ben's strict measures produced two results: one was that the interest was paid much more promptly, but the other was that the boys became more shy of borrowing. The novelty had begun to wear off, too, and times were undeniably dull at the bank.

But one morning Quebasket awoke to find its fences and walls, and even its rocks and trees, adorned with flaming posters, which announced that the "Gigantic Royal Hippodrome and Stupendous European and Asiatic Menagerie, applauded by all the Crowned Heads of Europe, Great and Small, and considered by the Czar of Russia the Eighth Wonder of the World," would exhibit at the Stapleton Mills, a neighboring town, the next day. Every Quebasket boy knew very well that those lofty-sounding names meant simply that the circus had come! And the blissful news was shouted from one to another.

"Lively times to-day!" said Ben to Tobias, as they saw the bank-building fairly covered with the beguiling bills. "Crowds of boys will want to borrow money to go to the circus!"

And Ben was right. Before nine o'clock that morning the bank had more calls for money than it had had in any previous day of its existence; and it had queerer things offered for security than ever before (which is saying a great deal), from Billy Plumtre's recipe for educating rabbits, to the Corson boys' discovery of a fox's den in the woods; and Tobias felt obliged to nudge Ben's elbow continually to prevent him from accepting doubtful securities; for Ben was so elated with the renewed demands upon the bank as to be a little reckless. *More* than a little reckless he thought he had been, when, before noon, he discovered that there was only a dollar left in the bank! And just as he made the discovery, Derry Burroughs appeared, and wished to withdraw his deposit of a dollar and a half to take his sister and his cousin to the circus! And although Ben assured him that he would lose his whole quarter's interest by withdrawing the money then, Derry stood firm, and Ben handed him the dollar, making an apology for the half-dollar, though he tried not to reveal that the bank vaults—that is, the coffee-canister and the cake-box—were empty. But Derry was shrewd enough to understand the real state of the case, and it soon became apparent that he had not kept his discovery to himself. The depositors began to come in hot haste, by ones and by twos and by threes, all demanding their money!

Ben turned pale as he realized the awful fact that there was a run on the bank!

He closed and fastened the door against the angry crowd, and spoke to them through the window.

"Your money is all safe, and you shall have it as soon as I can get it," he said.

But this did not pacify them. There were angry growls and hisses, and even a cry of "swindler!" from some of the boys whom Ben had called his friends; and he was cut to the heart.

"You knew just how I was going to manage, and it's all lent on good security," he said.

"You said we could have it back at any time," cried a voice.

"I did n't suppose it would ever be all borrowed, and I did n't suppose you would be mean enough to come after it all at once," said Ben.

"It's our money, and we want it!" shouted a determined voice.

And there stood Mary Jane Pemberly on the edge of the crowd, weeping bitterly; that made Ben feel like a scoundrel.

"I'll do the best I can," said he. "Come here this afternoon at five, and I'll see what can be done towards paying everybody."

The crowd slowly and reluctantly dispersed.

They thought this might be only an excuse to get rid of them, but yet their faith in Ben was not wholly lost.

"I should like to know what you can do at five o'clock more 'n you can now," said Tobias, whose

face was now fairly tied up into a hard knot with anxiety. "You can't get the money."

"But I'm going to try," said Ben. "I'm going to see Uncle Amri."

"You might as well tap an elm-tree for sap as try to get money out of him," said Tobias gloomily.

Ben himself had great doubts of his success. Uncle Amri was noted for being "close-fisted," but he had always been kind to Ben, and seemed to take an interest in him, and



"I HAVE COME FOR MY MONEY."

Ben thought it was worth while to try.

Just as he was setting out, Kitty Malcolm appeared at the bank. She looked very bright and smiling and apparently had heard nothing of the run.

"Perhaps she had come to deposit more money!" thought Ben, with rising hope.

But her first words caused his hope to sink again.

"I have come for my money!—never mind about the interest!" said Kitty. "I am going to have my pony! Uncle Harry is going to add enough to my eleven dollars to buy one that the circus people have for sale. And Dick wants his money, too. I don't like to hurt your feelings, Ben, but Papa says he thinks that banking is hardly a business for boys; he is surprised that you should be in it, and he does n't care to have us have anything to do with it."

Ben thought that was the very worst moment he ever could have in his life.

Kitty's bright face clouded sadly when Ben had to tell her that he could not return her money, but she was very good about it. She said if he could get it that afternoon, it would be just as well as then, and if he could n't—well, some other time would do; "perhaps, after all, the pony might not be as pretty as it was represented to be."

Ben did n't let any grass grow under his feet on the way to Uncle Amri's.

He found the old man sitting on the fence of his back-yard, observing with satisfaction the growth of his mammoth pumpkins, and Ben poured forth the story of his troubles the more impetuously because it was so unpleasant to tell.

"Bank's bu'sted, has it?" said Uncle Amri, with a grim chuckle.

Ben felt that the word was very objectionable, and the chuckle could scarcely be understood to express sympathy; but there was an expression in the keen blue eyes that looked out of Uncle Amri's weather-beaten, baked-apple-like face which emboldened Ben to proffer his request. Uncle Amri's first remarks were not encouraging. He told Ben that if he expected to get his money back in any way from all those borrowers, he was a simpleton; and he entered upon quite a long conversation, in which Ben, leaning shamefacedly against the post of the kitchen steps, had to endure a great many uncomplimentary remarks. But at the close of his "leettle lecture," as Uncle Amri called it, he did lend to his downcast nephew the money he sought, with the agreement that Ben was to work for all that he could not repay in cash. Ben hated farm-work, and he knew that Uncle Amri would exact full measure; but he was so relieved to have the money in his pocket that he thought he should not find it a hardship to work it all out if he had to.

"You 'd better settle up your business and quit it," said Uncle Amri, as Ben left him. "Tradin' in money is risky business, and not fit for boys; and, anyhow, folks that gets or gives more 'n a fair price for anything are apt to come to grief in the long run!"

Ben meditated very seriously over Uncle Amri's advice, and Kitty Malcolm's remark that her father thought "banking was hardly a business for boys," rankled in his mind; but he believed that he should get most, if not all, of the money back, and he *did* want to show people that the bank could go on!

He had not decided what to do when he came in sight of home.

Tobias came limping to meet him.

"What do you think father 's been doing?" he cried. "He 's had Si Gilmore up to fix the new hen-house over into a granary, and he 's moved the hens into the old workshop! He did n't seem

to think the bank was of any consequence! — said he could n't let us have the place for a play house any longer!"

In silence Ben pushed open the door of the late bank. From a corner the cross gander hissed defiance at him, and, perched upon the desk, the pert little bantam rooster crowed shrilly, as if in triumph over the downfall of the great financial scheme.

But, after all, Ben felt a little relief. This was a good reason why the bank should close, and everybody would know it.

"Uncle Amri has lent me enough money to pay every one, Tobias!" he said exultantly, drawing from the desk the books of the firm — an old copy-book and a double slate — and reading the names of the depositors. Tobias drew himself up very erect, and looked very pale.

"Where 's my dollar 'n' nineteen cents?" he said, in an awful voice.

"I declare, Tobe, I forgot you!" exclaimed Ben. "You seemed like one of the firm, you know. But you shall have your money. If it does n't come in all right, I 'll work for Uncle Amri and earn it for you."

Tobias reflected.

"I 'll tell you what, Ben," he said at length. "You get me a dozen of Uncle Amri's white turkeys' eggs, and I 'll call it square. I 've made up my mind to go into the turkey business; it may be risky, but it 's safer than banking, and not so worrying."

The depositors all came and got their money that afternoon, and went away feeling somewhat ashamed of the hard things they had said about Ben.

In the course of time most of the borrowers paid their money, and there was enough interest paid to almost cover the losses occasioned by the few who never paid at all; so Ben had to work only two days and a half for Uncle Amri.

On one of those days, Uncle Amri told Ben that he had still some confidence in his business abilities, and thought of setting him up in business when he was twenty-one. Ben was gratified by this proof of confidence, but he told Uncle Amri that he felt now as if he should prefer "to stick to farming."

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SENATORIAL DECORUM.

OURS is a representative government,—a government which recognizes the rights of all classes of citizens—the rich as well as the poor, the unlearned as well as the learned, the rough and uncouth as well as the polished and refined; and if ignorance is displayed in our legislative halls, it is because an ignorant or thoughtless constituency has exercised its right of representation. If, therefore, you at any time hear of a member who apparently forgets, for a moment, the dignity that is expected of him as an American law-maker, you should blame the particular constituency that elected him, and not reflect upon the intelligence of the general public or the great principles of our government which render such a legislator possible.

In so large a collection of men as the House of Representatives, it is almost inevitable that there will be some members who are of an indiscreet or rash temperament. Scenes of disorder and confusion like those I have described are found in all popular assemblies throughout the civilized world; and in this respect, the House of Representatives compares favorably with the Chamber of Deputies of France, and the House of Commons of Great Britain.

But while I have seen many spirited scenes in the Senate, downright violations of order were of rare occurrence.

There is one great influence that prevents the senators from engaging in frenzied tumults—it is their veneration for the traditions of the Senate. There are many unwritten rules of senatorial courtesy and etiquette, the observance of which tends to preserve the peculiar dignity and exclusiveness of that body; and those rules are guarded by the senators with great care.

The decorum of the Senate was occasionally—in fact, frequently—disturbed by laughter, but I noticed that it was usually a mild, gentlemanly sort of laughter. There was nothing wrong about that, for things occurred which rendered laughter necessary;—it really would have been impolite not to laugh!

But, as a rule, the senators seek to avoid anything in their own deportment that is likely to

create disorder, and they also will not tolerate any acts of outsiders calculated to compromise the decorum and dignity of the Senate. I have often seen the galleries cleared and all the people ejected, simply because some of them had applauded too boisterously the remarks of a senator.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INVESTIGATIONS.

THE members of the House are very jealous of their “dignity.” They are often, as we have seen, careless enough about it themselves; but woe to any other person who may dare to defy their authority!

Not only has Congress the sole authority to make laws and grant supplies for the other departments of the government, but, as a part of its general functions, it has supervising power over the manner in which they perform their duties. It watches carefully all their doings. It is continually calling upon the President (either directly or through his Cabinet officers) for information concerning foreign or domestic affairs, and thus keeps properly informed in regard to our relations with other nations and all the special interests of the country. This surveillance, or watch, is established over all proceedings, both great and small, in which the republic is or may be interested.

When Congress hears of any official misconduct or questionable transaction, affecting our glory or our pockets, it at once institutes an inquiry into the matter. This power of Congressional Inquiry may be exercised by the Senate and the House, either jointly or independently, and, in important matters, special investigating committees are appointed. At about the time when I became a Senate-page, a great investigation was conducted into the career of the notorious “Ku Klux Klan,” and some of the costumes worn by members of that order were introduced in evidence, and remained in the possession of the sergeant-at-arms. These costumes we pages would delightedly don in our night-session pilgrimage, and wander, a silent but awful band, through the corridors and rooms of the Capitol, to the consternation of all visitors. If you have ever seen one of these weird, fantastic outfits, you can imagine the hideous spectacle we presented,—especially when we slid down the banis-

ters of the stone stairway that led down into the cellar, beneath the dome.

There are always Congressional committees at work investigating something or other, and much money is annually consumed in the pursuit of information. Sometimes the committees visit various places to take the testimony of witnesses; and, during the sessions of Congress, the sergeants-at-arms of both bodies, or their deputies, scour the country after unwilling witnesses, and bring them to Washington for examination before the committees.

To enable them to conduct these investigations as thoroughly as possible, these committees are empowered to summon, swear, and examine witnesses, and to require the production of books and papers, and, to this extent, they resemble judicial bodies.

To refuse to testify or produce papers, therefore, is to defy the authority of Congress; and for such a refusal — no matter on what ground it is based — a man summoned as a witness may be punished by a fine of one thousand dollars and imprisonment in a common jail for twelve months. That is the worst that can happen to him !*

But there is one great restriction to be noted. The law-makers cannot inflict the punishment; they must turn the matter over to the United States prosecuting attorney for the District of Columbia, and give the offender a trial by jury in a court. At least, so reads that law.

But while Congress knows very well that it can not try private citizens for misdemeanors, still it has frequently claimed the right to punish obstinate witnesses for "*contempt*" of its authority. And it has actually punished them ! It is like the man of whom we have read. His lawyer called at the jail to see him, and heard his case. "Why, my dear fellow," said the lawyer, "they can't put you in jail for that !" "That may be," said the man, as he peered through the iron bars of his cell, "but — they *have* put me here for it !"

Now, with this explanation, you will better understand the important matter that came up in one of these investigations, and which finally resulted in settling the great question as to the power of Congress to punish for "*contempt*" — a proceeding which, in its very nature, is a judicial and not a legislative act.

A certain citizen of this country owed the Government some money, and a committee of the House of Representatives,† wishing to find out something about his financial condition, made an investigation. They summoned witnesses and questioned them. One of these witnesses, whom, for short, I shall call Mr. Blank, was a real-estate broker, and the committee commanded him to bring

the books of his business for examination. Mr. Blank thought that the committee had no right to inquire into his personal affairs, and he refused to answer its questions or to produce the books. The committee became very indignant, and reported the matter to the House. That body stood by its committee, and ordered its sergeant-at-arms to arrest Mr. Blank, the obstinate witness. The sergeant-at-arms did as he was commanded, and brought Mr. Blank before the bar of the House,



THE PAGES FROLIC IN WEIRD COSTUMES.

like a prisoner of state. The Speaker asked him if he was prepared to answer the questions and produce the books. Then Mr. Blank presented a written statement, giving his reasons for declining to obey the House. But the House was not satisfied with his explanation, and declared that he should be punished as guilty of contempt of its dignity and authority. It therefore ordered the sergeant-at-arms to keep him in custody in the common jail of the District of Columbia until he should notify the House of his readiness to comply with its demands. So he was marched off to prison and put into a cell. As he afterward said, it was not a very luxurious place of abode, but he "had a variety of scenery — toward the north and east were the swamps and marshes of the Potomac; to the south, the work-house, poor-house, and cemetery; and looking toward the west he could

* The least penalty is a fine of \$100 and one month in jail.

† Forty-fourth Congress, first Session, 1876.

see the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol, and occasionally get a glimpse of the Star-Spangled Banner, that grand emblem of the freedom of American citizens — floating from the top of the House of Representatives.”

He had a good time, however, for a while. He regarded himself as a guest of the nation, and he used to order good dinners at the jail, and invite his friends to join him. But the House of Representatives heard of this; its members grew more indignant than ever, and directed that he should not be allowed anything beyond the ordinary prison fare of criminals. This was too much for Mr. Blank. He determined to get out of jail. He applied to the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to protect him. A writ* was issued in his behalf, and he was brought before the court. After a long argument, the Chief-justice of the District decided that his imprisonment by the House of Representatives was an unlawful act, and ordered him to be set free. So after forty-five days of durance vile, Mr. Blank was allowed to return to his fireside and his business.

But the matter did not end there. Mr. Blank considered the action of the House an indignity, and he brought suit in the courts against the sergeant-at-arms, the Speaker, and the members of the House who had instigated the arrest, claiming damages in a large sum.

That case finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was at last decided that the House of Representatives had done wrong. The Court admitted that the House could exercise a few powers somewhat judicial in their nature, *under the express provisions of the Constitution*; but that there is not found in the Constitution of the United States any general power vested in *either House* to punish for “contempt.”

And the decision went further than that. It declared that Congress has no right to inquire into the “private affairs” of a citizen, as it attempted to do, through its investigating committee, in order to find out something about the financial condition of a government debtor; that such an investigation is judicial in its character, not legislative, and therefore belongs to the courts — not to Congress.

The affair produced quite a sensation at the time, and many people thought that the members who instigated this attack on the rights of an American citizen should have been imprisoned instead of Mr. Blank. The Supreme Court, however, said that, — while the sergeant-at-arms was liable to a law-suit for the wrong which he had helped the Congressmen to commit, — *they* (the

members) could not be sued or punished, because of the provision of the Constitution to which I have already referred that exempts Congressmen from responsibility for anything said in debate.

So Mr. Blank's suit for damages to his business and reputation was continued as against the sergeant-at-arms; and after a number of verdicts and a number of arguments by a number of lawyers, a judgment was recently rendered against the sergeant-at-arms, for twenty thousand dollars and the costs of suit. Of course, that officer had simply obeyed the orders of the House in arresting and imprisoning Mr. Blank, and consequently it was supposed by the jury that whatever judgment they rendered against him Congress would appropriate the money for it. That is what every one else “supposed” too. And they were all correct in their conjectures, for, at the last session,† Congress made an appropriation covering the entire judgment and giving some money, besides, to the sergeant-at-arms and his lawyers, for their zeal and trouble in defending the “right” of the House! In all, the appropriation amounted to about thirty thousand dollars, and I presume Mr. Blank and the sergeant-at-arms are now good friends.

But the public treasury has had to pay for a congressional mistake.

CHAPTER XXV.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

IT was not at all strange that, after their sad experience under monarchical rule, the early Americans should have disliked everything that savored of royalty. Not only was this spirit shown in attacks made upon a peculiar courtliness of fashion affected by a portion of society, but it found expression in the Constitution itself. It was distinctly provided that

No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States: ;

and an instance of the popular feeling on this subject and the peculiarities of the two Houses, is presented by the proceedings of the First American Congress.

The question was raised as to what

titles it will be proper to annex to the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States; if any other than those given in the Constitution?

and this matter was deemed of sufficient importance to receive the attention of a special joint committee of both Houses. This committee reported that the President should be addressed as “His

* Writ of *habeas corpus*, a process very important to imprisoned citizens. See Constitution, Art. I., Sec. IX, Cl. 2.

† March, 1885.

; Constitution, Art. I., Sec. IX., Cl. 8.

Excellency." The senators would not agree to the report. A Committee of Conference was then appointed, and reported

That, in the opinion of the committee, it will be proper thus to address the President: "His Highness, the President of the United States of America, and Protector of their liberties."

I think that was high-sounding enough to please the tastes of the senators. But the members of the House would consent to nothing of the kind. They did not believe it essential to the dignity of a free people that their Chief Officer should be laden down with anything more than a simple description of his office. The result of the whole matter is shown in the following resolution, passed by the Senate on the 14th of May, 1789:

From a decent respect for the opinion and practice of civilized nations, whether under monarchical or republican forms of government, whose custom it is to annex titles of respectability to the office of their chief magistrate, and that, on intercourse with foreign nations, a due respect for the majesty of the people of the United States may not be hazarded by an appearance of singularity, the Senate have been induced to be of opinion that it would be proper to annex a respectable title to the office of President of the United States; but the Senate, desirous of preserving harmony with the House of Representatives, where the practice lately observed in presenting an address to the President was without the addition of titles, think it proper, for the present, to act in conformity with the practice of that House.

Therefore: *Resolved*, that the present address be: "To the President of the United States," without addition of title.

That resolution has never been disturbed, and there is no legislative authority for any other address than the one so adopted. That form of address is still observed in the relations between Congress and the President. High-sounding titles are hardly in good taste in a republic.

A somewhat similar dispute arose between the early Senate and House, when the currency measures were discussed, in regard to a design for an impression upon United States coins. The Senate proposed a representation of the President's head, but the House, thinking, no doubt, of the old Roman coins which bore the head of Cæsar,—and perhaps of some European pieces of money,—declared that this idea also inclined toward "royalty," and suggested that a representation of "Liberty" should be adopted. The Senate again conceded the point, and the design proposed by the House was accordingly agreed upon.

But while the action of Congress did not enlarge the title of the Executive, Washington thought that, such as it was, it was entitled to respect. In illustration of this fact, a story is told which, whether authentic or not, is good enough to be repeated. An English officer, it is said, having addressed a communication to our first President

as "George Washington, etc., etc.," Washington informed him that he was "President of the United States of America," and that he wished no "etcetera" after his name. "Oh, well!" exclaimed the officer, carelessly, "etcetera means *everything*." "Yes," rejoined Washington, with quiet firmness, "but it *may* mean *anything*!"

A provision of the Constitution relating to titles also declares that

"No person holding any office of profit or trust under the United States, shall, without the consent of Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign State."*

Frequently foreign potentates have desired to express in various ways their appreciation of the merit or friendly services of naval, military, or civil officers of this country, and Congress has seldom refused to grant the request of the American who has become the object of foreign appreciation. To do otherwise would be rather discourteous to the good-natured monarch or country proposing to do honor to an American citizen.

There are on the Congressional Statute Books many acts granting to American officers named in them the right to accept presents from foreign potentates. Among others, I find one in regard to certain presents from the King of Siam, consisting of "first, a portrait, in frame, of her Royal Highness the Princess of Siam; second, a silver enameled cigar-case; third, a match-box and tray of Siamese work," which, at the time of the passage of the Act, were deposited in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The mention of that Institution reminds me that I should not omit, in this very connection, a reference to the distinguished scientist who, until the time of his death, presided over its affairs. The renown of Professor Joseph Henry is world-wide. The following joint resolution of Congress, approved by President Grant on the 20th of April, 1871, merely illustrates the high esteem in which his memory is held:

JOINT RESOLUTION giving the consent of Congress to Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, to accept the title and regalia of a Commander of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, conferred upon him by the King of Sweden and Norway, Grand Master of said order

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the consent of Congress is hereby given to Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, to accept the title and regalia of a commander of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olaf, conferred upon him for his distinguished scientific service and character by the King of Sweden and Norway, Grand Master of said order.

Of course, private individuals not in the employ of the Government, do not require the "consent" of Congress. It is pleasant to note that genius in

*So intense was the feeling on the subject that, in the year 1810, it was proposed to amend the Constitution, and make it a serious offense for any American to accept a foreign title.

the fields of letters and of science is not overlooked by foreign powers, even if unrecognized at home; and when reading such enactments as the above resolution, we pages used to confess to a presentiment of coming honors for ourselves. Could it be that the King of the Cannibal Islands had never heard of us!

The Constitutional requirement that Congress must give its consent to the acceptance of foreign presents or honors, is an evidence of what foreigners

officials. The people are not disposed to forget that *they* are the real sovereign. The officials are their agents and servants, subordinate not superior to them, and they require that the management of their affairs shall be open to inspection. The citizen from the backwoods of the West, and the citizen from the classic streets of Boston, may wander about the halls of government with equal freedom and impunity. The only restrictions are those of prudence or necessity. An American



AN UNPRETENTIOUS PRESIDENT. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

call our republican simplicity. This spirit of "simplicity" (to adopt that term), as I have said, pervades all our institutions. It allows of no distinctions of rank. It means absolute freedom — equality of rights before the law. I could give you innumerable instances of its workings; but it is sufficiently shown in the "accessibility" of public

should not complain because he is permitted to roam through the vaults of the Treasury only under the escort of a guide. If he wishes to hear the debates of Congress, a seat in the gallery is at his disposal.*

That we find "red tape" and excessive dignities in some of our official circles, I concede; but these

* An exception to this privilege should be noted. On the occasion of the dedication of the Washington monument in February last, the general public were excluded from the services in the House of Representatives, admission to the galleries being given only to the *personal friends* of Congressmen. But this exclusion, so plainly repugnant to the democratic spirit of our institutions, provoked severe condemnation by the press of the country.

are trifles as compared with the tedious formalities and pomp of other lands. Indeed, it is only by such comparison that you can really estimate at their proper worth these features of American equality.

Here we have no long line of servants in livery and soldiers in uniform parading within and without our public buildings. There is not a vestige of an army around the White House, and about the only livery the President sees is that worn by his coachman when driving through the streets of

Washington, in a very ordinary carriage, drawn by two very ordinary horses. I have seen President Grant gazing at the pictures in the Capitol, and sauntering up the Avenue with the crowd, quite unpretentious, and unconcerned—even stopping to inspect the articles in a show-window. And justices of the Supreme Court and Congressmen are as frequently encountered, and are as easy of address as the lads of the city, who, also, when school is out and their labor done, take their daily promenades on that great thoroughfare.

(To be continued.)

LADY GOLDEN-ROD.

BY CARRIE W. BRONSON.

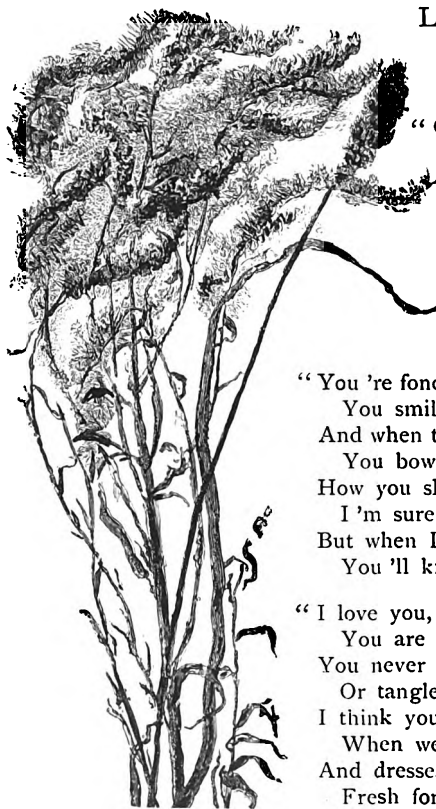
"O PRETTY Lady Golden-Rod,
I'm glad you've come to town!
I saw you standing by the gate,
All in your yellow gown.
No one was with me, and I
thought
You might be lonely, too;
And so I took my card-case
And came to visit you.

"You're fond of company, I know;
You smile so at the sun,
And when the winds go romping past,
You bow to every one.
How you should ever know them all,
I'm sure I can not tell;
But when I come again, I hope
You'll know me just as well.

"I love you, Lady Golden-Rod;
You are so bright and fine;
You never have a rumpled frock,
Or tangled hair like mine.
I think your mamma comes at night,
When we are all away,
And dresses you in green and gold,
Fresh for another day.

"How tall you are, dear Golden-Rod!
You're taller 'most than I;
I can not grow so very fast,
Although I try and try.
Oh, here's Mamma, dear Golden-Rod!
I'll ask her please to stop;
And she shall say which one of us
Comes highest at the top."

The lovely Lady Golden-Rod!
She surely understood;
For when wee Margie turned around,
She bent down all she could,
Until the fluffy yellow heads
Upon a level came,
And Margie's mother, smiling, said:
"Your heights are just the same!"



"OH, HERE 'S MAMMA!"

HOW PAUL CALLED OFF THE DOG.

BY LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

ON the margins of the beautiful winding streams and rivers of France washerwomen may often be seen at their work, presenting, under the leafy shade of the grand old trees, a very picturesque effect. No doubt you have seen pictures of these washing-places. They are furnished with a row of shallow, three-sided boxes, open toward the shore, and with the back resting on posts set in the water. Just below the surface of the water a smooth board slants downward, and the washerwoman, kneeling in the box, holds her piece of washing upon this slanting board with her left hand, while in her right she grasps a kind of paddle, with which she beats the linen, turning it again and again, until with the beating and the force of the running water it becomes entirely clean and white.

One summer day, many years ago, a washerwoman who was too fond a mother to leave her baby in any one else's care, brought it with her, and while at work, placed the child in the box where she was half kneeling, half sitting at her washing, and where she could occasionally bend down to fondle her darling baby. Suddenly, and without any warning, the child sprang from the mother's lap and slipped over the side of the washing-box into the bubbling river. The mother's shriek was echoed by the startled cries of the other washerwomen as the child was borne off by the current; and the poor mother was with difficulty restrained from leaping in after her child. At that moment, some one watching the tiny form perceived a dark object making its way from shore straight toward the drowning baby, still kept afloat by its clothing.

"A dog! it is a dog!" they cried. "See! he is swimming for the baby!"

The few seconds of suspense that followed seemed almost like hours. Then the watchers embraced the agonized mother, with words of cheer.

"He has her by her frock!" they cried. "See how he keeps the darling's head above the water! She is saved; yes, nearly saved!"

For a moment, the strong animal buffeted with the strong current and then struck out bravely,—but for the opposite shore. Then a new fear assailed the watchers, for that opposite shore was solitary and uninhabited; there were reports every season of prowling wolves that were seen there. What if this great creature were no dog, but a ferocious wolf that had saved the child only to devour it? And the dismayed women stepped

before the weeping mother, so that she might not see the other shore.

The four-footed swimmer reached the land; he laid the rescued child on the ground, shook the water from his heavy coat, and then—calmly stretched himself panting and watchful by the silent form.

A cry of relief came from the watchers, and with swift feet they hurried to the ferryman's hut, not far up the stream. They found the old ferryman sitting in his boat, mending a rowlock, and chatting with his nine-year-old grandson, little Paul Dericker, who was on a visit to his grandfather from his home near Peaolo, on the Rhine. As soon as he heard the story, the ferryman untied his boat and quickly landed the excited washerwomen on the opposite bank. First to spring ashore, little Paul darted to the spot where the baby lay, but was speedily back with the information that the child was alive, for he had seen it move its arms and kick up its little feet, but that the dog would not let him come near.

Here was a dilemma. The dog guarded his prize determinedly, rolling a pair of fiery eyeballs and snarling savagely at the intruders when they attempted to approach. In the intervals, he would lick the face and hands of the infant, now cooing contentedly, and would give it the most affectionate attention. But let one of the party advance a step, and it was the signal for him to turn on them and drive them back. No coaxing had the least effect; and when one of the women, remembering a lunch of bread and meat in her pocket, tried to win him with food, he scorned to look at it. Losing patience, the ferryman provided himself with a club, and thought to try what a show of force could do. This merely enraged the dog, who was more than a match even for an armed man. Very much in earnest, then, Paul's grandfather sent the boy to bring from the boat his duck gun, declaring that the dog must be shot.

Away flew Paul, while the women set up such a lamentation because of the necessity of killing the dog that had saved the baby from drowning, that the ferryman made them go some distance away, lest the dog, if only wounded, should spring upon them indiscriminately, at a time when he would have all he could do to defend himself. But the gun, too, was a failure. It was evident the dog understood a gun, but supposed that they intended to shoot the child; for he protected its body

so closely with his own, that to fire at one would be to fire at both. Completely baffled, the old man threw the weapon on the ground.

"Hold! Grandpa!" cried Paul, at his elbow, "I know what I can do!" And the swift feet were off toward the ferry once more.

"He is going to try a lasso on the beast—the way he caught the pig that broke out of the pen yesterday," said grandfather to himself; and then he shouted, but too late to be heard, "Don't take the rope that ties the boat, Paul! Don't let the boat loose!"

The women, waiting in terror for the report of the musket, saw Paul run past, and thought of him no more until three minutes later, when a cry for help attracted their attention, and Paul was seen to fall headlong over the boat's stern into the deep water. As he rose to the surface he grasped the rudder with one hand, but long before help could arrive, his hold slipped and he disappeared. The old man, running as fast as his stiff limbs could carry him, reached the boat at the same time as the women; but he was less frightened than they.

"Why—that chap can swim—like a duck," were his words, as he caught his breath. "He drowning?—I would n't—would n't have believed it!"

"He was frightened by the accident," some one remarked, while the old man worked at a disadvantage in getting off the boat, as he kept his eyes turned on the water.

"There! away yonder! so far down—oh!" came the cries from the shore, as the women, shielding their eyes from the sun with their hands, caught sight of the lad's head and shoulders above the surface, nearly opposite the point where the child had been landed. All felt that he was drowning, but none dared say so to the fond old grandfather. In the same breath Paul gave one last, long, piercing cry, and sank gradually amid the curling waves.

That call had an instant effect. True to his life-saving instincts, the great dog leaped into the river again, and swimming to the boy, drew him, a heavier burden than the baby, slowly ashore at the spot where the baby had lain. But the baby lay there no longer; for its mother, whom the shriek of distress had also aroused, had snatched it up, as the dog left it, and borne it away in joy and triumph. And as soon as Paul was on land, he stood up and hailed the boat, swinging his arms and shouting:

"All right, Grandpa. Carry over the women-folks, and when I'm ready presently, I'll walk across."

He broke into a laugh that startled the echoes, the merriest laugh, those who heard it said, that ever fell on their ears.

"The young rascal," cried his grandfather, gayly, while a tear of gratitude stole down his bronzed cheek, "to frighten and fool us so!"

"But how fine for him to have fooled the dog!" said the women.

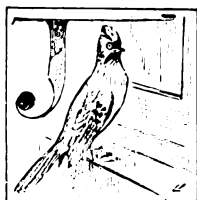
The dog did not appear to take the loss of his former prize to heart, as he had now secured a larger and better. In a little while the boat was seen approaching. Paul stood up on his feet, patting the rather astonished dog upon the head, and the pair trotted along shore to meet the ferryman.

"We were just going to swim across for sport—can't we, Grandpa?" cried Paul.

But his grandfather thought there had been enough of that kind of sport for one day, and so the boy and his new playmate crossed in the boat.

Some hours later a sportsman fully equipped appeared at the ferry, inquiring for a dog answering the description of the one that now, hearing his master's voice, came rushing out of the ferryman's cottage. Both were glad to meet again, and the sportsman, when he had heard the story, expressed his delight that his noble runaway had so well employed his time.

THE JAUNTY JAY.



On my window-sill flirted a jaunty jay;
He chattered awhile, then he flew away.
He chattered a while, as if to say:
"Don't you wish you could live in the day,—in the day?
Don't you wish you were little enough to be gay?
Fly away! Fly away!"
Said the jubilant, jolly, and jaunty jay.

NICKNAMES.

BY HENRY FREDERIC REDDALL.



THERE are, probably very few young people who have not, at one time or another, helped to christen some companion or acquaintance with a nickname.

You single out a peculiarity of person, or a hobby, or a habit, in your friend, and confer on him a nickname that may be absurd, satirical, or honorable and complimentary.

Now, this is exactly what your elders, who, as Dryden says, are only "children of a larger growth," have been doing in every period of the world's history. Nicknames applied in derision or affection hundreds of years ago are yet often heard, and are still full of meaning to us.

Nicknames are coined every day in the year, and I have no doubt that many of you can at once recall some nicknames that have been conferred on eminent men, and have accompanied them into history.

Let us together glance at a few historic nicknames.

Quite a number of eminent men are now familiar to us solely by a nickname that, in course of time, has taken the place of their rightful title. Thus, the proper designation of a painter now known as Guercino was Giovanni Francesco Barbieri. But on account of a defect in his sight, he was nicknamed Guercino; that is, "squint-eyed." One of the wickedest of the Roman emperors received from his soldiers a playful nickname on account of the boots he wore. They called him Caligula, "little boots," and by that title he figures in history. And the painter Tintoretto's baptismal name was Robusti; but his fellow-townsmen dub-

bed him Tintoretto "little dyer," because his father was a dyer, the Italian word for which is *tintore*. Many similar nicknames might be mentioned.

Of sarcastic nicknames there are scores of instances in history and biography. The eminent Doctor Abernethy, of London, wrote a book called "Surgical Observations," and from his invariable habit of advising his patients to read it, he became known as "Doctor My-Book." The brave English Commodore Byron, from the fact that stormy weather nearly always attended him on his voyages, was dubbed by his sailors "Foul-weather Jack"; and still another naval officer, Admiral Vernon, because of his custom of wearing a "Grogam" cloak in bad weather, was called "Old Grog." It was this same Admiral Vernon, by the way, who instituted the custom of serving out a mixture of spirits and water to the seamen of the royal navy, a beverage which they called "grog," in memory of its originator. Talleyrand, the French statesman, who was famed alike for his wit and his sarcasm, was at one time Bishop of Autun, and his many enemies jocularly spoke of him as "His Irreverent Reverence." A similar play on words occurs in the case of Lindley Murray, who has been facetiously called the "Ungrammatical Grammarian."

Several historical characters, because of the vigorous blows they dealt their foes, or on account of the energy with which they fought some real or fancied abuse, have been called "Hammers."

Judas Asmonæus, the Jewish patriot, better known as Judas Maccabæus, was the first to bear this surname. Maccabæus means "the Hammer."

The next personage to win this title was Charles, the great Frankish king, grandfather of Charlemagne, commonly called Charles Martel. Martel signifies "the Hammer;" and he gained the surname, because of the mighty blows he inflicted with his mace on the heads of the Saracen invaders at the battle of Tours. This victory saved Europe from the Mohammedan power.

And in the inscription on the tomb of Edward the First, in Westminster Abbey, he is called "the Hammer of the Scotch," in memory of his many victories over that people. This king in his lifetime was nicknamed "Longshanks."

Thomas Cromwell, the English statesman who flourished in the time of Henry the Eighth, was called the "Hammer of Monasteries." By a curious coincidence his illustrious namesake, Oliver

Cromwell, was, in the next century, nicknamed "the Hammer of Kings."

Military commanders have been the recipients of nicknames more generally than any other class.

The Duke of Wellington—the "Iron Duke"—was invariably alluded to by the troops of the line regiments as Nosey, on account of his enormous nasal feature; and even that stern martinet, Frederic the Great, delighted in the fact that his grim grenadiers called him Old Fritz. The soldiers of Napoleon manifested their regard for their leader by calling him, long after he had outstripped his humble rank, "the Little Corporal"; and Napoleon became the subject of a great many fanciful names and titles, such as: "The Soldier of Democracy"; "Heir of the Republic"; "The Man of Destiny"; "The Nightmare of Europe"; "The Child of the Revolution"; and "The Ogre of Corsica,"—all of which sufficiently explain themselves. The Abbé de Pradt dubbed him "Jupiter Scapin," or "A Scamp Jupiter," in allusion to the strange manner in which nobility and puerility, greed and power, were mingled in his mental make-up. Jupiter was the noblest figure in the old heathen mythology, while "Scapin" signifies cunning and knavery.

Coming to our own land, we find American life largely given to the coining of nicknames for public men. Every boy knows that General Putnam, the revolutionary hero, and General Jackson, the victor at New Orleans in the war of 1812, were called respectively "Old Put" and "Old Hickory,"—the latter having earned his nickname by subsisting unflinchingly on a diet of hickory nuts, to which his troops were at one time reduced during the campaign of 1813. John Randolph, for his haughty manners, was often called "the Lord of Roanoke"; Zachary Taylor was "Old Rough and Ready." Stephen A. Douglas was known as the "Little Giant," and his successful rival, the martyr Lincoln, earned the deserved title of "Honest Abe." And the American soldier is as ready as the European to adopt nicknames for those in authority over him. A recent article by Mr. George F. Williams, published in *The Century Magazine*, and entitled "Lights and Shadows of Army Life," mentions some nicknames of the Civil War. Almost every general of prominence, it says, had a nickname bestowed upon him by his troops. Some of these names were of a sarcastic nature, but usually they indicated the confidence of the men in their leaders or their admiration for them. General Grant was commonly known over the watch-fires in the Army of the Potomac as "Old United States," from the initials of his name; but sometimes he was called "Old Three Stars," that

number of stars on his epaulettes indicating his rank as lieutenant-general. McClellan was endeared to his army as "Little Mac." General Meade, who wore spectacles, was not displeased to learn that the soldiers had named him "Four-eyed George," for he knew it was not intended as a reproach. Burnside, the colonel of the First Rhode Island regiment, rose to the dignity of "Rhody" when he became a general. General Joseph E. Hooker was called "Fighting Joe." Sigel, the German general, was known in the other corps as "Dutchy." General Hancock won the brevet of "Superb," from a remark made by General Meade at Gettysburg, when the Second Corps repulsed a fierce attack upon it. Humphrey, being a distinguished engineer, was invariably styled "Old Mathematics." General Logan, with his long black hair and dark complexion, was "Black Jack" with his men. Sheridan, the cavalry leader, was "Little Phil," and the troops of General Sherman, whose full name is William Tecumseh Sherman—spoke of him as "Uncle Billy" or as "Old Tecumseh." The sterling nature and steadfast purpose of General George H. Thomas earned for him the significant and familiar name of "Old Reliable." The New York City regiments in the Fifth Corps called General Sykes, "Syksey"; and Rosecrans had his name shortened to "Rosey." One General was derisively nicknamed "Old Brains." General Lew Wallace was "Louisa" to the soldiers under his command; he was a great favorite for his fighting qualities, and the soldiers adopted that inappropriate name for want of a better. General Kearny, who had lost an arm in Mexico, was invariably known in the ranks as "One-armed Phil." General Butler was styled "Cockeye," for obvious reasons. General Kilpatrick was nicknamed "Kill," and General Custer was called "Ringlets," on account of his long, flowing curls; and so the catalogue might be prolonged indefinitely.

Among the Confederates, familiar nicknames were not so common as with the Federals. The soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia usually spoke of General Lee as "Bob Lee," and General Thos. J. Jackson will live in history as "Stonewall Jackson."

Finally, the custom of bestowing nicknames has entered even into the religious life of the world.

The famous mediæval scholar, Thomas Aquinas, when a student was called by his mates the Dumb Ox, because of his seeming dullness. His teacher, however, is said to have remarked: "If that ox should begin to bellow, the earth would resound with the noise!" The prediction came true; and in after life, when his talents and attainments spread his fame over all Europe, the offensive nickname was exchanged for such honorable

epithets as "The Eagle of Divines" and "The Angelic Doctor."

Nearly two thousand years ago, there came to the rich, beautiful, and cultured city of Antioch, in Syria, a band of travel-stained strangers, who had fled their houses to escape the clutches of persecuting enemies.

Hardly were these hunted ones settled in the city before they began to teach and to preach; and though of different races, they all delivered the same glad message, and revered the same Name. Numbers of the townsmen forsook their faith in the heathen divinities of Greece and Rome, and followed the heavenly precepts of the new-comers.

The men of Antioch were famed for their ready wit in bestowing appropriate nicknames; even the Emperor Julian was not secure from their jests, and the philosopher Apollonius was driven from the city by the merciless raillery of the inhabitants. It would have been strange, then, if a name had not been found to fling at those of the new belief. So, thoughtlessly enough, and half in ridicule, half in contempt, the volatile populace called the new community "Christians," after Him in whose

name they taught and performed works of mercy. But ere many years passed, the epithet that was at first intended as a term of reproach became a name full of glorious and joyful meaning to the world.

And here is one more instance, showing how powerful for good a mere nickname may become.

In 1739, a few students in the old English university of Oxford formed themselves into a club, pledged themselves to a closer observance of college discipline than had prevailed before that time, and afterward united in works of practical piety and benevolence.

They were the objects of the unsparing ridicule of both students and tutors, and were dubbed in derision "The Holy Club," "Bible Moths," and "Bible Bigots." But what incensed their lawless fellow-students most was their strict attention to the rules laid down by the university authorities; and so, to express their hatred and contempt, they called them "*Methodists*." This name stuck, and the "club" proved to be the germ of one of the greatest religious denominations of modern times.



THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD.*

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.



THE WINTER CAMP IN NORTH HUDSON'S BAY.

SEVENTH PAPER.

WE have spoken of all the games and sports, the troubles and labors of the little ones of far-away Eskimo land, and even chronicled some of the doings of the small boys who had had interesting adventures of their own, and now, I suppose, you might like to hear how we white men lived in the Arctic regions, when with all these Eskimo people and their children, and, especially, how we passed the winter with them.

I have already told you how they built their curious little houses of snow for winter dwellings, and how much they looked like the half of a huge egg-shell resting on the side of a hill covered with snow. Now, in order to make these houses of snow,—*igloos*, as the makers call them,—the snow must be of a certain hardness and texture, so that the blocks—or huge snow-bricks, if you would so call them—will hold together when handling them, and after they are in the walls of the white building. It must have been quite cold so as to freeze the snow into a sort of homogeneous mass, and it must have been packed down by the wind a good deal to make it compact and solid. The first snow of the coming winter does not make good strong snow-blocks for the *igloos*, however

deep it may fall, and from the time there is enough of it, the Eskimo often have to wait three or four weeks before it is fit for building. As it gets too cold in their summer sealskin tents before this time comes, the natives generally build preliminary houses of ice, which, singular as it may seem, are much warmer than the tents, but not as comfortable as the houses of snow. When the ice has formed to about six inches in thickness on some lake close by, they cut out their big slabs of ice for the sides of the house. Imagine an ordinary-sized house-door to be a slab of ice about six inches thick; then take a half-dozen to a dozen of these doors, and place them in a circle, joining them edge to edge, but leaning in slightly, and you will have formed your curious house of ice. Over this circular pen of ice—which you can imitate on a small scale with a circular row of upright dominoes on their ends and joined edge to edge—the summer sealskin tent is lashed across poles for a roof, and the ice-house is complete. By and by, this roof, sagging with snow, may be taken off and a dome of snow put on, which gives more height and consequently more comfort.

In the picture at top of this page, which represents our first winter camp in North Hudson's Bay, the houses of ice-slabs surmounted by a dome

* Copyright, by Frederick Schwatka, 1885.

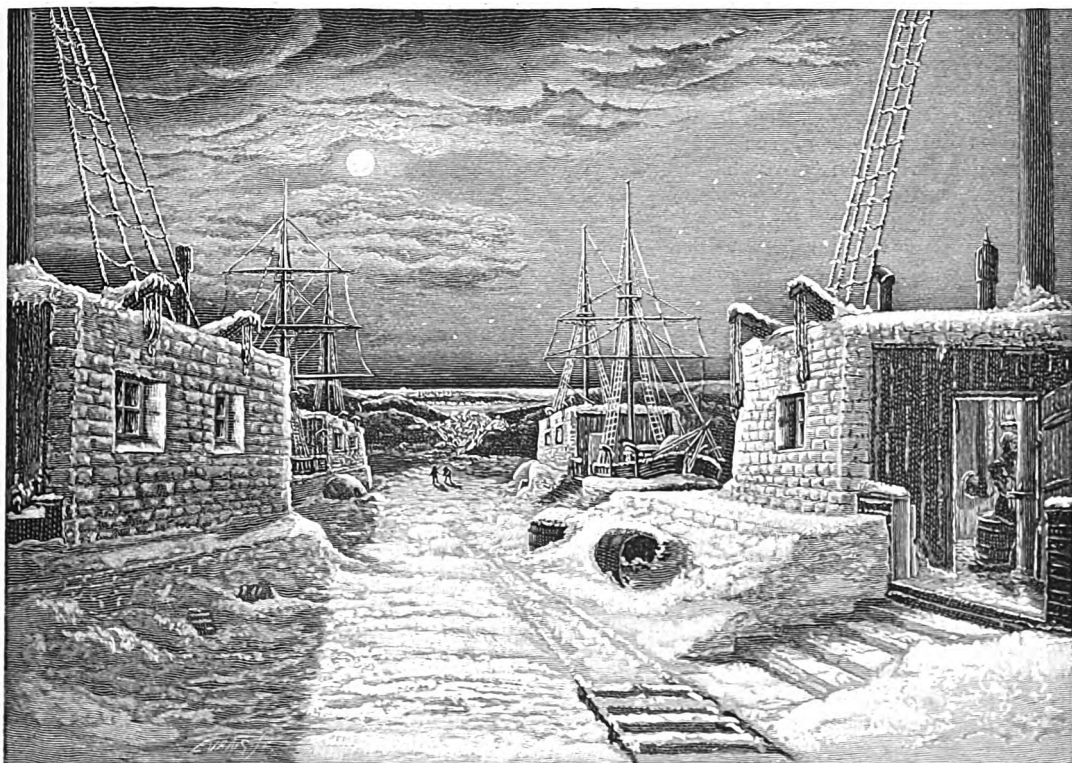
of snow, are shown, and the little circular windows you see are also thin sheets of ice, which let in the light quite as well as our own at home, although not nearly so much light, because they are very much smaller than our windows.

Before these houses get covered inside with the black soot from the burning lamps, and before the snow outside has drifted up level with the roof, a night scene in a village of ice, and especially if the village be a large one and all the lamps be burning brilliantly, is one of the prettiest views a stranger can find in that desolate land. If you could behold a village of cabins suddenly transformed into houses of glass, and filled with burning lamps, it might represent an Eskimo ice-village at night.

As you will see by the picture, we took our sum-

lumps of it from the top of the barrel, and brought it in and put it over the fire, where it soon melted, so that we could use it. One day he left the hatchet on the frozen syrup, and when he needed it a few hours later, it was gone. Its disappearance was a great mystery, as the Eskimo never stole, and could not get into the tent in any case. The mystery, however, was cleared up the next day, when an iron bar with which he had been splintering off some of the frozen mass was left in the barrel, and we found that it sank in the frozen syrup until only the end stuck out. And when we had cut it all out, we found the hatchet below, at the bottom. It seemed as absurd as to leave an axe on a frozen lake and to see it slowly sink through three or four feet of ice to the bottom.

We built no other house for ourselves than this



THE WHALERS' CAMP AT MARBLE ISLAND.

mer tent, and, pitching it right against our house of ice, used it as a storage-room. Here we put our provisions, our barrels of bread and molasses; and one story I must tell you about the latter. When the bitter cold weather came on, and the molasses was frozen as hard as ice, the cook used to get ours in the same way that he would obtain so much ice; that is, he took a hatchet and chopped out

mixture of ice-walls and snow-roof, though all the Eskimo built regular *igloos* of snow as soon as that material was in good condition; and when the bitter days of winter came on they always complained of cold when they came into our house.

The reason why we did not build a warmer house of snow was that we had planned to leave our home in North Hudson's Bay, and to pay a

long visit to some whale-ships that were frozen in a harbor about a hundred miles farther south. There were four of these ships in a safe little harbor jutting into the shore of Marble Island, and the way they prepare themselves for the long Arctic winter is shown in the picture on page 865. In the fall of the year, just before it gets so cold that the ice forms, they huddle together, as you see them in the illustration, and each ship puts down two anchors, one at the bow and one at the stern, and these hold them from striking against the shore or one another until the ice forms around them and freezes them in solidly. Then the anchors and rudders are taken up, and, with lumber which they have brought from home, the whalers build a rude but substantial house over the ship, as you see in the picture. Then they get the Eskimo to build a sort of snow-house or *igloo* over the wooden house again, and, so, with all this covering to protect them, they manage to keep warm and comfortable with very little fire, however cold it may be out-of-doors. Sometimes they put in double windows, the inside ones of glass, as usual, and the outside ones being made of slabs of ice, like the curious windows of the *igloos*. The white men do not live in the temporary houses you see, built on top of the ships, but in the cabin and fore-castle, just as if they were cruising out to sea. The house is simply put over the ship to keep the real places warm, and right well it does its work. This "house," however, is very useful as a place for taking exercise, for ship-carpentering work, and for any small jobs that may be necessary. The

Eskimo also congregate there, especially about meal-time; and the more generous whalers feed them with a little hard sea-bread and weak tea well sweetened with molasses, and for this the natives supply them with reindeer and walrus meat, and build the snow-houses over their ships.

But you must not think that all ships in the Arctic winters fare so well as those I have just described. The whalers visit the polar regions nearly every winter, and know by experience how to be comfortable when there. Where they find whales they almost always find Eskimo, and the natives are of great assistance to them, as I have said. Many explorers, however, push beyond these limits, and we are constantly reading of their useless sufferings while in winter-quarters from not knowing how to properly shield and maintain themselves.

While in the fall, the whalers patiently wait for the ice to form, so as to house themselves in, they do not in the spring wait for the ice to melt before getting to work at catching whales that are sporting on the outside of the still frozen harbors; so they cut a channel, wide enough for the ship, through the ice from the open water to alongside the vessel, and she is then floated out. In the harbor at Marble Island, the channel, through ice five or six feet thick, came up between the four ships where you see the sledge-track in the picture. The work of cutting a channel only half a mile long, occupied three weeks, each crew working six hours, night and day. But, as you probably know already, the night is as light as the day, in the Arctic spring.

THE INVENTOR'S HEAD.

ON the opposite page is a copy of a curious drawing which will interest young folk of a mechanical turn of mind; and it has, moreover, a bit of a story connected with it. Sixty years ago a young draughtsman in Philadelphia, who devoted himself entirely to making drawings to accompany applications for patents, wished for something besides his small sign, to attract the attention of inventors to his office. So he drew a strange combination of the mechanical contrivances of that day, in a form to represent a human head, and gave it the inscription: "The Inventor's Head." This drawing, neatly executed in India ink, the young artist placed in his office win-

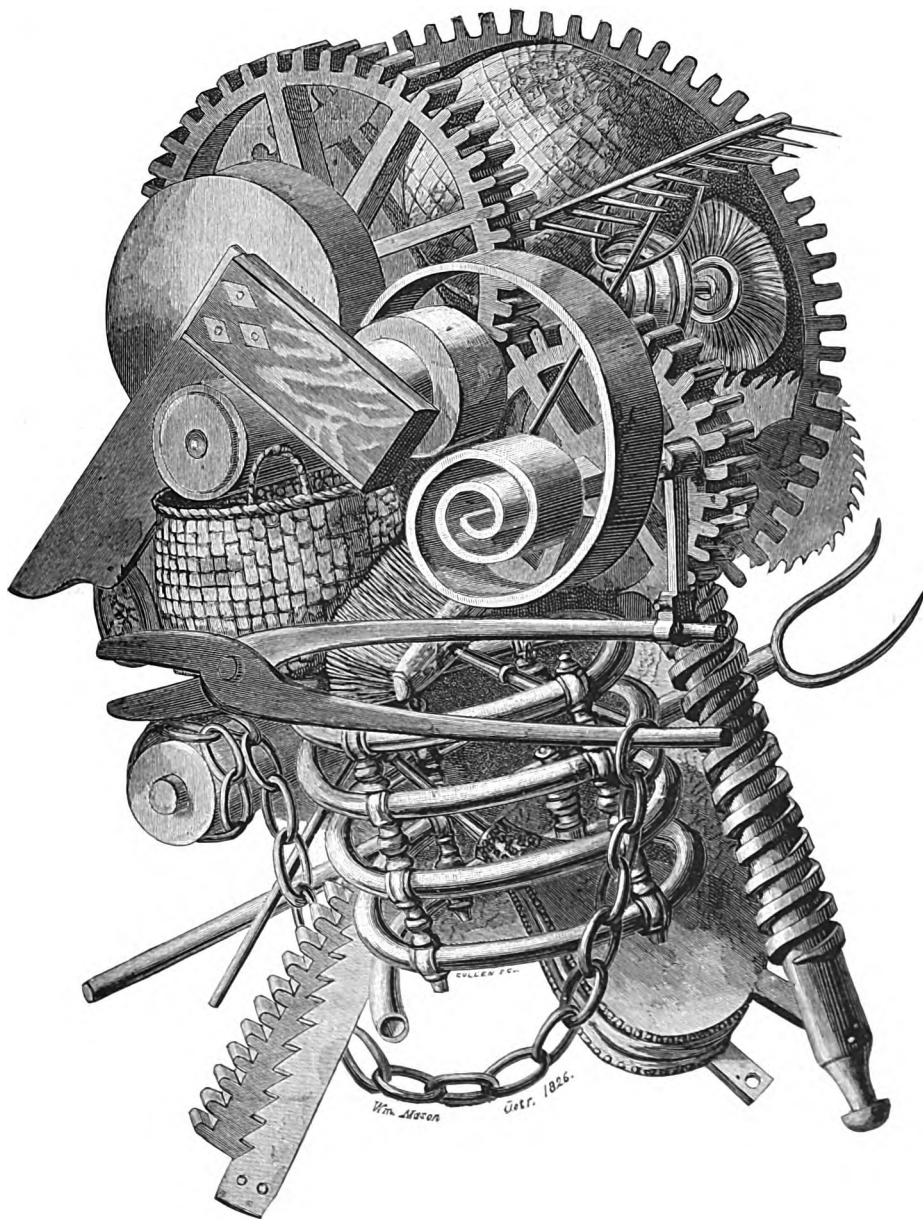
dow, with the words, "Drawings and Specifications for Patents," printed in bold, large letters beneath it.

The figure here shown is an exact copy of the drawing, and the following is a list of the articles that compose the Inventor's Head:

The nose is a carpenter's try-square; the cheek, a basket; the jaw, a blacksmith's tongs; the chin, the end of a shaft; the forehead, a roll, which, working against another in the temple, produces a scroll of iron for the ear; the brain, or knowledge-box, is as old as the world, and so that is, as you see, a globe; the ruffled shirt-bosom is made of a jig-saw and a pinion-rack; the still-worm makes

the neck, and the handles of the rake and fork are the cravat-tie; the bellows are the lungs; the screw is the cue at that time largely worn; brushes, cog-

look at the picture with half-closed eyes, the profile of the head will grow more distinct. Indeed, the "Inventor's Head" proved to be a profitable



teeth, and circular saws represent the hair; and as well as a clever thought in the young draughts-

man, whose name you will see, with the date of the drawing, at the bottom of the picture.



DAISIES.

By D. C. W.

“ *Wich man, poor man, beggar man, sief*—
 Wait till I tell 'ou what 'ou 'll be;—
'Doctor, lawyer, Inzun shief—
 'Ou could n't be *zat* one, don't you see?
'Wich man, poor man, beggar man, sief—
 Are n't 'ou glad it is n't *zat* one?
'Doctor, lawyer, Inzun shief—
 Wait a minute, I 'se almost done.
'Wich man—*zat* 's the lastest one,
 So *zat* it what 'ou 's doing to be.

'Wich man, poor man, beggar man, sief—
 I dess I must see who 'll marry me.—
'Doctor, lawyer, Inzun shief—
 Who do 'ou s'pose it 's going to be?

“ *'Wich man*—why, it tums ze same!
 I does n't see how *zat* can be!—
 O ess, I does—it 's dest as plain,—
 O' course it means *'ou 'll* marry me!”



LITTLE PEEK-A-BOO.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY WADE WHIPPLE.

Moderato.

1. Peek - a - boo! Peek - a - boo!
2. Peek - a - boo! Peek - a - boo!

mf *Fine. p*

Look-ing your way from the door - way, Peek - a - boo! Peek - a - boo! See lit - tle eyes of
Thro' those lash-es eye - light flash-es, Peek - a - boo! Peek - a - boo! Dear lit - tle heart shines

blue, Voice quite like to a chirp - ing bird, Tongue quite tied with a ba - by word,
thro'; Head bobs out, and the head bobs in, Red lips part 'bove a white, white chin,

ritard.

ritard.

a tempo. *ritard.*

Oh! what a white one, and such a bright one! That's my own lit - tle Peek - a - boo!
Then in a twin - kle comes like a tin - kle, That sweet call from my Peek - a - boo!

a tempo. *ritard.* *D. C. at Fine.*



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

PIERRE TYLER, a little nine-year-old boy, sends the answer to your Jack's July riddle, "What is it that bursts its tender covering and springs up, etc.?" He says, "It's fire-crackers!" Those in favor of Pierre's motion please say "Aye!" Contraries, "No!"—

The "Ayes" have it.

Now you shall hear about

MOON RAINBOWS AND ALL SORTS OF THINGS.

OAKLAND, ALAMEDA CO., CAL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: About that lunar rainbow which your friend the farmer described in June, lunar bows are not uncommon here. We often see them when the moon shines and the fog drifts over. The bow is a ring, sometimes white, but oftener showing two, three, or four colors.

But I wish especially to tell you about what we saw two years ago on May-day, in Amador Co. (that's in the Sierra Nevada foot-hills). It had been showery, and about one o'clock, the sun shone out bright, the sky being a deep, dark blue, and we saw three rings, or circular bows, and three sun-dogs. I never saw anything so glorious, and since then no rainbow seems bright enough. We have mirages, too, here, almost every day, in the late summer. Once we saw a schooner in the sky, right over the center of the Golden Gate, and from Grandmamma's ranch in Sacramento Valley, we sometimes see Sacramento lifted up in the air and upside down, and sometimes doubled at that! This is at sunrise or sunset; but on the bay, you see boats in the sky at different hours, and the shores are beautiful cities of the olden time, with towers and castles; and there are streets of gold, too. Then I wish to say that all the humming-birds sing in California. Don't they everywhere? Is n't it because the song is like a faint Chinese tune,

that every one does not recognize it as bird music? They sing on the perch, and it sounds like a distant bag-pipe or Chinese fiddle.

On the ranches around Grandmamma's place, everybody has a reservoir for irrigating. They dig out a foot or two of earth from, say, a half-acre, and use this earth for a bank, then from bored wells about twenty feet deep they pump water with windmills to fill these. In from one to two years, willows, cat-tails, water-grass, and fresh-water clams begin to grow in these ponds. Where do they come from? There were none for miles around till the reservoirs were built, and none are planted. The seeds could be there in the ground, I suppose,—but the clams? Please explain, and oblige,
Yours, R. L. F.

Who *can* explain? and who can explain "Sun-dogs?"

OTHER LUNAR RAINBOWS.

FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

DEAR JACK: I must tell you what I saw several years ago. Some cousins of mine and I were going home from a "singing-school." It was a moonlight night. When we neared a small creek, we saw a heavy white bow across the creek. We called it a fog-bow. It lasted as long as we were near it, which must have been ten minutes. I never heard whether any one else ever saw one there. It was witnessed by three other persons who are now living in the same county where it happened. Yours truly,
LU. N. SUYDAM.

LAWRENCE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I saw in the June number of the ST. NICHOLAS an account of a moon rainbow, and I thought I would write and tell you of one I saw here. It had been a cloudy and rainy afternoon. About nine o'clock I went out on a balcony in the second story, from which we have a beautiful view of the ocean. As I looked toward the east, I saw the moon shining through the clouds, and above it was a beautiful bow. It was of a silvery white, and was visible for a few minutes only, and then it entirely disappeared. It was the only one I had ever seen or heard of.

Truly yours,

ANITA NEILSON.

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

ST. PAUL, MINN., June 6, 1885.

DEAR JACK: I wish to ask your birds a question: Do any of them know what kind of a bug it is that flies around the electric lights? I never saw one until we began to have electric lights here. They are gray, and about an inch and a half long, and they fly around the lights at night. Good-bye, with love to the Little School-ma'am.

I remain, your loving friend,

MAUDE CULLEN.

HOW THE TURTLE WINKS.

RED HOOK.

DEAR JACK: I should like to tell you how a turtle winks, if you do not know already. I observed one to-day, and to my astonishment he raised his under lid instead of lowering the upper one. He also shut one eye and kept the other open, thus giving himself a very comical appearance. Do all tortoises wink upward, or is this only the case with

this species — the common land turtle? Just ask the boys and girls for me, and oblige,
Your constant listener, J. L. S.

A GOOD BOOK.

THE Little School-ma'am wishes me to recommend to all of you who love to read about natural history, a new book which has interested her very much. It is called *Tenants of an Old Farm*, and it is written by Dr. Henry C. McCook; and the Little School-ma'am says you can now find it in almost any bookstore.

So far as I am concerned, I am quite willing you should read this book, provided you read also, with sharp eyes and close attention, the larger volume that Nature spreads before you every day in the year, wherever you may be, and which is newer than the newest, and older than the oldest.



HEMIPTERA HOMOPTERA.

IT 's a serious thing, my children, when Latin things get into bushes and trees, as you 'll learn by these verses, written by Delpino, a friend of ST. NICHOLAS. But fortunately the gardener generally has a little good, strong English at hand, and that saves the plant from further injury. A little mite of a vine grew once close to my pulpit, and enjoyed itself wonderfully for such a midget, until a monster known to the dear Little School-

ma'am and her scientific friends as the *Doryphora decem-lineata* happened to spy it, and that little vine never again cast its sweet speck of a shadow on the grass. Only the day before a pair of fine honest oxen had walked close by the place and my vine just looked at me and winked as they passed. It was so glad it was insignificant! But Latin spares neither great nor small.

"WHAT is it ails my little tree?
It grew so green, and stretched so far
Its waving arms! — But, look and see!
Its leaves now curl unhealthily."
The gardener looked; "It is," said he,
"*Hemiptera homoptera*."

"Ah, yes!" I cried, in haste to speak;
"I see! The boughs all covered are
With tiny ants! Can things so weak
And small such direful mischief wreak?"
"The ants," he said, "but come to seek
"*Hemiptera homoptera*."

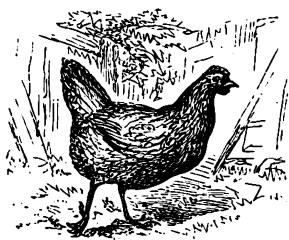
"You speak in mystic phrase!" I cried,
"Then show me where the spoilers are!"
"In the curled leaves they safely bide:
And on the stems there, side by side,
So small they scarcely need to hide,—
"*Hemiptera homoptera*."

"If you would save your little tree,
Some strong soap-suds or gas of tar!"—
"Aha, that 's English! It shall be
Forthcoming," said I: "then we 'll see
What havoc we can make with the
"*Hemiptera homoptera*."

LIT-TLE RED HEN.

(The Good Old Story of "the Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat," told in verse.)

BY EUDORA M. BUMSTEAD.



LIT-TLE RED HEN looked bus-i-ly round

In search of a bit to eat,

Till, hid in the straw and chaff, she found

A plump lit-tle grain of wheat.

"Now, who will plant this wheat?" she cried.

"Not I!" the goose and the duck re-plied;

"Not I!" said the dog and the cat;

"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

"Oh, I will, then!" said Lit-tle Red Hen,

And scratched with her quick lit-tle feet

Till a hole she dug, and cov-ered it snug,

And so she plant-ed the wheat.

Lit-tle Red Hen gave ten-der care,

The rain and the shine came down,

And the wheat grew green and tall and fair,

Then turned to a gold-en brown.

"Now, who will reap this wheat?" she cried.

"Not I!" the goose and the duck re-plied;

"Not I!" said the dog and the cat;

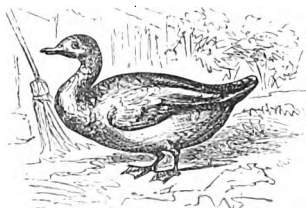
"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

"Oh, I will, then!" said Lit-tle Red Hen;

And, brav-ing the mid-sum-mer heat,

She cut it at will with her trim lit-tle bill,

And so she reaped the wheat.



Lit-tle Red Hen peeped sly-ly about

From her snug lit-tle nest in the hay;

If only that wheat were all threshed out,

And fit to be stored a-way.

"Now, who will thresh this wheat?" she cried.

"Not I!" the goose and the duck re-plied;

"Not I!" said the dog and the cat;

"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.



"Oh, I will, then!" said Lit-tle Red Hen;
And, hav-ing no flail, she beat
With her wings of red on the grain, in-stead,
And so she threshed the wheat.

Lit-tle Red Hen had still no rest,
Al-though she had worked so well;
She thought of the chicks in her snug lit-tle nest
How soon they would peep in the shell.

"Now, who will go to the
mill?" she cried.

"Not I!" the goose and
the duck re-plied;

"Not I!" said the dog and the cat;

"Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.

"Oh, I will, then!" said Lit-tle Red Hen,
And fashioned a sack so neat,

With corn-silk thread and a corn-husk red,
In which she car-ried the wheat.



Lit-tle Red Hen then made some bread
That was white and light and sweet,
And, when it was
done, she smiled,
and said,

"We 'll see who is will-ing to eat.

"Now, who will eat this loaf?" she cried.

"I will!" the goose and the duck re-plied;

"I will!" said the dog and the cat;

"I will!" said the mouse and the rat.

"No doubt!" said the hen, "if you get it!" and then
(How the lazy rogues longed for the treat!)

She clucked to her chicks—she was moth-er of six;
And that was the end of the wheat.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

MANY of our readers will remember a paper which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1884, entitled "An Engraver on Wheels," and which gave an account of Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, a

leading wood-engraver, who often goes about the hills and woods in a little wagon-car, taking views of the country,—for all the world like an old-time photographer, except that he makes his pictures by cutting them into the surface of solid wood-blocks. The article concerning Mr. Kingsley was accompanied by a full-page engraving, entitled "A Winter's Night"; and on page 829 of this number we present another engraving by Mr. Kingsley of a summer landscape, which he calls "A September Day on the Lake." By referring to the paper we have mentioned, our young readers can refresh their memories with regard to Mr. Kingsley's methods of work, and thus better understand the merits of the engraving.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, July 1, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long thought I would write, and tell you how much my brother and I love you, and how long you have been like "best friend" to us. We began taking you in 1875, in far away Wisconsin, and now down here in Southern Texas, among the fragrant Cape Jasmynes and Magnolias. We enjoy and love you more and more each year.

Miss Alcott's stories are my favorites, and I hope she will begin another soon. Houston is called the "Magnolia City," and Galveston, about fifty miles south, is called the "Oleander City," because its streets are lined with beautiful oleander trees. We often go down and enjoy a day on the beach and a dip in the surf. Are any of your readers interested in the military contests now going on? We are very proud of our Houston Light Guard, who took first prize at each interstate drill held at Houston, Mobile, and New Orleans. They are now in Philadelphia, and we hope they may return victorious. We are not a day's ride by rail from Lampasas, spoken of in "Sheep or Silver?" It is now called the Saratoga of the South.

Hoping you will find room for this, I am, your devoted reader,
BELLE T.

A new story by Miss Alcott will appear in either the November or the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps those of your readers who were interested in "A School of Long Ago," will be glad of this bit of information, which I quote from the Hartford *Courant*:

"Fifty years ago school-masters had no clocks or watches, but told the time of day by a mark on the floor, or, if cloudy, guessed at noon." It was also "a common custom to rent stoves out to those who were not able to purchase, the rent being twenty-five cents per month. Dr. Catlin, of Litchfield, had quite a number rented, and we well remember seeing him on his rounds collecting his stove rent."

This was one hundred years later than Christopher Dock lived.
Yours truly, A. B. R.

A GAME OF DOMINO-TEN-PINS.

NEW YORK, June, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Cousin Clara and I want to tell you about a new game we got up one rainy day, not long ago. We were playing in the nursery and grew tired of all our old games, so we thought we would try what fun we could have with Jack's marbles; but we soon found that we could not do anything with regular marbles, so we tried dominoes. But we soon grew tired of them, too; and I suppose if it had not been for mamma's lap-board, we would never have thought of our new game. But the lap-board was leaning against a chair, and as I passed it, I happened to have a marble in my hand and I let it slide down the board, and it knocked over two of the dominoes as it rolled across the floor. This made me think, "Why not play ten-pins with dominoes and marbles?" So we did, and we had real fun at it.

We made up a way of scoring by letting each marble count as many as the dots on the dominoes that it knocked over. I scored thirty-two with one marble, once.

Mamma has a friend who is an artist, and he drew a picture of us playing our domino-ten-pins game. We send it to you, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Please print it.

Your loving readers, CLARA and JOSIE M.

The picture of the girls playing their game appears on page 816 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. I have taken you for almost two years, and like you better and better.

I have a younger sister who likes you very much, too. I think Frank Stockton's stories are real nice; "The Tricycle of the Future" is the best. I liked his last, "Old Pipes and the Dryad," too. I think "His One Fault" is nice, but I do so pity poor Kit; he is always getting into such trouble! The "Brownies" are very funny. I think. When you come, I always rush to see if the Brownies are there, and so does Mamma and my older sister, for they like them, too. We always look for the dude, the policeman, and the one with the Tam o' Shanter. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving little reader, ELLA F.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A DOLL.

BY LOUISA SHAW ALBEE.

(Age 15.)

ONE day I heard my doll Jane telling the story of her life to my doll Daisy. And this is what she said:

"The first thing I remember is living in a toy-store with other dolls. One day Jessie Harlow, a little nine-year-old girl who was walking with her nurse, spied me out and wanted me immediately. So they purchased me, and carried me home to have my clothes made. They named me Jane; why, I do not know; I can not say I admired their taste.

"A few days after my arrival, I heard the children talking very eagerly in the nursery, and I discovered they were going to the sea-shore, and were deciding what toys to take with them. Harry, their brother, advised them not to take me, as I would surely be broken on the rocks; but I was the newest thing they had, and Jessie said I must go in bathing. So I was packed up with some other playthings, and off to the sea-shore we went.

"After we had been there a few days, I was carried down to the beach and taken in bathing; this seemed to please them; and so for several days I was bathed and ducked, till I thought I should freeze.

"There was a grand picnic on an island in the harbor, and I went along. A string was tied around my neck, and all the way I was dragged through the water; this proceeding did not please me at all; but I little knew of the acquaintance I should soon be forced to make with the deep, cold sea.

"They had a splendid time at the picnic. I enjoyed myself, too, but all the while I was dreading the ride home, for I was afraid I should be dragged through the water. However, when the time came for returning, Jessie laid me in her lap, and I began to think my fears were needless.

"Now I am coming to the part of my story that makes me shudder. It was growing dark as they pushed the boat off; it tipped slightly and frightened Jessie, who jumped up, forgetting I was in her lap—and I fell overboard. We were not far from shore, as I knew that I fell but a short distance; but as I struck the bottom, my right arm broke. I could still hear them talking in the boat, though I could not distinguish what was said, and soon they were gone, and I was left alone. After a while I went to sleep. When I awoke I found myself lying on the sand; I suppose the motion of the water had

moved me. I did not take a very gloomy view of my situation; for although I would rather a thousand times have been at home with Jessie, still I thought I might be found in time. I kept wondering if I should ever be on land again. I knew that in time the paint must wear off my face, this troubled me, for I had a very pretty face. Yet, I still kept up a brave heart and awaited my fate.

"Before long, some fish swam up to me, but after looking at me for some time, and concluding that I was not good to eat, they went away. I had one consolation; for the first few days I suffered from cold, but now I did not mind it at all.

"I had lain here about two weeks, when one day I saw coming toward me a queer-looking thing, very beautiful, and with long hair. This, as I afterward learned, was a mermaid. She looked at me curiously for a few minutes, then, stooping down, she picked me up and carried me far out into the sea to her home. This was a strange-looking place, and not a bit like the brick houses in the city. It was all white, with a great many little windows. On the front were lovely red and white decorations; and the interior was still more beautiful.

"On a kind of throne sat an old man with a long white beard, and a crown upon his head. Meriam, the young mermaid girl, swam up to her father and showed him what she had found. He smiled and, examining me, asked if there had been a wreck. Meriam then explained to him how she had found me.

"From that time I became her constant companion, and I was perfectly happy in the water.

"One day she dressed me in a walking-suit, consisting of brown sea-weed trimmed with coral, and an umbrella-shell for a hat. She told me we were going to see an old witch who lived quite a distance from our house. We went a long way, and at last arrived at a horrid little hut. A cross-looking woman was sitting in front of it; she smiled, however, when she saw Meriam. After we had been there a few minutes, the old lady asked her to go out into her garden. While Meriam was gone, the witch quietly slipped me into her pocket. When it was time to go, Meriam discovered that I was not on the table where she had laid me. Then she began to search for me, but, of course, could not find me. She suspected the old witch, yet dared not say anything. When she was gone, the witch drew me out of her pocket, and looked curiously at me, then threw me aside, and I lay unnoticed for several days.

"One afternoon she came in, looking greatly disturbed, and I saw a paper in her hand. She sat down, and calling her little slave boy, she told him that she had stolen a plaything from the Princess, in expectation of receiving a reward on returning it to the palace. But she had received a message from the King that he knew that she had taken it from his daughter, and wanted it immediately. Then turning to the boy, she ordered him to take me away to the shore. He took me up and carried me out. I wondered what good it would do her to send me away, when, suddenly looking up, I saw Meriam approaching us. The boy bowed and put me in his pocket. She talked with him a few minutes, then passed on. Oh, how I longed to ask her to take me back with her! but I could not, and we passed on.

"The boy buried me in the sand, and there I lay, I think it must have been for years. But one day I felt the sand move over my head, and something struck me. I was triumphantly lifted out of the sand by two little girls who were playing there. I was carried to their home, and amused them for some time, when suddenly I was cast aside, and here, I suppose, I shall remain for another age. I do wish I was in the sea again!"

Here I must have fallen asleep, for I can not remember any more of the doll's story. When I awoke next morning, I thought I must have been dreaming; yet, thinking it over, it seemed so real, I can not now believe it was all a dream. As I had left off playing with dolls, I threw Jane into the sea, where she wished to be, in hopes that she would soon find Meriam, and be happy the rest of her life, which I hope she is now enjoying.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have an uncle, who lives a long way from us, and he sends the ST. NICHOLAS to us every year. I like very much to read the letters from your little friends. And I thought I would write you about my father's ranch in Kansas. The ranch is on the south side of the Arkansas, and because there is no bridge, we ford the river. One time, when papa, my cousin and I were going to cross the river, we met a man who was going to cross at the same place with us who had a lot of sheep and lambs, that he was taking across to winter. As he drove the sheep and lambs

into the water, many of the lambs got stuck in the mud because they were too weak to wade.

When papa and Cousin Rob were helping the man with the sheep, I pulled out of the mud fifteen little lambs, and put them into the wagon to let them ride home.

T. B. R.

MAROON, QUEENSLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and four months, and I like you very much, and so does my sister Dolly. I like best the "Spinning-wheel Stories" and Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's, especially "His One Fault." But Dolly likes "Davy and the Goblin" best. This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I am a little Australian girl, living up in the bush, seventy-five miles from Brisbane. Mother likes you very much, too.

I remain your affectionate reader, M. A. M. P.

WE gladly put before our readers this clever verse—sent to us as the composition of a little girl eleven years old:

A maiden and a knight one eve
Were wand'ring through a wood;
Her name was May, and she was fair,
And he was brave and good.
It was the month of love, you know,
The moon shed down her light;
He said, "Oh, what a lovely May!"
She said, "A charming (k)night!"

URSULA S. ARNOLD.

SUISUN, CAL., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you since 1882. Your stories are very interesting and useful, for they show where so many people fail in doing what is right, for if some one laughs at them, they will try to please them instead of doing what they know is right. "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill" shows, if you do what you think is right, you will win in the end; the "Moonraker" shows what comes of reading bad books, and "His One Fault" shows that if you are forgetful you must always get into trouble. I am always impatient for the end of each month to come, so that I can have you to read.

Yours truly, ZAIDE.

LIZA.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

LIZA was a little maid,
Born within the woodland shade,
Where the ferns and lichens grow,
Where the maples bud and blow.
Orange dress, with spots of brown,
Was the maiden's only gown;
Not a wrinkle here nor there,
Not an inch of stuff to spare.

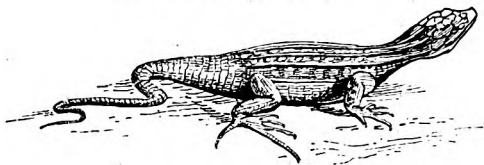
She was happy and content,
Where her early days were spent,
Though her wardrobe's only store
Was the simple gown she wore.
For the woods were her delight,
From the dewy dawn till night,
Where the sunshine seldom strayed
To disturb the peaceful shade.

But one day, alas! alas!
Some rude stranger chanced to pass
By the place where Liza stood
In the shadow of the wood.
He admired, first, her gown—
Orange 't was, with spots of brown—
And declared it was a dress
Suited to her loveliness.

"Christopher!" he loudly swore,
As away the child he bore:
"He who first the nymph describes
Is entitled to the prize!"
All at once the little elf
Seemed of hope and life bereft,
And she felt her skimpy gown
Was not suited to the town.

Pretty house with front of glass,
Dainty dishes for the lass,
Curious looks,—ne'er made amends
For this exile from her friends;

So one day the stranger took
Liza to the very nook
Whence he stole her. Don't you laugh
When you see her photograph!



PARANÁ, ENTRE RIOS, March 22, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have written to you since I began taking you, which was in 1876, and for three or four years I have intended to write to you, to let you know how much I enjoy reading you. I also have had the two first volumes, for they were given to my brother. When we first got you I could only look at the pictures, but each year I loved you more, and now I watch every mail till you come.

I am a long distance from home, which is in Pennsylvania. I am going to the best and largest normal school in the republic, and it has seven hundred and fifty pupils, in which Spanish is the language used, but English and French are taught as accomplishments. The customs of the people here are very different from ours. One of them is to take maté. It is a kind of tea made of an herb of Paraguay. The cup from which it is taken is a small species of gourd, and the maté is drawn through a silver tube. The fashion is to pass it around to the friends who come to call. I think it is horrid. Good-bye. From your loving reader,

E. B. E.

Paraná, Argentine Republic, S. A.

We must thank the following young friends for their pleasant letters: James and Arthur Kingdon, Lily R. B., Florence C. B., Elaina Thayer, "Ethel Rivers," Lottie W., "Bessie Percival," Lily Wells, Christine R., Edith M. Rawson, Tom Sabin, Ada C. C., Helen, Sue Pendleton, Adele Morgenthau, "Abby and Cassy," C. D. Hinkly, "Julius and Vincent," Bertie Robinson, A. Nelson, Daniel K. S., Violet Campbell, Josie L., Annie Smith, C. Ingling, Lucy N. B., Clara W., Rita Morris, F. F. A., Willie H. Powell, Frankie Holland, Mollie Allison, Grace Searles, Bessie M., Alice W. Cogden, Robert L. Raymond, Hortie O., and Anna Brendel.



A WORD TO MINERALOGISTS.

SINCE the organization of the Agassiz Association, one of its most unexpected results has been the marked influence exerted on the methods of instruction and the course of study in many public and private schools. It has been demonstrated that there is a wide-spread desire on the part of the young to acquire a practical knowledge of natural science.

This Association gives great aid to all such persons, but from the nature of the case, the A. A. must operate more in the way of stimulating and encouraging students, and inciting schools to give better scientific instruction, than by actual direct teaching. Probably it would be a very moderate estimate to suppose that the study of plants, insects, and birds has been introduced into more than a hundred institutions during the last five years through the agency of our Society. But in the department of mineralogy the case seems to be different. The desire of learning is quite as strong and general as in any of the other branches, but the number of competent instructors is greatly less. Probably ten teachers feel able to teach the elements of botany from the specimens, for every one who dares attempt practical work in mineralogy. The growing demand for instruction will eventually cause an increase in the number of good teachers; but in the meanwhile, has not our Association, in this branch of study, a very important field for its special work of assistance and encouragement? An enthusiastic mineralogist could easily arrange and conduct through these pages a short course in mineral observation and analysis, sufficiently extended, to awaken through-

out the whole country in the minds of young and old a strong desire and determination to learn about mineral formations, and also to illustrate, for the benefit of all, the right methods of study and of teaching.

The president of the A. A., not being a practical mineralogist, hesitates about preparing such a course himself, and hereby invites any philanthropic specialist in this department, or in its kindred branch, geology, to volunteer to conduct a course of easy lessons in the observation of minerals.

CONCHOLOGY.

Mr. Harry E. Dore, whose generous offer appeared in our latest report, sends this additional word of explanation:

"128 HALL STREET, PORTLAND, OREGON.

"I will return shells sent by competing and non-successful Chapters, provided stamps for such return are sent. Perhaps it will be hard to determine which Chapter was successful, unless the quality as well as the number of specimens is to be considered. I feel that it is just as wrong to collect young and undeveloped shells as for a sportsman to catch three-inch trout. I never take any but adult mollusks, except for study; and with land-shells this is highly important, as the young ones never have perfectly formed lips. Last week, a ramble of three hours, within three miles from my home, repaid me with over forty examples, all living, of five species of land-shells, and one fresh-water species, all found within thirty feet of one another, and each living in a different condition from all the rest.

"*Arianta fidelis*, climbing on the trees; *Zonites arborea*, hidden away under the bark of decayed trees; *Mesodon Columbianus*, living

in moss; and *Macrocyclus Vancouverensis*, in marshy ground near a small brook which contained numbers of *Goniobasis plicifera*.
I am always ready to help the members of the A. A., either individually or collectively."

DRAWING.

The following very practical offer of aid should be generally and thankfully accepted:

26 GREENWOOD STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MR. H. H. BALLARD:

DEAR SIR: I should like to offer my assistance to members of the A. A. who wish to make drawings of such things as they collect.

By making a set of working copies of some insect, flower, or other specimen, in progressive stages from outline to color, I could show them how to make drawings for themselves.

I should only request that a few postage stamps might be sent to pay return postage on the specimens and copies.—E. T. FRITSCH, Designer.

NOTES.

180. *A Snail's eggs*. I have dissected, among other mollusks, a snail that I take to be a *Paludina decisa*. It is about an inch long; aperture dextral operculated; whorls spiral; fresh water; burrows in mud. I was surprised to find inside of its shell, wrapped up in the folds of its flesh, a large number of small shells, only about four times as big as a pin's head.

Now, what I wish to know is, do the eggs of this snail hatch before they are laid? And is it, then, viviparous? Or is it oviparous, like other snails; and if so, how did the small shells get in there?—F. S. Arnold, Poughkeepsie.

181. *Water*. In answer to the question: "Is water a mineral?" I say, it is, since it is an oxide of hydrogen.—Gilbert Van Ingen.

182. *Hoop-snake*. (a) There are hoop-snakes; I have seen several.—Ambrose S. Wight, Milan, Mich.

(b) I have seen only one hoop-snake, but there are many of them both in Tennessee and Kentucky. Two years ago one was killed near our house. A gentleman coming to our home first saw it rolling like a hoop along the lane ahead of him. He killed it, and we brought it to the house and examined it closely. It was three feet long, and half an inch in diameter. Body round and tapering from middle toward both head and tail. At the end of the tail was a sharp little horn shaped something like this >. In this was a poisoned sting. These snakes roll toward an object when angered, and, just before reaching it, unfasten the head and tail, and strike, causing almost instant death. The color is dark, much like a rattlesnake's. I knew of one that rolled and tried to strike a cow. The cow ran out of reach, and the snake struck a small sapling, which afterward died. I am only twelve years old, so I have not described the snake very well; but there is certainly such a thing as a hoop-snake, both my father and his father having seen many of them.—Chesley Alexander, Abilene, Texas.

[In sending such accounts as this, our friends can not be too careful to adhere closely to the facts that have come under their own personal observation. What A. has heard B. say that C. has seen, is generally of little scientific value.

All that Master Alexander seems to have seen, is a snake three feet long, half an inch in diameter, tapering both ways, of a dark color, and tipped at the tail with a sharp, horny point. That this creature was a "hoop-snake," that it "rolled," struck at objects, had a poisoned sting, and was capable of causing instant death to animals and perhaps to trees, may be true, but can not yet be accepted as certain. Now, let us hear from every one who has ever seen a hoop-snake with his own eyes. Let each member who is interested in the question ask his or her acquaintances. Let us gather all the testimony possible.]

CHAPTER REPORTS.

789. *Kioto, Japan*. We now number 21 active members, and one honorary. I am afraid some do not understand that, in order to follow out your suggestion on p. 50, and the 1st condition of correspondence, on p. 65 of the *Handbook of the A. A.*, U. S. stamps must be used in writing to this Chapter, and not postal cards.—C. M. Cady, Sec.

100. *Hartford, Conn.*, (B) Kindly change the address of this Chapter to Box 657. We have had this year, readings from Kingsley's "Madam How and Lady Why," Torrey's "Birds in the Bush," McCook's "Tenants of an Old Farm," and Abbott's "Rambles of a Naturalist about Home." We have egg and insect collections, and some of the children have found salamanders. We belong to the corps of observers of the migrations of birds, and are trying to become familiar with the notes and habits of those of the Connecticut Valley.—C. M. Hewins.

339. *Salt Lake City, (A)* The time for our annual report is at hand, and you have not heard from us since the middle of last October. This negligence has not been owing to a falling off in interest, or to the absence of anything to report; for, with the exception of a few set-backs, this has been our most prosperous year by far.

On November 1, our botanist sent to Professor E. L. French, at Aurora, N. Y., a set of 278 plants, which secured the first of the prizes offered by him in August of last year. About the middle of the same month we purchased a \$150 microscope of the best English make. This has been of very great assistance to us in original investigation, and in the preparation of talks for meetings.

During the winter, the geologist was busily engaged determining, arranging, and cataloguing the specimens contained in his cabinet. This is six feet high, four feet wide, and has five shelves. The entomologist, C. A. Rand, was studying, classifying, and mounting the insects caught during the spring and summer.

The botanist found enough to occupy his attention in analyzing his plants, sorting out and mounting a sample set, and preparing for exchanges. The three other members, Walter H. Nichols, Fred. Browning, and Wesley Browning, were not so steadily occupied in scientific pursuits; for, after the first enthusiasm, their interest in the objects of the Association had been gradually lessening, until, on May 6 of this year, they withdrew from the Chapter. The remaining three kept up the meetings till Mr. Rand went north, prospecting. Then we stopped them, but shall begin again as soon as he returns, early in the fall. We hope to add fresh recruits before long. The season, this spring, was backward, and the flowers did not appear before the middle of April; so the botanist, during March, collected beetles and cocoons for exchanging with a member of the Brooklyn Entomological Society. In the neighborhood of the city there is a moth, *Samia gloveri*, similar to *Cecropia* in size and general markings, and easily mistaken for it by the ordinary observer. The cocoons vary from two to three inches in length, and from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter at the largest portion. The outer coat is coarse and woven of dirty gray and brown threads, closely resembling dried fibers of trees or shrubs. The inner coat is of soft brown silk. On March 24th, on stumpy willows lining the banks of Jordan River, I found 120 good cocoons. Some were five or six feet above the ground, but the majority were among the roots and lower parts of stems, concealed from all but scientific eyes. For the purpose of raising these I made a light frame, three feet by two by one, covered it with mosquito bar, and suspended it in the garret. The top was made so as to be raised or lowered at pleasure. Besides these cocoons, I obtained by exchange those of *Polyphemus*, *Prometha*, *Cecropia*, and *Cynthia* moths. The first *Gloverie* appeared April 29, and the last, May 15; *Cecropia*, from May 13 to June 1; *Cynthia*, from June 18 to July 6; the first *Polyphemus* appeared May 21, and the first *Prometha*, June 24. I have also raised a number of butterflies and moths from the caterpillars. A good cabinet for insects was made by taking a sound dry-goods box, filling cracks with putty and listing, and putting on a tight-fitting door. The boxes, setting-boards, bottles, etc., are laid on a few shelves made for this purpose; and if tobacco, open bottles of benzine, camphor, and disinfecting cones are placed around freely, the dermestids will probably keep away. The cabinet should be hung up a foot or two from the floor. We have found it very helpful and interesting to keep journals of tramps, observations, and captures. By so doing, one learns to write more freely and will observe more closely.

The geologist has in his cabinet some specimens with which members of eastern Chapters are, perhaps, unfamiliar. So-called "hell-fire rock" is a dirty white sandstone, which, when scratched in the dark with a sharp tool, gives out a bright red streak, as a match does when rubbed on a rough surface. Cubic crystals of bisulphuret of iron were found imbedded in schist on Fremont and Carrington Islands, in Great Salt Lake. He devoted some time to egg-collecting, this spring, and has twenty varieties, including those of the Californian gull, white pelican, great blue heron, American coot, yellow-headed blackbird, vireos of different kinds, etc. A five days' trip on the lake in June of this year was very successful. I wish we could tell you more of our walks, and what we see and learn in this interesting region, but have only time to say that my brother has taken sixteen trips already this year, and I have taken thirty-two. I can not tell anything in particular about Mr. Rand, who is in Idaho, except that he has been studying and collecting all his spare time. Reading such books as Agassiz's *Journey in Brazil*, Darwin's *Voyage of a Naturalist*, and Bates's *Naturalist on the River Amazon* and the study of Chadbourne's *Natural Theology* have increased our enthusiasm and taught us how and what to observe.—Very truly yours, Fred. E. Leonard, P. O. Box 265.

EXCHANGES.

A piece of money from Feejee Islands, and eye-stones from Sandwich Islands, for pieces of petrified leaves.—L. Van Ness, 1020 Green street, San Francisco, Cal.

Pressed, unmounted specimens of red variety of *Paucus carota*.—G. van Ingen, St. Carrol street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Pentremites, crinoid stems, and oolitic lime-stone, for asbestos, etc. Write first.—John Durkee, jr., Bowling Green, Ky.

Beetles.—Wm. D. Richardson, Fredericksburg, Va.
Soil from Georgia and New York, *coquina*, and various Florida specimens, for soil from other States, and a star-fish.—Edith C. Holmes, 14 Grover street, Auburn, N. Y.

Insects.—Write first.—Stewart E. White, 2 Waverly Place, Grand Rapids, Mich.

White holly, fossils, or minerals, for minerals.—Selden Smyser, Windsor, Ill. Box 140.

Pale blue and moss agates, for South American and African shells.—Roy Hopping, Elizabeth, N. J.

A magic lantern and outfit, including 12 colored and ground glass slides; also 12 extra fine slides; also a large list of articles, among which are minerals, fossils, curiosities, coins, Chinese curiosities, books, natural history papers, cards, ores, stones, etc.; also many other articles,—for a good microscope and outfit, of high magnifying power; a telescope, or a photographic camera and outfit, or any other optical or scientific instrument. All letters, postals, etc., answered. Please send for list of articles.—Kurt Kleinschmidt, Box 292, Helena, Montana.

Shells, mica, and Chinese nuts, for insects, shells, or minerals.—Morgan Backus, 2119 Buchanan street, San Francisco, Cal.

Minerals, for first-class eggs, with data. Send stamp for list. No postal cards wanted.—W. G. Talmadge, Plymouth, Conn.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
869	Bayonne, N. J. (A)	5..	W. H. Simmons, Box 138.
870	North Adams, Mass. (B) ...	4..	W. W. Darby.
871	Staunton, Va. (A)	4..	A. E. Dabney (Academy).
872	Cleveland, O. (D)	6..	Miss J. C. Haserot, 91 State St.
873	Pamapo, N. J. (A)	6..	G. Foster.
874	Lee, Mass. (A)	12..	Edward C. Bradley, Box 126.
875	New London, Ct. (B)	10..	James N. Sterry.
876	Philadelphia (G1)	5..	Geo. R. Newbold, Chestnut Hill.
877	East Saginaw, Mich. (A) .	6..	Sam. F. Owen, Box 527.
878	Woodbridge, N. J. (A) ...	25..	Miss R. Anna Miller.
879	Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (B) .	12..	A. N. Thurston,
			24 Washington Street.
880	Grand Rapids, Mich. (C) .	4..	Stewart E. White, 2 Waverly Pl.
881	Englewood, N. J. (A)	6..	Miss Nellie Chater, Box 91.

Address all communications for this department to the President,

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

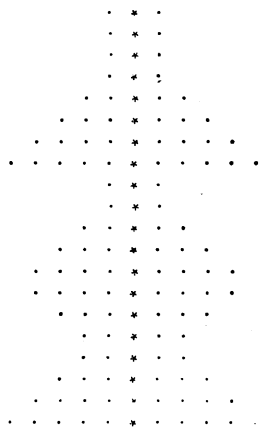
RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A fowl with a white body, and a crest on the head.
2. The material of old ropes untwisted and pulled into loose hemp.
3. The higher of the two kinds of masculine voices. 4. A town of Palestine. 5. A portable chair.

DOWNWARD: 1. In cane. 2. To depart. 3. An animal. 4. Increases. 5. A kingdom of Northern Africa. 6. Manner. 7. A wand. 8. Two-thirds of a small horse. 9. In cane.

"A. P. OWDER, JR."

THE LAMP PUZZLE.



Reading across: 1. A tribe of Indians. 2. Bashful. 3. A beverage. 4. To imitate. 5. Domestic animals. 6. Dividing. 7. Parted. 8. The art of discerning character from the features of the face. 9. A beverage. 10. A cave. 11. Inhuman. 12. A familiar school-study. 13. The science of sound. 14. Relevant. 15. A fence. 16. Forever. 17. To crawl. 18. A boat with two masts. 19. Like a scholar. 20. Inclination. The central letters reading downward, will spell the source from which much oil is obtained.

WALLACE COSGRAVE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-nine letters, and embody in a familiar couplet the same idea that is conveyed in the following quotation from Horace:

"Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem."

My 5-31-20-40 is part of a fork. My 36-24-48-4-11 are garden vegetables. My 18-42-2-22 is to fade. My 30-26-6-37 is a stately

flower. My 45-33-15-8-27-38-17-25-34 is the name of an English poet born in 1714. My 23-29-41-13 is felled. My 43-39-19-47-14 are imitations. My 49-12-32-46-9-28 is the name of a wise and prudent king of Pylas and Messenia. My 35-3-16-44 is to partake of the principal meal in the day. My 21-7-1-10 is an ecclesiastical dignitary.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

REVERSIBLE DIAMONDS.

1. In Podsnap. 2. To imitate. 3. Velocity. 4. A kind of fish. 5. In Podsnap.

REVERSED: 1. In Podsnap. 2. A sheltered place. 3. Seas. 4. Three-fifths of a word meaning a division of the calyx. 5. In Podsnap.

M. C. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials spell the name of a well-known Indian chief; my initials, a word meaning feeble.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Conceited. 2. Arrange. 3. Unjust. 4. That which is hard to bear. 5. Belonging to armor or to the escutcheon of a family. 6. To permit. 7. Disturb. 8. Closeness.

IDA G.

CHARADE.

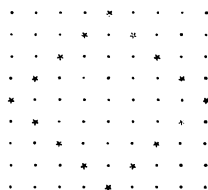
My *first* is heard in mercantile resorts,
And royalty my *second* brings to mind;
My *whole*, a word that 's very often heard,
Yet seldom is pronounced, as you will find.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Violent passion. 2. A tendon. 3. To sigh heavily. 4. To slip away. 5. To restore.

B. T.

INCLOSED DIAMOND.

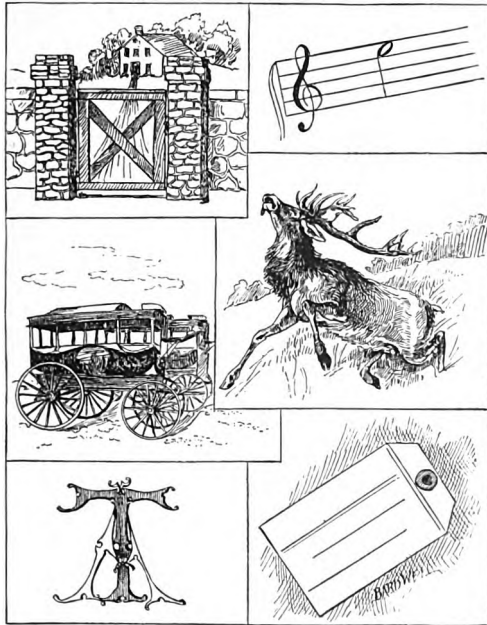


ACROSS: 1. An edifice. 2. Penetrates. 3. Fruitfulness. 4. The sky or heavens. 5. Similar. 6. A council of syndics. 7. A bicarbonate of potash. 8. A tomb. 9. Glittering.

The letters represented by stars will, when properly re-arranged, spell a word meaning according to circumstances.

"SMALL POTATOES."

ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE.



FIND a word of six letters that will rightly describe one of the six objects here pictured. Remove one letter and transpose the remaining letters and the name of another object will be formed, and so on till only a single letter remains.

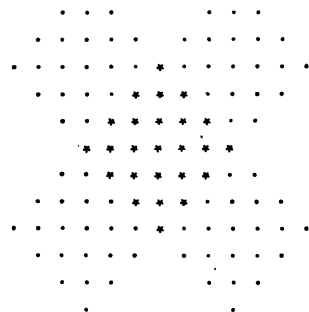
SINGLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters, and the central letters, reading upward, spell what an Irishman said the coast of Ireland was red with.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A scriptural name. 2. A long strip. 3. Snow with a mixture of rain. 4. A glossy fabric. 5. A hollow dish for holding water. 6. Part of the arm. 7. Exhibits. 8. Firm.

MARION W.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. A deep hole. 3. Pertaining to the Carthaginians. 4. The least quantity possible. 5. One who regulates. 6. A dog. 7. In mad.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. Obscure. 3. Valleys. 4. A body of citizens enrolled for military exercise. 5. A measure. 6. The title of a baronet. 7. In mad.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. An engine of war used for battering. 3. Vexes. 4. Bad air. 5. To deserve. 6. To hold a session. 7. In mad.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. The name of Mr. Pickwick's servant. 3. Wise men. 4. A village of Palestine. 5. Farinaceous. 6. Cunning. 7. In mad.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In mad. 2. A number. 3. A province of Austria. 4. Combined with carbonic acid. 5. Famed. 6. Directed. 7. In mad. "ALCIBIADES."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Gold is the dust that blinds all eyes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Waverley Novels; finals, Sir Walter Scott. CROSS-WORDS: 1. WingS. 2. Alibi. 3. VapoR. 4. EndoW. 5. RegmA. 6. Level. 7. EdicT. 8. YaguE. 9. NeveR. 10. OathS. 11. VareC. 12. EratO. 13. Limit. 14. Sport.

DIAMOND IN A HALF-SQUARE. Half-square. Across: 1. no. Dated. 2. oPENed. 3. DEVON. 4. aNON. 5. teN. 6. Ed. 7. d.

BEHEADINGS. Trowbridge. Across: 1. T-aunt. 2. R-over. 3. O-live. 4. W-rath. 5. B-roil. 6. R-hone. 7. I-deal. 8. D-rill. 9. G-lass. 10. E-vent.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. C. 2. Cut. 3. Cured. 4. Curtain. 5. Tease. 6. Die. 7. N. II. 1. M. 2. Pop. 3. Panel. 4. Monitor. 5. Petit. 6. Lot. 7. R.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, codfish. Cross-words: 1. perChes. 2. prOve. 3. oDe. 4. F. 5. kId. 6. roSin. 7. batHers.

WORD-SQUARES. 1. Burns. 2. Union. 3. Rinse. 4. Nosl. 5. Sneer. II. 1. Glass. 2. Light. 3. Agree. 4. Sheer. 5. Stern.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, devolve; 2 to 6, endures; 5 to 6, newness; 1 to 5, diction; 3 to 4, rectify; 4 to 8, younger; 7 to 8, empower; 3 to 7, revolve; 1 to 3, deer; 2 to 4, eddy; 6 to 8, soar; 5 to 7, name.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 3, frontiers; from 4 to 6, toadstool. CROSS-WORDS: 1. raFTer. 2. chROme. 3. grOAns. 4. caNDid. 5. ouTSet. 6. triTon. 7. odEOns. 8. heROic. 9. miSLed.

LETTER PUZZLES. 1. On-ta-rio. 2. Under-t-one-s.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Quotation from Seneca: "He who is his own friend is a friend to all men." Quotation from Shakespeare:

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

ILLUSTRATED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Chin. 2. Honc. 3. Inks. 4. Nest. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Napoleon.

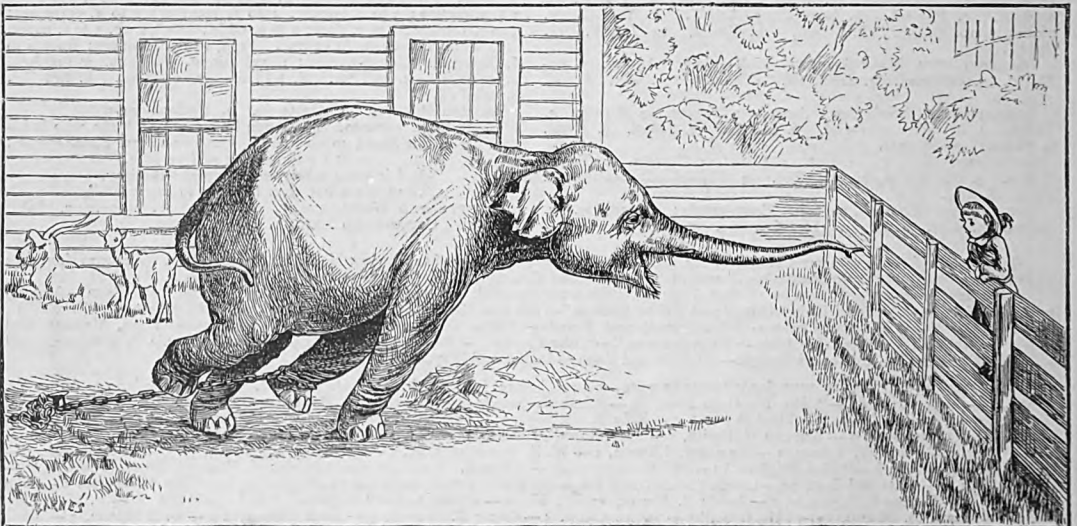
THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before JULY 20, from "Rucaboo Bill" and Papa—Maggie and May Turrill—"Joe and Paddy Crispy and Bobby Shaftoe"—Alice—Maude S.—"Betsy Trotwood"—"Live Oak"—"Eureka"—San Anselmo Valley—John Cutler—Willie Serrell and friends—Willie T. Harris—Mary L. Richardson—"Papa, Mamma, and Jamie"—Ida C. L.—Harry J. Childs—"Mnemosyne"—"The Carters"—Herbert Gaytes—Paul Reese—Mamie P. Hitchcock and Edith L. Hunnewell—Nellie and Reggie—Wallace and Papa—Laurie and May.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before JULY 20, from R. O. Hauld, 3—Lilly Wells, 3—Annie W. North, 1—Arthur Haas, 1—"The Hazelton Four," 5—Elizabeth Saville, 1—Margaret C. Raymond, 11—Maude D. D., 1—Maggie Tulliver, 2—Harrison Allen, 1—Ethel Bennett, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Newton Tebow, 4—J. A. Westervelt Clark, 1—Clara Conover, 7—C. H. Urnston, 6—Blanche H. Smith, 2—"Marmoset," 1—Susie Talbot, 1—Adele Neuburger, 1—Horace R. Parker, 10—Lucy Cross, 7—Jared W. Young, 1—No name, Elberon, 1—W. S. Symington, Jr., 1—Ernestine and Myra, 9—Eddie and Otis, 3—Grace M. McDonald, 2—"The Triplets," 1—W. H. Lamson, 2—Alice R. Douglass, 3—Schuyler E. Day, 2—Beatrice Atkins, 1—Mamie Blun, 2—Sara and Zara, 10—Carrie Speiden and Edith McKeever, 10—S. E. S., 7—Emma C., 1—Clive Newcome, 1—Ellie and Susie, 5—George S. Seymour, 2—Jessie B. Carter, 1—L. H., 9—Brownie, 3—"Mignon," 1—A. J. Wells, 10—E. H. and T. A., 3—Richard D. Marsh, 10—"H. I. S.," 7—James Gillin, 4—Oscar B. Burton, 3—Kate Franklin, 3—G. Timpson, 3—Ethel Daymude, 7—Mamma, Nora and Carrie, 7—J. S. H., 2—Carrie V. Howard, 9—Edna Doughty, 1—Llewellyn Lloyd, 1—"Judith," 10—Mamie L. Mensch, 7—Blanche Powers, 1—"Squirrel" and Leu, 4—"Chingackhook," 4.



PEDLAR: "WELL, WHAT DO *YOU* WANT?—A HIGH COLLAR OR A SHOULDER-BRACE?"



A GREAT BUT MODEST BEGGAR: "GIVE US A PEANUT,—THAT 'S A GOOD FELLOW!"

ST. NICHOLAS.

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WAR WITH THE LITTLE "REDSKINS."

BY J. F. HERRICK.

"SUNSHINE COVE," the summer home of the Shortwells, was a charming spot on the shore of a clear and beautiful little lake. A pretty cottage, nestled in a grove of chestnut, oak, and walnut trees; its broad verandas were shaded by honeysuckles and Virginia creepers; and a bit of green lawn at one side was sprinkled with plots of bright flowers. A picturesque summer-house, perched on a bluff, overlooked the lake, where a flock of white swans were usually at play; a rustic boat-house and bath-house stood on the water's edge; a clump of vines among the trees had been trained to form an arbor; and a winding drive-way through the grove led to the barn and stable. "Sunshine Cove," though within an hour's ride from the city by rail, was surrounded by wooded hills; there were few houses within sight, and the railroad was so far away that no one thought of being annoyed by the whistling of the locomotives that dashed through the valley nearly every hour.

Mr. Shortwell's wife and four children spent their summers at the Cove, while he rode to and from the city daily, and spent in the country as much of his time as he could spare from his business. Next to his family, he thought more of "Sunshine Cove" than of anything else on earth. From the time that he built the cottage and laid out the grounds, he had watched the growth of every shrub and tree on the place with almost affectionate interest. His special delight was an orchard of young pear-trees, many of which had been set out by his own hands. Now, at the end of several

years, they were loaded with fruit; but Mr. Shortwell was not to reap the benefit of his work. As fast as each luscious pear mellowed in the August sun, some unknown enemy bit a hole in its side, stole the seeds and left it to rot on its stem or on the ground. It did not take long to discover that the "redskins," as the red squirrels that swarmed about the place were called, were the mischief-makers.

While the carpenters were at work finishing up the cottage two little red squirrels from the woods on the hills came to make a call, and whisked about in so neighborly and inoffensive a manner that they were encouraged to stay. They were fed and treated so well, indeed, that they forgot to go back to their old home. Their call was prolonged into a visit that lasted through the summer, and in the fall they laid up a hoard of nuts in a hollow oak-tree, and concluded to remain all winter.

The next summer there were four of the little "redskins" to meet the Shortwells when they came from the city, and in after years the increase was much more rapid. The squirrels were cunning little fellows, whisking about with funny antics and bright capers. It was very amusing to see their bushy red tails go bobbing across the lawn and to hear their chatter as they jumped from branch to branch while at play among the trees. But squirrels, like many children, seem to have a certain amount of naughtiness born in them which is bound to come out and make them disagreeable, sometimes. This was true of these "Sunshine Cove redskins,"

and their mischievous pranks, once considered so amusing, soon became unbearable through their frequent repetition. When a pair of the little rascals took possession of a pretty bird-house, pitilessly turning out two modest bluebirds, and filled the miniature dwelling with their own nest, the occurrence was looked upon as an interesting instance of squirrel enterprise. Such enterprise ceased to be entertaining, however, after the squirrels had established themselves in every bird-house on the place and frightened away nearly all the songsters that once made the grove so melodious. The appearance of a bird on the lawn was generally accepted as a challenge by some squirrel, which would dart down a tree and, with a spiteful bark, attack and drive away the feathered visitor. The chattering of the "redskins" was no adequate substitute for the twittering and singing of the birds, and the Shortwells heartily wished the four-legged invaders back in the woods.

The squirrels also caused serious annoyance by stripping the fibrous bark from the rustic cedar fence before the house, the bark making excellent nests for the little thieves. They seemed to know that they were doing wrong when they stole the bark, and never made their marauding excursions boldly, but by sneaking around behind trees and bushes. One day Mrs. Shortwell spied one of the little thieves on the fence in front of the cottage. He was sitting up on his hind legs and had a fine bunch of bark in his mouth; but when a sharp rap on the window showed him that he had been discovered, he dropped on all fours and scampered off at his fastest pace. One end of a piece of cord used in training vines on the fence had been caught in the bark, however, while the other end was fastened to the fence, and before Bunny had run three lengths of his little body, he was brought up with a jerk that made him turn a complete somersault. He recovered himself quickly, looked around with a surprised and mortified air, tugged at the cord till it snapped, and then darted off with his plunder.

About this time, a visit to a rarely used attic chamber showed that the squirrels had been there, too, for nest-making materials. A mattress and several quilts had been torn to pieces, the little rascals having entered by a small hole gnawed through the roof near the chimney. From the attic the squirrels found their way also to other portions of the house. As the cook was finishing her work in the kitchen one evening, she felt a sharp tug at her skirt, and turned around just in time to see a bushy red tail disappearing through the pantry door, which was slightly ajar. An investigation showed that the squirrels had a passage-way from the garret down between the walls

and through a knot-hole into the pantry. A great many forays on the family larder, for which up to that time the rats and mice had been blamed, were in this way accounted for. The squirrels were also guilty of numerous smaller misdeeds, such as waking up the sleepers in the cottage by their gambols on the roof early in the morning and on moonlit nights, stealing the corn that had been stored in the barn for the chickens, and keeping up an incessant and spiteful scolding whenever any one left the cottage for a walk about the grounds. They were evidently trying to follow the example of the Arabian camel, which, being allowed to thrust its nose into its master's tent on a cold night, followed this by its whole head, then by its neck, and finally by its body, thus turning its master out of doors.

Mr. Shortwell, however, determined to keep possession of "Sunshine Cove," and to drive away or exterminate the "redskins." He was far too soft-hearted to go gunning for his former pets, so Quashee and Tab, mousers whom long service in his city warehouse had fitted for the savage work, were imported as executioners. They arrived one evening, and were shut up in the carriage-house for a day or two, till they had become accustomed to their new surroundings. When they were let out, consternation reigned among the squirrels, and also in Mr. Shortwell's breast for a brief period, for Tab, misunderstanding his mission, forayed the first day in a coop of choice chickens. However, a severe whipping corrected the cat's mistake in a measure, and temptation being removed by putting the chickens beyond his reach, Tab confined his attentions strictly to his legitimate game.

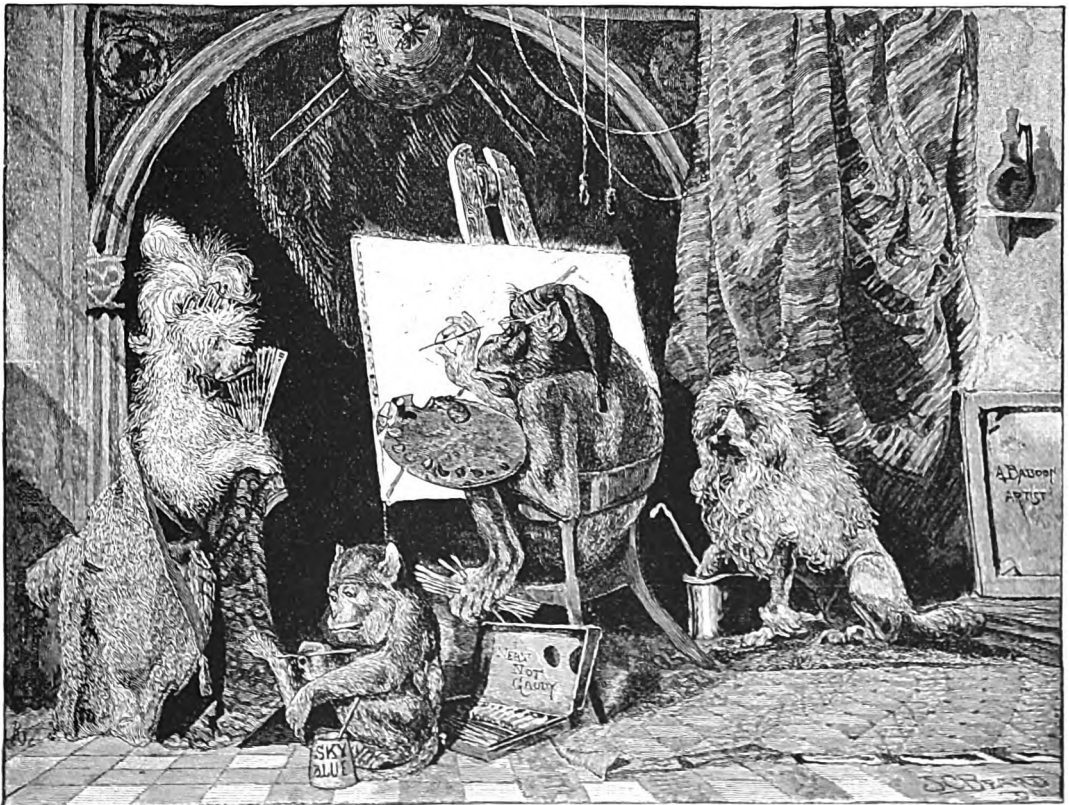
Just at this critical point in the lives of the "redskins," a little incident, in which one of them figured prominently, turned the tide in their favor and saved them from complete destruction. Several days after Tab and Quashee had begun their war on the squirrels, Mrs. Shortwell was sitting near an open window of her room, when she heard a scramble on the piazza-roof, and an agonized squeal. At almost the same moment, a squirrel darted through the window and buried itself in a mass of fancy work in Mrs. Shortwell's lap. The little fellow was not a second too soon, for close behind him in full chase was Quashee, with tail bristling and eyes flashing. Quashee stopped on the window-sill with a low growl of disappointment at the disappearance of his dinner, which had so mysteriously slipped through his claws; and then, wasting no time, jumped back upon the roof to search for other prey. Although startled, Mrs. Shortwell sat perfectly still. In a few moments there was a slight stir among the crewels in her lap, and then all was quiet again. Several more seconds

elapsed, when a pair of bright, scared eyes peeped through the shreds of wool, and a tawny little nose, with nostrils wide open, snuffed the air and suddenly disappeared. Plucking up more courage, the squirrel thrust out its nose again, followed it stealthily by its paws, and then drew its whole body gradually into sight. Its heart beat fast as it sat up on its hind feet, looked around the room and out of the window, and then, apparently satisfied that its enemy had gone, stretched itself at full length on Mrs. Shortwell's lap, as if completely tired out. For several minutes it lay there with its nose between its paws and with its eyes closed, the beating of its heart becoming slower and slower, till it was hardly apparent. Then the little creature aroused itself, gave so long a stretch that it seemed as if its body would be pulled apart, rolled

over, stretched again, and sat up. A pass or two over its face and head completed its toilet, and it hopped to the window-sill, whisked its tail as a good-bye, and departed.

Such an example of an animal's trust would have touched almost any one; and Mrs. Shortwell was so much affected by it that she persuaded her husband to let the war against the "redskins" cease. Many of the squirrels had been killed, and others had gone back to the woods to live; so Quashee and Tab, having grown fat on country fare and air, were returned to the city.

The few squirrels that were left at "Sunshine Cove" had been taught a wholesome lesson. They were so modest and well-behaved that the birds came back to the grove, and all lived together as a happy family.



AN ANIMAL PAINTER.



BY CELIA THAXTER.

"PEGGY!" "Peggy!" Who was calling Peggy? But the question seemed rather to be who was *not* calling her. From the corner by the low window came the grandmother's querulous voice, "Peggy, my dear, come and pick up my stitch! I've dropped a stitch, and my old eyes can't find it," and Peggy turned to her; but before she had straightened the knitting, a little voice rose in a wail from the door-step, where her small brother whittled a boat from a water-worn shingle, "O Peggy, I've cut my finger! Oh, come, Peggy, bring a rag and do it up!" and Mother by the cradle said, "Peggy, do take the baby a minute while I finish mixing the brown bread." Even outside the cottage door Father was saying, "Peggy, dear, bring me a drink of water," as he tinkered his dory close by. She took the baby from her mother's arms and went to the woful brother. "Don't cry, Willy, dear, run to Mother for a rag; wait a minute, please, Father," — and Willy having brought a little strip of cotton, she sat down on the door-step and proceeded to bind the wounded finger while the baby lay cooing on her knees. "Now run, and take some water to Father; there's a good boy," she said, as she wiped the tears away from two cheeks like apples, round and

rosy. And Willy scampered for the dipper, and carried it dripping to his father, and then returned to nestle close to his sister's side. The baby fretted a little, and Peggy gathered it up and laid its pretty head tenderly against her shoulder and crooned to it soft and low:

"There was a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea,
And oh! it was all laden with pretty things for thee!"

till it opened its large wise eyes and gazed out at the glitter and sparkle of the bright day and tried to find its mouth with its thumb in an aimless but contented fashion. "Sing the rest of it, Sister," begged Willy. There was a world of love in the little fellow's gesture as he slipped both hands around Peggy's arm and hugged it tight while she went on:

"There were comfits in the cabin and apples in the hold,
The sails were made of silk and the masts were made of gold;
The four-and-twenty sailors that walked about the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice with chains about their necks;
The captain was a duck with a compass on his back,
And when the ship began to sail, the captain cried, 'quack, quack!'"

"Now sing it all over again!" cried Willy, laying his cheek against the arm he was hugging; "do please sing it all over again!" And laughing, patient Peggy began it again.

There was a porch outside the door, and the shadow of its square roof fell on the wooden step where the children sat. There were vines of flowering-bean and morning-glory trained up at the sides, all blossoming in scarlet clusters and deep blue-bells.

It was a hot, bright July day. Before the cottage, stretched the level beach of purplish-gray, shimmering sand; and beyond it the summer sea, light turquoise blue and calm, lay smiling, streaked with lines of lazy foam from long-spent breakers far away. On a promontory reaching to the east, the large mass of the buildings of a great hotel basked in the heat, its warmly tinted walls and red roofs dimly beautiful in the soft haze of the distance. The pine woods were thick behind the cottage and stretched away to the south; near it a patch of earth was devoted to "garden stuff,"—potatoes, beans, and the like, and beyond this was a flower-garden, so luxuriant and splendid in color that one wondered at seeing it in so poor a place.

Peggy's childish voice was very pleasant to hear as she sang to the children.

Her father and mother had given her the sweet and stately name of Margaret, but her grandmother had adopted its old-fashioned abbreviation of Peggy, and it had grown dear in all ears where she was known. She was a girl of about thirteen, not tall for her age, but slender, with rich, red-gold hair, which was a great cross and affliction to her; for every one who spoke of it did so in a half-pitying way, as if it were to be deprecated at least, if not a thing of which to be thoroughly ashamed. Such vigorous, rebellious hair, too, thronging back from her honest forehead in richly waved, thick locks, which no combing would make straight and smooth. How she envied the sleek, satin sheen of the heads of the few girls she knew! Her eyes were clear and gray, her mouth large, with fine and noble curves and even, white teeth, and her fresh cheek was touched by many salutations of the sun. No one would ever have called her pretty,—the word could not apply to her,—but there was an indescribable air of modesty and sweet intelligence about her which at once attracted and charmed.

The sunshine flickered through the leaves and touched her bright head as she sat with the little ones in the porch. Inside, the mother's swift step went to and fro, about her work; by the open window the grandmother's knitting-needles clicked softly. Outside, there were the sounds of bees and early crickets, a bird's note now and then, the call of a sandpiper, the song of a sparrow, or a cry far aloft in the blue from a wandering gull afloat on white wings, ever the low, far murmuring of the sea, and again and again the dull strokes of the hammer with which the father was mending his boat. As he moved about, it was evident he was lame; a long sickness in the winter had left him "crippled," as his neighbors said, with rheumatism. He had a fine, intelligent face, and had not always lived the life which poverty now forced upon him. His eyes were sad and anxious, he

looked weather-beaten and worn, and his expression enlisted one's sympathies at once. He was fighting a hard fight to keep the wolf from his door; for his lameness made it extremely difficult to go fishing, like the rest of the folk living near. And now, since the attack of illness had exhausted every resource, very slender at the best, he was worn with anxiety for the coming winter's necessities. In summer it was well enough; they could make a shift to live from day to day; but when every force of nature should be marshaled against them in the bitter weather to come, how would they be able to endure it, and fight want away till another spring? He hardly dared to think of it.

Peggy adored her father. She was his chief and best joy in the world. When she saw him so full of care, and heard him with the good and patient mother discussing ways and means of getting bread, when they dreamed not she was listening, she would have given worlds to help them. Her whole mind was full of the problem. What could *she* do? Leave them and go away and try to earn something to help? But they would not listen to it; they could not live without her. She was their courage, their stay, their joy, and cheer, embodied. One winter's day, when her father was at his worst, and she felt as though despair were settling down upon them, she remembered the groups of idle pleasure-seekers she had seen wandering across the sands in summer days, from the great hotel on the Point. "How wonderful must be their lives, with no anxieties like ours!" she thought. As the picture of these loiterers lingered in her imagination, she remembered the flowers they wore, the button-hole bouquets of the men, and the nosegays of the maidens; and like a flash it came to Peggy what she might do. She might have a garden of her own, and sell flowers to these people at the hotel—why not? She would try, at least. She told her mother and father of her thought; but they did not give it much weight at first. Still she was not daunted. With a resolute energy she bent all powers to compass it. First, she chose a piece of ground wherein some former occupant of the place had raised vegetables; it was partly surrounded by a ruinous wall to keep out stray cattle, and was close under the southern windows of their rickety little cottage. There was not much snow upon the ground, and every day she went to the beach and brought basket after basket of kelp, which she spread upon the ground, till by patience and perseverance she had covered it all over. It was not an easy task, and she had driftwood to bring daily from the beach, beside. But she knew how much more hope of success she would have if only she could spread the sea-weed and leave it to impart its nourish-

ment to the sandy soil; and when it was done, she rejoiced in every rain that helped it to decay. The next thing was to get seeds for her garden. And when her father was better, so that she could be spared, she took long walks inland among their widely scattered neighbors to beg of each a few; for every house had its little flower-plot in summer; and the folk were kind and gave her all they could spare,—marigolds, larkspur, sweet peas and mignonette, sunflowers, nasturtiums, pansies and coreopsis—hardy, humble flowers, friendly and swift to grow.

"I'm sure you're welcome to 'em, child," Aunt Sally, the blacksmith's wife, had said, as she put the packet into Peggy's hand; "and I hope ye'll do all you're thinkin' to with 'em; but I calc'late ye have no idea what a job 't is to take care on 'em,"—a fact which Peggy did indeed discover in good time. "If ye'll come up in the spring, I'll give ye a root o' lad's love and lemon-balm; they smell very sweet an' pure, but they don't have any seeds to speak on," the old lady added.

With what anxious joy Peggy watched for the first signs of spring! As soon as the snow was melted, she began to work about her garden plot, every day a little, as long as she could be spared. With her strong young arms she brought stone by stone to the broken wall till she had made it whole again; but it was a work of days and weeks. Then little by little she raked away the kelp. But the most difficult part of the work was to come, to dig up the earth thoroughly—"could she do it?" she wondered! Here came an unexpected help. One day a neighbor with spritsail spread to the breeze, flying past at high tide, came so near that he made out what Peggy was trying to do in her walled inclosure. "Wal, if that don't beat all!" he said to himself; "if there is n't Maxwell's red-haired gal tryin' to dig a garden! Her father's laid up—blest if she has n't spunk!" That night, after supper, he walked down from "his place" and presented himself with a broad spade in his hand. "Why couldn't ye have asked some on us to help ye?" he cried, with rough kindness; and straightway set himself to work with such a will that before dark it was all done, nor would he listen to her thanks as he went off. "I wish ye good luck with your garden!" he said, and so departed, followed by Peggy's gratitude.

There was yet much work to be done, but she could do it all, she knew, and she toiled away with a light heart, till she had raked out every stone and laid the beds all straight and even, and planted every seed; and then she paused to rest. By this time her father was able to creep about a little, for the days were growing long, and he looked at Peggy's handiwork with tears in his eyes. He was

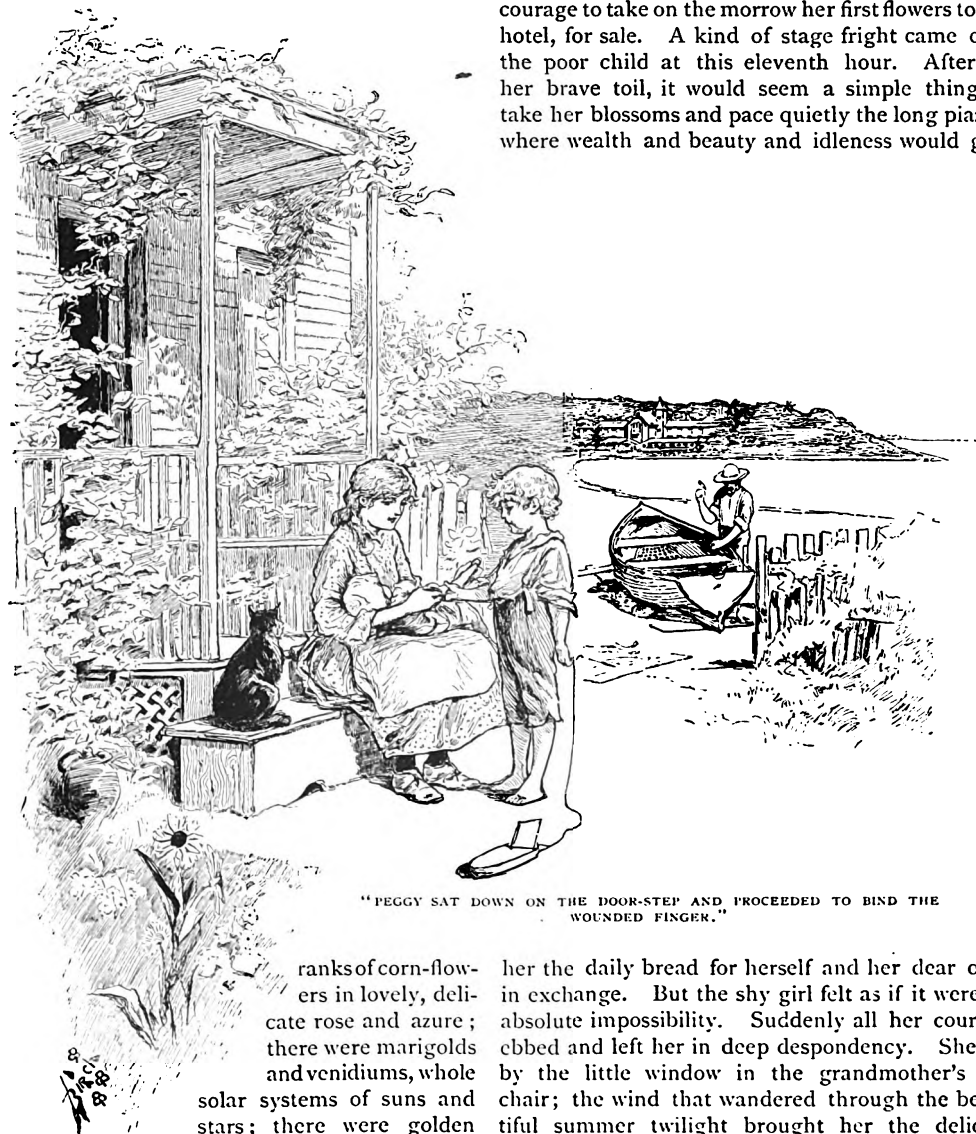
too helpless to do much to the little patch where every year he tried to raise a few vegetables, so Peggy put her young shoulder to that wheel also, and planted the beans and potatoes, and gave them all the care she could. Meantime she rejoiced in the fresh showers which fell to moisten the hidden flower-seeds, and the warm sun which would coax the green leaves from the dark earth. Every turn of weather had a new interest for her, every hour was bright with hope. "I declare," said the grandmother, "it does me good just to see the child; she's brighter than a summer mornin'!" Indeed she was, so full of cheer, so modest, dutiful and patient, the kindest little heart that ever beat in human breast, always ready to help and comfort wherever comfort was needed! Happy girl! Her gentle nature was a key that—all unconsciously to herself—opened for her rich treasures of love that should not fail.

One morning in the last week in May, small Willy came running in, quite breathless. "Peggy, come out and look! The seeds have come up all in a row, like little green so'diers!" And Peggy, with the baby on her arm, followed the delighted little fellow to the garden. It was true, at last; there were rows of corn-flowers and marigolds piercing the soil, the first and strongest of them all. And after them, day after day, came the rest in a swift procession, till it seemed as if a soft green veil were laid over the earth. Then began work indeed, for with the flowers had sprung ten thousand weeds more vigorous than they. But there is no saying truer than that "Where there's a will there's a way," and Peggy, not being able to get away from household cares during the day, would steal the hours from sleep to accomplish her object. It was light enough to see between three and four o'clock in the morning, and many and many a pink dawn found her kneeling on the dewy ground (whereon she had spread a bit of carpet, for she had been taught never to trifle with her health), weeding industriously, till there was not a green thing except the flowers to be seen in the whole place. No sooner were the weeds conquered, however, than they rose again, a second colony,—clover, quitch-grass, purslane, chick-weed, pig-weed, rag-weed and the rest, and when these had been exterminated, then came transplanting, separating the crowded plants, putting sticks and strings along the wall for the vines to climb, and a tiresome, daily system of watering to be carried on, without which the whole attempt would have been a failure. Fortunately there was a fine well near the house, and even little Willy could help, and father could stand and pump for them, and sometimes bring water, too; and so at last the reward of so much toil and care was

before them. The garden was truly a beautiful sight. Over the wall the nasturtiums ran like flame, and the sweet peas climbed, just breaking into white and pink and purple and wonderful scarlet, and the flowering-bean clusters were almost as red as pomegranate blossoms. There were

and fire colors, and the California poppies — cups of flaming gold, — and the pied pansies and crimson flax and pink mallows! Well might the whole family wonder and rejoice over Peggy's garden, and all the neighbors make pilgrimages to see it!

And now at last it was time for the great attempt, and she was trying to summon all her courage to take on the morrow her first flowers to the hotel, for sale. A kind of stage fright came over the poor child at this eleventh hour. After all her brave toil, it would seem a simple thing to take her blossoms and pace quietly the long piazzas where wealth and beauty and idleness would give



"PEGGY SAT DOWN ON THE DOOR-STEP AND PROCEEDED TO BIND THE WOUNDED FINGER."

ranks of corn-flow-
ers in lovely, deli-
cate rose and azure;
there were marigolds
and venidiums, whole
solar systems of suns and
stars; there were golden
summer chrysanthemums

and *Coreopsis coronata* superb to see, and phloxes that were like masses of rich velvet-scarlet, maroon and pink and crimson. There were others to come, asters and zinnias and sunflowers later; but the mignonette had begun, and spikes of larkspur, — burning, brilliant blue — set off the yellow

her the daily bread for herself and her dear ones in exchange. But the shy girl felt as if it were an absolute impossibility. Suddenly all her courage ebbed and left her in deep despondency. She sat by the little window in the grandmother's old chair; the wind that wandered through the beautiful summer twilight brought her the delicate sweet odors from her garden; their sweetness made her heart sink. She turned from the open casement. In the corner, by a dim little lamp, her mother was mending the worn sleeves of her father's coat. Peggy looked at her. How pale and patient she was! The cradle stood near, and her foot sought the rocker and stirred it gently

each time the baby nestled uneasily; in the arm-chair near, her father had fallen asleep, his fine pathetic face faintly touched by the feeble light. His thin hand lay on the arm of the chair. How thin it was, how sad his sleeping face! Not one of them had quite all they needed to eat on that day; and what for to-morrow? Then a feeling of shame at her own cowardice came to Peggy's rescue. What were ten thousand indifferent eyes, what if everybody should laugh at her red hair and mean apparel; if they only would buy her flowers, she would not care—no, she would *not*! She would be deaf, dumb, and blind to everything except her purpose. She left the window and came and stood beside her mother's chair. "Mother, dear, let me finish it for you," she said, trying to take the work out of her hands. But her mother said, "No, Peggy darling, don't mind, I've nearly finished. You'd better go to bed soon, for you'll have to be up very early, you know," and she put her arm around her girl's slender figure and drew her close and laid her tired head against the brave little heart that was beating fast with its struggles and hopes and fears. Her father opened his eyes upon the two,—all unconscious of his gaze. No one knew better than he what was passing in his daughter's mind. But he had no word with which to comfort her; he could only cling to her as her mother was doing, and bless her with all his soul, as she came to give him a good-night kiss.

She climbed to her little nest under the eaves and leaned out to look once more at the summer night. The calm sea mirrored every twinkling star. Here and there a light gleamed from some fishing-schooner anchored and rocking almost imperceptibly on the softly heaving tide. Afar on its lonely promontory stood the dark mass of the great hotel, ablaze and quivering with electric lights, like a living jewel of many facets. So great a hope, so great a fear trembled for her in its glitter and gleam! She was glad she could not hear the band that she knew must be playing for the gay, whirling dancers in the great hall. "I wonder if they all are wearing flowers from the city," she thought, "roses and delicate things so different from mine. I wonder if they will want mine when they see them! Perhaps, perhaps!" she sighed. Little Willy was asleep in the low cot; he half woke as she laid her head on the pillow, and possessed himself of her arm, hugging it again with both his. "Dear Peggy," he said, half asleep, "dear, dear, dear!"

The morning broke calm and clear. It was not four o'clock when she was stealing out in the freshening dawn to her garden-plot. The sky was one great flush of pink, and at the horizon crimson

and gold where the sun approached from the other side, and all the sea reflected the sky.

"Oh!" thought she, "the whole world looks like a rose!" as she pushed the gate and entered the path. How the birds were singing! "O song-sparrow!" she cried to the little brown creature that sat on the wall and poured forth such a strain of joy that it seemed to fill the air with cheer, "are you really so glad as that? I'd like to change places with you!"

"She cut the flowers with swift and dexterous hands and filled her basket heaping full. And now the sun had risen in still magnificence, and touched with golden finger the sails of small fishing-craft, creeping out to the day's work, and the snowy wings of lazy gulls afloat overhead in the perfect blue, and made the bright hair of our Peggy as glorious as the marigolds she was tying into bunches as she sat on the little step with her basket and a spool of thread. Some dim artistic sense led her to mass each color separately; all the scarlet sweet peas she put together. So with the pink and the purple and the white; so with the red poppies, to which she added a few delicate grasses, and with the mignonette; but with the pale-yellow summer chrysanthemums she put a few orange marigolds, and made of their radiant disks a splendid conflagration of color. There were small and large bunches to be tied, and button-hole bouquets; and when all were done she put them into a wooden tub with a few inches of water, and left it in the cool dark of the cellar till she should be ready to take them away. But the slender breakfast was to be helped on and the family started for the day, before she could leave them. The baby, usually so good and quiet, *would* fret; it seemed to be out of sorts. "Poor little girl," Peggy said to herself, "you are hungry; that is the trouble, I know, for you are the best little sister in the world." The grandmother was full of aches and pains this morning, but she said, "I'll keep the baby, Peggy dear; you go and get ready before the sun grows so hot that you'll suffer going across the sands. Here's something to wear on your head, child," and she drew out of her pocket a nicely folded blue handkerchief; "it's better than nothing," she said, "though it's faded and old enough." Poor Peggy! She had no hat at all; the handkerchief was, as grandmother said, better than nothing,—that was all. "Go, now, and walk very slowly, dear," her mother said. She brought a long and broad shallow basket, into which they put the flowers, and over all laid lightly some newspapers, which were tucked carefully in around the edges, to save her treasures from wind and sun. She had but her one gown to wear, a dull, dark-blue cotton print, made in the

simplest fashion, with neither flower nor furbelow. She had no time for such, nor means if she had had time. Her thick, bright locks were plaited into one long, rich braid with the ends left loose, for she had not even a bit of ribbon wherewith to tie it. She knotted the blue kerchief under her chin, kissed them all as if she were bidding the family farewell for a month, and set off with her basket on her arm. Willy cried to go too, but it was too far for his little feet to trudge, or she would gladly have taken him. They watched her from the door till her figure lessened to a mere speck on the sand. How would she return to them,—with failure or success? They hardly dared to think!

Meantime, the little maid kept courageously on her way. The sun was high and hot, but a breath of coolness came from the waves which spilled themselves in long breakers of lazy brine along the edge of the sand. But she hardly noticed the heat, or the cool whispering water; her eyes were fixed on the great building before her, which began to grow more distinct every moment. Windows, doors, chimneys, roofs, gables, columns, gradually disentangled themselves; and she saw knots of people here and there, and a crowd scattered on the long piazza; and before the house on the level green, youths and maidens, gayly clad, were playing tennis, careless of the sun. Like a soldier marching to battle, Peggy walked past these, straight up to one of the three broad flights of steps,—the one at the left-hand entrance. She dared not look about her, for she felt many eyes upon her as she set her basket down on the lower step and took off the protecting newspapers, folding them for future use. She slipped the grandmother's old kerchief off her head, she was so warm, and began to climb the stairs slowly and with sinking heart. Several gentlemen were standing near, and as she passed them, not daring to lift her eyes, she heard them talking; their smooth and polished tones were like a strange language in her ears. "Ah," said one, "what have we here? A flower-girl, upon my word! Come, Willard, here's a subject for you; look at her! she might pose for the goddess Freya." Peggy felt her cheeks grow crimson; though she heard, she did not understand what he said, but moved away as quickly as she dared.

"What superb hair!" said the artist whom the first gentleman had called Willard.

"Magnificent!" returned the other. "But look at her movement, what fine simplicity and freedom; what a carriage of the head! Freya, did I say? Why, she is Freya and Minerva, combined! She has all the sweetness and freshness of the one and the noble dignity of the other. Where

on earth did she come from, I wonder?" and they strolled slowly up the walk, watching her.

Peggy was safely out of ear-shot, and would not have comprehended what was said even had she heard it, but she had an uncomfortable sense of being the subject of comment, and her embarrassment increased every moment. Poor child, she had no "pull-back," no ridiculous high heels in the middle of the soles of her shoes, no fashionable trammels of any kind, and walked as God meant she should, quite unconscious of resembling a goddess of any kind whatever! Her only thought was, "Will some one come and buy my flowers?" but she dared not ask. She stood still at last, with down-dropped eyes and blushing cheeks, feeling all the dreaded eyes upon her and wishing she were a plover, to fly home by the breakers' edge. Suddenly a child's voice at her side said, "Oh, look at the pretty flowers, Mamma! I want some; please buy some for me!" and a lovely lady in black spoke to her gently. Peggy started like a frightened sandpiper, though the lady only said, "How lovely your flowers are, my dear! May I have some? What is the price of this bunch of sweet peas?" and she drew a mass of fragrant scarlet flowers out of the basket, while the little girl who had begged stretched out both hands for them. "Wait a minute, Minnie. How much are they?" she asked of Peggy. "Twenty-five cents," Peggy ventured in answer, and the lady drew the coin from her purse and laid it in Peggy's happy palm. The contact seemed to give her new life, and her eyes grew moist with joy. She sent a swift glance out over the hot coast-line to where she knew her poor little home lay, a mere speck in the melting distance, but oh, how dear it seemed! And her hope grew strong and her fears less, and she held the precious piece of silver tight, lest it should take wings and fly away from her. The child ran dancing off down the long vista of loitering people, holding up its brilliant nosegay, and others drew near, among them the gentleman she had first noticed. Though they did not rudely stare at her, Peggy felt they were attentively observing her, and her red hair and poor gown and clumsy shoes came into her mind with bitter sadness, as a whole bevy of gay young girls approached her, laughing and talking. How wonderful they were, with their hair so nicely arranged, and their lovely dresses in delicate and charming colors, all so fresh and dainty, with ruche and ruffle and coquetry of ribbon and lace! It quite took away poor Peggy's breath. "Don't be afraid, child; we shan't hurt you," said a rather too loud, but seemingly good-natured voice, which jarred on the little flower-girl's ear. She looked up into the face of a tall, black-eyed, black-haired girl, extremely showy, with pink cheeks and

delicately applied, had touched lips and cheeks with a false and hateful brightness? She only realized that something dreadful was the matter with the young countenance, and that she would never care to look at it again.

"O girls!" cried this young person, "did you ever see anything so 'cute'?"

Now Peggy had never been to school, as had these charming young women; her father had taught her all he knew; but she could read and write, and knew enough of the English tongue to be assured of the fact that by no possible hallucination of the human imagination could her flowers be called "cute." The divine fitness of things was outraged by the word. Yet all the young ladies agreed that they were "cute," especially the little button-hole bouquets; those were "*perfectly* cute." Peggy looked up suddenly and caught the eye of the gentleman whom she had first heard speak; there was a comical gleam in his expression, as if he appreciated her wonder and perplexity. At that moment a tall young man sauntered toward them, dressed in the height of fashion and with an air of languid vacuity quite distressing to behold. The pearl-powdered young lady slipped around behind Peggy, saying in a half whisper, "Oh, dear, girls! there he comes again! He's been buzzing me all the morning! Really, I must get rid of him; I can't endure it any longer!" Totally bewildered, Peggy thought, "Is the gentleman a bumble-bee, that he has been 'buzzing'?" Without knowing exactly why, her whole soul revolted at the offenses against the "pure well of English undefiled" which were whispered across her basket; and soon this brilliant young person seemed odious to her. But the fashionable damsel was enthusiastic over the yellow and flame-colored flowers which Peggy held, and at once bought four bunches, putting a whole dollar into Peggy's hand. She knew they would be becoming to her "style," she said, and loosening their stems as she stood in the center of the group of girls, she spread the blossoms apart a little, and proceeded to pin them on with some long pins she took from her belt, against her black dress, till from zone to shoulder she was a mass of flowers. "There," she cried, at last, "Is n't that stunning!"

Certainly it was sufficiently brilliant and striking, "but oh," thought Peggy, "how ugly! One might as well make a door-mat of flowers." She could not bear to look at her marigolds with their heads crushed together in a solid mass; it seemed to her a wrong to the flowers and a discredit to the person who wore them; but she had to see it universally done the whole summer, for it was the "fashion"; and that was enough. No matter what sin against taste it involved, it was the "style" and

therefore the greater portion of the world would follow it, however ugly or absurd.

But now the contents of Peggy's basket began to disappear with surprising rapidity, faster and faster, till more than half her nosegays were sold, and she was quite breathless with joy. Nothing had ever looked so beautiful to her as the coins of silver she held in her hand, which soon grew too small to hold them all! They meant bread for her hungry dear ones; they meant joy for that little home saddened by poverty. She cared no more what people said, what they thought; she was sure of success for to-day; she held already help for to-morrow in her delighted hands.

"May I have this pansy for my button-hole?" said a fine deep voice at her ear.

She started and turned and gave the speaker the last little bunch she had left; it was Mr. Willard. He put the flowers in their place and took from the basket two bunches of white sweet peas and slipped the money into her hand.

"Tell me," he said, very gently, "who taught you to put the colors in masses like these? Why do you do it?"

"I don't know," she answered; "they are prettier so," and she shyly proceeded to re-arrange the nosegays she had left.

"Why do you put grass with the poppies?" he asked. "Did any one tell you to do it?"

"No," she said; "but don't you think they belong together?"

"Yes, they do," he said; "but who told you so?"

"No one—they told me, themselves," she answered, smiling a little.

"Fortunate child!" he said; "they don't tell every one, though it's an open secret."

He was moving away, with his hands full of sweet peas, when he seemed to remember something, and came back.

"Will you come with me," he said, "and bring your basket to a lady who is not strong enough to come so far down the piazza?"

Peggy followed silently, and in a sheltered corner, shaded carefully from the sun, she found one of the loveliest sights she had ever seen. A lady, sixty years old perhaps, was lying back in a reclining chair, and about her several people sat quietly chatting. The lady's face was as fair as lilies, with eyes clear, and undimmed by her sixty years. Her smile was sweeter than any smile Peggy had ever seen. Her hair was like silvered snow over her calm forehead, and she wore above this shining hair a little cap of lace as delicate as if woven of cobwebs and hoar-frost with a bit of white satin ribbon like a moon-beam folded on the top. "She is beautiful as my white sweet peas," thought

Peggy, as Mr. Willard put the flowers into her lovely hands; "they just suit her."

"I've brought you some posies, Mrs. Burton, as you see," said her friend; "and here is the little girl who knows all about them."

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried, Mrs. Burton, in a delightful, sympathetic voice; "a thousand thanks! And," turning to Peggy, "you brought them, my dear?" "Come nearer and let me see what else you have. Why, these are wonderful! Look at them, my daughter," she said to a sweet young girl who sat close beside her. "Why, Nelly, did you ever see anything like them! What color, what Oriental splendor! Where did you get them? tell me, my child! I must have them all, every one; let me see, here are eight bouquets, five large and three smaller; twenty-five cents, did you say? Here it is; just two dollars. What is it—these small bunches only ten? Oh, never mind, I'm sure they're worth quite as much as the large ones. There, Nelly dear, that's for you, and this for you, and you, and you," she said, laughing delightfully, as she gave one to each person about her. "There, now, we all are happy, are n't we? And next, I wish to know all about these extraordinary flowers; sit down here, my dear, and tell me."

Peggy did as she was bid, though she longed to fly home, since her task was done for that day, but the lady had been so kind she could not refuse; indeed, no one could ever refuse *that* lady anything! When, by gentle questioning, she had won from Peggy all her story, she laid her hand on the little girl's bright hair with a beautiful gesture of affectionate protection; but she made no comment, she asked only, "Are you coming to-morrow, my dear, to bring some more flowers? Don't fail, for we all want them."

With joy Peggy answered, "Yes, indeed, I will come!"

"Remember, I wish a fresh bouquet every morning and one for Nelly, too. Now, I know you're longing to get back, you shall go"; and Peggy took up her empty basket, her eyes bright with tears of delight.

"You dear child," said the sweet young lady whom her mother called Nelly; "did you wear no hat all that long way across the hot sand?"

"No," answered Peggy; "I did n't mind, I had my grandmother's kerchief; it did very well," and she took it out of her pocket to tie again over her rich hair.

The younger lady reached behind her mother's chair and took a straw hat from where it hung by its strings, and quietly placed it on Peggy's head. It was a broad-brimmed hat of beautiful braided white straw; simply trimmed with some soft, white mull, light as the foam of the sea. The child could

scarcely believe her ears when the lady said, "There, dear, it's for you. Don't come out in the sun without it again!" and kissed her cheek. "Now, good-bye. Don't say a word. Run home."

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" cried Peggy.

Run home? She did not run, she flew! She did not look behind her, she thought of nothing but the joy she was taking to those anxious hearts who were expecting her. As her swift steps covered the distance between her and that cottage of her love, she seemed to tread on air; she forgot she was hungry and hot and tired; she could not stop a moment to rest; while under the shade of the pretty hat her cheeks burned and eyes glistened with a joy too great to be told.

Meantime, the watchers in the cottage counted the moments of her absence; and when at last her slight figure became visible, yet a long, long way off, little Willy rushed forth to meet her. "Stop, Willy, wait for me," his father cried, moving slowly down the steps. "Take hold of my hand, Willy; we'll go together." But she came so fast that the two slow walkers had gone only a short way before she caught up to them, quite breathless, and flung her arms round her father's neck, and cried, "O Father, I sold them all!" throwing her empty basket as far as she could, till it rolled over and over on the sand, while she hugged him and kissed him again and again. And what a story she had to tell when in a few minutes they were all together again in the humble little room, and she spread out all her precious earnings on the table before them. There were eight dollars in silver pieces—it was incredible! What rejoicing, what happiness!

"O Mother!" cried Peggy, suddenly growing quite white, "I'm so hungry! Is there anything to eat?"

"My dear, my dear! Here is your bowl of porridge, the last oatmeal we have in the house. I saved it for you"; and she set it before the tired girl; for it was quite the middle of the afternoon, many hours since the scant breakfast. Well might she be faint with all she had gone through! "But, Mother dear, as soon as I rest a little, I'll go up to the village for what we need."

"No, indeed, my darling, I will go; you mind the baby and rest all you can. But where did you get the beautiful hat?" And Peggy told, and there were smiles and tears, and kisses, and congratulations afresh. "Here's your kerchief all safe, Grandmother dear," she said, taking it carefully out of her pocket.

"O Peggy, you're a blessing!" the old woman sighed; "I always said you were not born on Sunday for nothing. And you are going with your flowers again to the hotel, to-morrow?"

"Yes, going again to-morrow," Peggy cried, all her terrors blown to the winds.

"My Margaret, my little Peggy, my brave girl!" her father said, with tender pride.

The group she had left at the hotel had watched her depart with no common interest.

"What a really beautiful creature!" Mr. Willard had said when she was out of hearing.

"Yes, and what a beautiful soul!" cried the enthusiastic old lady. "Now, I am going to be that child's fairy godmother. That is settled! You shall see! She shall have everything she needs. She shall have all her people taken care of and put in the way of helping themselves, and she shall not be separated from them, for that would break her heart; but she shall have an education, and all her gifts and graces shall be cultivated for her own joy and the joy of all who come in contact with her!"

"I told her she was a fortunate child," said Mr. Willard, smiling, "but I hardly knew how fortunate; yet I think you are more fortunate in having the power to do these beautiful things."

"Why, what is the use of money but for such things?" she answered; "Of what good are my

thousands to me if I can not use them to make people better and happier?"

And so she did all she promised herself she would do for Peggy and Peggy's family. She allowed her to go on selling her flowers while they lasted, watching her daily, growing to love her more and more, and to admire and respect her, as did all who came near her. Before her garden was exhausted Peggy had made three hundred dollars for her father,—a fortune, it seemed to them all! No more fears for the winter now! At home they fairly worshiped her, and she was so happy that she no longer envied the song-sparrow as it sang on the garden wall, the only bird that stays to sing the summer through. "I'm just as glad as you are," she said, as she watched it and listened to its sweet warble; and it turned its pretty head and looked at her with bright black eyes, as much as to say, "I know it, merry comrade, and you deserve it, too!"

And this is what grew in Peggy's garden. She planted more than the flowers. She sowed seeds of patience and meekness and faithfulness, courage and hope and love,—and glorious was the blossoming thereof.

JINGLES.

BY A. R. WELLS.

THE LONELY LION.



THE lion was lonely;
Said he, "There is only
One way of driving this
gloom from me:
I must enter into society!"
So he asked the beasts in
a manner quite hearty

To come to his cave for a little party.

On the appointed day,

In a frightened way,

A parrot flew over his head to say

That the beasts would be happy the lion to greet
But they very much feared he was out of meat!

"Alas!" the lion cried with a groan,

"And must I then live forever alone?"

THE ORACULAR OWL.



The oracular owl
Is a very wise fowl.
He sits on a limb
By night and by day,
And an eager assembly waits
on him

To listen to what the wise bird may say.

I heard him discourse in the following way:

"The sun soon will set in the west."

"'T will be fair if the sky is not cloudy."

"If a hundred are good only one can be best."

"No gentleman's ever a rowdy."

"Ah! ah!" cry the birds, "What a marvelous
fowl!

Oh, who could excel this oracular owl?"

THE GRIFFIN AND THE MINOR CANON.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

OVER the great door of an old, old church which stood in a quiet town of a far-away land there was carved in stone the figure of a large griffin. The old-time sculptor had done his work with great care, but the image he had made was not a pleasant one to look at. It had a large head, with enormous open mouth and savage teeth; from its back arose great wings, armed with sharp hooks and prongs; it had stout legs in front, with projecting claws; but there were no legs behind,—the body running out into a long and powerful tail, finished off at the end with a barbed point. This tail was coiled up under him, the end sticking up just back of his wings.

The sculptor, or the people who had ordered this stone figure, had evidently been very much pleased with it, for little copies of it, also in stone, had been placed here and there along the sides of the church, not very far from the ground, so that people could easily look at them, and ponder on their curious forms. There were a great many other sculptures on the outside of this church,—saints, martyrs, grotesque heads of men, beasts, and birds, as well as those of other creatures which can not be named, because nobody knows exactly what they were; but none were so curious and interesting as the great griffin over the door, and the little griffins on the sides of the church.

A long, long distance from the town, in the midst of dreadful wilds scarcely known to man, there dwelt the Griffin whose image had been put up over the church-door. In some way or other, the old-time sculptor had seen him, and afterward, to the best of his memory, had copied his figure in stone. The Griffin had never known this, until, hundreds of years afterward, he heard from a bird, from a wild animal, or in some manner which it is not now easy to find out, that there was a likeness of him on the old church in the distant town. Now, this Griffin had no idea how he looked. He had never seen a mirror, and the streams where he lived were so turbulent and violent that a quiet piece of water, which would reflect the image of any thing looking into it, could not be found. Being, as far as could be ascertained, the very last of his race, he had never seen another griffin. Therefore it was, that, when he heard of this stone image of himself, he became very anxious to know what he looked like, and at last he determined to go to the old church, and see for himself what manner of being he was. So he started off from the dread-

ful wilds, and flew on and on until he came to the countries inhabited by men, where his appearance in the air created great consternation; but he alighted nowhere, keeping up a steady flight until he reached the suburbs of the town which had his image on its church. Here, late in the afternoon, he alighted in a green meadow by the side of a brook, and stretched himself on the grass to rest. His great wings were tired, for he had not made such a long flight in a century, or more.

The news of his coming spread quickly over the town, and the people, frightened nearly out of their wits by the arrival of so extraordinary a visitor, fled into their houses, and shut themselves up. The Griffin called loudly for some one to come to him, but the more he called, the more afraid the people were to show themselves. At length he saw two laborers hurrying to their homes through the fields, and in a terrible voice he commanded them to stop. Not daring to disobey, the men stood, trembling.

"What is the matter with you all?" cried the Griffin. "Is there not a man in your town who is brave enough to speak to me?"

"I think," said one of the laborers, his voice shaking so that his words could hardly be understood, "that—perhaps—the Minor Canon—would come."

"Go, call him, then!" said the Griffin; "I want to see him."

The Minor Canon, who filled a subordinate position in the old church, had just finished the afternoon services, and was coming out of a side door, with three aged women who had formed the week-day congregation. He was a young man of a kind disposition, and very anxious to do good to the people of the town. Apart from his duties in the church, where he conducted services every week-day, he visited the sick and the poor, counseled and assisted persons who were in trouble, and taught a school composed entirely of the bad children in the town with whom nobody else would have anything to do. Whenever the people wanted anything done for them, they always went to the Minor Canon. Thus it was that the laborer thought of the young priest when he found that some one must come and speak to the Griffin.

The Minor Canon had not heard of the strange event, which was known to the whole town except himself and the three old women, and when he was

informed of it, and was told that the Griffin had asked to see him, he was greatly amazed, and frightened.

"Me!" he exclaimed. "He has never heard of me! What should he want with *me*?"

"Oh! you must go instantly!" cried the two men. "He is very angry now because he has been

the people of the town because he was not brave enough to obey the summons of the Griffin. So, pale and frightened, he started off.

"Well," said the Griffin, as soon as the young man came near, "I am glad to see that there is some one who has the courage to come to me."



"THE GRIFFIN SETTLED DOWN BEFORE THE CHURCH AND GAZED EARNESTLY AT HIS SCULPTURED LIKENESS."

kept waiting so long; and nobody knows what will happen if you don't hurry to him."

The poor Minor Canon would rather have had his hand cut off than go out to meet an angry griffin; but he felt that it was his duty to go, for it would be a woful thing if injury should come to

The Minor Canon did not feel very courageous, but he bowed his head.

"Is this the town," said the Griffin, "where there is a church with a likeness of myself over one of the doors?"

The Minor Canon looked at the frightful figure

up the stone griffin. But the Minor Canon resisted this plan with all the strength of his mind and body. He assured the people that this action would enrage the Griffin beyond measure, for it would be impossible to conceal from him that his image had been destroyed during the night. But the people were so determined to break up the stone griffin that the Minor Canon saw that there was nothing for him to do but to stay there and protect it. All night he walked up and down in front of the church-door, keeping away the men who brought ladders, by which they might mount to the great stone griffin, and knock it to pieces with their hammers and crowbars. After many hours the people were obliged to give up their attempts, and went home to sleep; but the Minor Canon remained at his post till early morning, and then he hurried away to the field where he had left the Griffin.

The monster had just awakened, and rising to his fore-legs and shaking himself, he said that he was ready to go into the town. The Minor Canon, therefore, walked back, the Griffin flying slowly through the air, at a short distance above the head of his guide. Not a person was to be seen in the streets, and they proceeded directly to the front of the church, where the Minor Canon pointed out the stone griffin.

The real Griffin settled down in the little square before the church and gazed earnestly at his sculptured likeness. For a long time he looked at it. First he put his head on one side, and then he put it on the other; then he shut his right eye and gazed with his left, after which he shut his left eye and gazed with his right. Then he moved a little to one side and looked at the image, then he moved the other way. After a while he said to the Minor Canon, who had been standing by all this time:

"It is, it must be, an excellent likeness! That breadth between the eyes, that expansive forehead, those massive jaws! I feel that it must resemble me. If there is any fault to find with it, it is that the neck seems a little stiff. But that is nothing. It is an admirable likeness,—admirable!"

The Griffin sat looking at his image all the morning and all the afternoon. The Minor Canon had been afraid to go away and leave him, and had hoped all through the day that he would soon be satisfied with his inspection and fly away home. But by evening the poor young man was utterly exhausted, and felt that he must go away to eat and sleep. He frankly admitted this fact to the Griffin, and asked him if he would not like something to eat. He said this because he felt obliged in politeness to do so, but as soon as he had spoken the words, he was seized with dread lest the

monster should demand half a dozen babies, or some tempting repast of that kind.

"Oh, no," said the Griffin, "I never eat between the equinoxes. At the vernal and at the autumnal equinox I take a good meal, and that lasts me for half a year. I am extremely regular in my habits, and do not think it healthful to eat at odd times. But if you need food, go and get it, and I will return to the soft grass where I slept last night and take another nap."

The next day the Griffin came again to the little square before the church, and remained there until evening, steadfastly regarding the stone griffin over the door. The Minor Canon came once or twice to look at him, and the Griffin seemed very glad to see him; but the young clergymen could not stay as he had done before, for he had many duties to perform. Nobody went to the church, but the people came to the Minor Canon's house, and anxiously asked him how long the Griffin was going to stay.

"I do not know," he answered, "but I think he will soon be satisfied with regarding his stone likeness, and then he will go away."

But the Griffin did not go away. Morning after morning he came to the church, but after a time he did not stay there all day. He seemed to have taken a great fancy to the Minor Canon, and followed him about as he pursued his various avocations. He would wait for him at the side door of the church, for the Minor Canon held services every day, morning and evening, though nobody came now. "If any one *should* come," he said to himself, "I must be found at my post." When the young man came out, the Griffin would accompany him in his visits to the sick and the poor, and would often look into the windows of the school-house where the Minor Canon was teaching his unruly scholars. All the other schools were closed, but the parents of the Minor Canon's scholars forced them to go to school, because they were so bad they could not endure them all day at home,—griffin or no griffin. But it must be said they generally behaved very well when that great monster sat up on his tail and looked through the school-room window.

When it was perceived that the Griffin showed no sign of going away, all the people who were able to do so left the town. The canons and the higher officers of the church had fled away during the first day of the Griffin's visit, leaving behind only the Minor Canon and some of the men who opened the doors and swept the church. All the citizens who could afford it shut up their houses and traveled to distant parts, and only the working people and the poor were left behind. After a while these ventured to go about and attend to

their business, for if they did not work they would starve. They were getting a little used to seeing the Griffin, and having been told that he did not eat between equinoxes, they did not feel so much afraid of him as before.

Day by day the Griffin became more and more attached to the Minor Canon. He kept near him a great part of the time, and often spent the night in front of the little house where the young clergyman lived alone. This strange companionship was often burdensome to the Minor Canon; but, on the other hand, he could not deny that he derived a great deal of benefit and instruction from it. The Griffin had lived for hundreds of years, and had seen much; and he told the Minor Canon many wonderful things.

"It is like reading an old book," said the young clergyman to himself; "but how many books I would have had to read before I would have found out what the Griffin has told me about the earth, the air, the water, about minerals, and metals, and growing things, and all the wonders of the world!"

Thus the summer went on, and drew toward its close. And now the people of the town began to be very much troubled again.

"It will not be long," they said, "before the autumnal equinox is here, and then that monster will want to eat. He will be dreadfully hungry, for he has taken so much exercise since his last meal. He will devour our children. Without doubt, he will eat them all. What is to be done?"

To this question no one could give an answer, but all agreed that the Griffin must not be allowed to remain until the approaching equinox. After talking over the matter a great deal, a crowd of the people went to the Minor Canon, at a time when the Griffin was not with him.

"It is all your fault," they said, "that that monster is among us. You brought him here, and you ought to see that he goes away. It is only on your account that he stays here at all, for, although he visits his image every day, he is with you the greater part of the time. If you were not here, he would not stay. It is your duty to go away and then he will follow you, and we shall be free from the dreadful danger which hangs over us."

"Go away!" cried the Minor Canon, greatly grieved at being spoken to in such a way. "Where shall I go? If I go to some other town, shall I not take this trouble there? Have I a right to do that?"

"No," said the people, "you must not go to any other town. There is no town far enough away. You must go to the dreadful wilds where the Griffin lives; and then he will follow you and stay there."

They did not say whether they expected the

Minor Canon to stay there also, and he did not ask them anything about it. He bowed his head, and went into his house, to think. The more he thought, the more clear it became to his mind that it was his duty to go away, and thus free the town from the presence of the Griffin.

That evening he packed a leathern bag full of bread and meat, and early the next morning he set out on his journey to the dreadful wilds. It was a long, weary, and doleful journey, especially after he had gone beyond the habitations of men, but the Minor Canon kept on bravely, and never faltered. The way was longer than he had expected, and his provisions soon grew so scanty that he was obliged to eat but a little every day, but he kept up his courage, and pressed on, and, after many days of toilsome travel, he reached the dreadful wilds.

When the Griffin found that the Minor Canon had left the town he seemed sorry, but showed no disposition to go and look for him. After a few days had passed, he became much annoyed, and asked some of the people where the Minor Canon had gone. But, although the citizens had been so anxious that the young clergyman should go to the dreadful wilds, thinking that the Griffin would immediately follow him, they were now afraid to mention the Minor Canon's destination, for the monster seemed angry already, and, if he should suspect their trick he would, doubtless, become very much enraged. So every one said he did not know, and the Griffin wandered about disconsolately. One morning he looked into the Minor Canon's school-house, which was always empty now, and thought that it was a shame that everything should suffer on account of the young man's absence.

"It does not matter so much about the church," he said, "for nobody went there; but it is a pity about the school. I think I will teach it myself until he returns."

It was just about school-time, and the Griffin went inside and pulled the rope which rang the school-bell. Some of the children who heard the bell ran in to see what was the matter, supposing it to be a joke of some one of their companions; but when they saw the Griffin they stood astonished, and scared.

"Go tell the other scholars," said the monster, "that school is about to open, and that if they are not all here in ten minutes, I shall come after them."

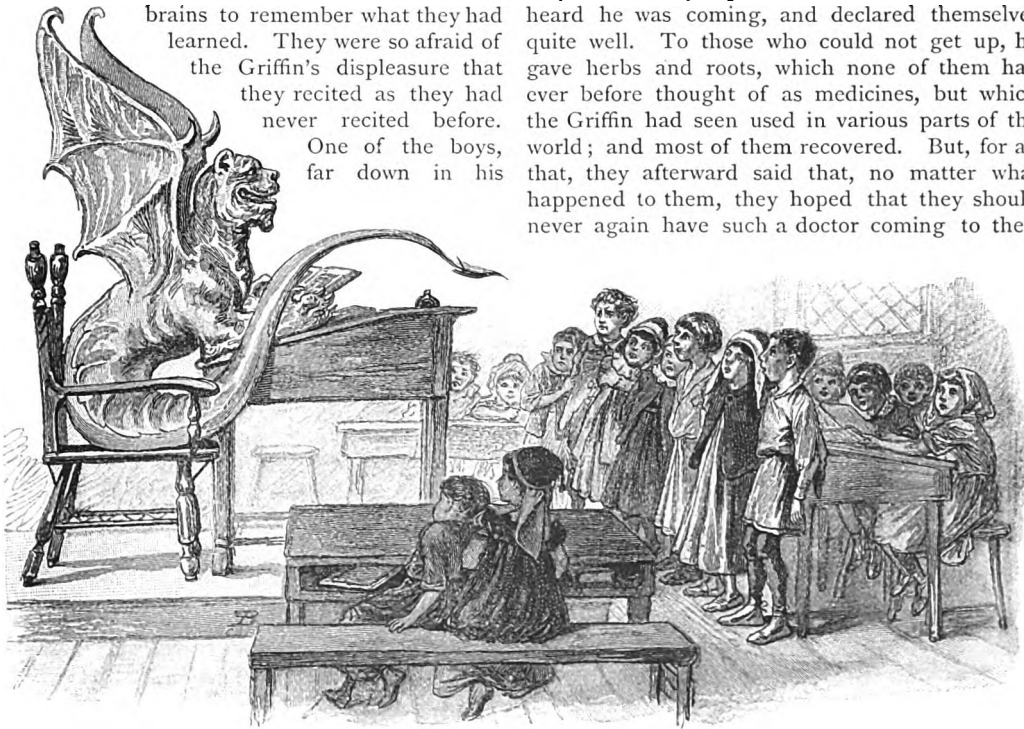
In seven minutes every scholar was in place.

Never was seen such an orderly school. Not a boy or girl moved, or uttered a whisper. The Griffin climbed into the master's seat, his wide wings spread on each side of him, because he could not lean back in his chair while they stuck out behind, and his great tail coiled around, in front of the desk, the barbed end sticking up, ready to tap

any boy or girl who might misbehave. The Griffin now addressed the scholars, telling them that he intended to teach them while their master was away. In speaking he endeavored to imitate, as far as possible, the mild and gentle tones of the Minor Canon, but it must be admitted that in this he was not very successful. He had paid a good deal of attention to the studies of the school, and he now determined not to attempt to teach them anything new, but to review them in what they had been studying; so he called up the various classes, and questioned them upon their previous lessons. The children racked their

brains to remember what they had learned. They were so afraid of the Griffin's displeasure that they recited as they had never recited before.

One of the boys, far down in his



"THE GRIFFIN ADDRESSED THE SCHOLARS."

class, answered so well that the Griffin was astonished.

"I should think you would be at the head," said he. "I am sure you have never been in the habit of reciting so well. Why is this?"

"Because I did not choose to take the trouble," said the boy, trembling in his boots. He felt obliged to speak the truth, for all the children thought that the great eyes of the Griffin could see right through them, and that he would know when they told a falsehood.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the Griffin. "Go down to the very tail of the class, and if you are not at the head in two days, I shall know the reason why."

The next afternoon the boy was number one.

It was astonishing how much these children now learned of what they had been studying. It was as if they had been educated over again. The Griffin used no severity toward them, but there was a look about him which made them unwilling to go to bed until they were sure they knew their lessons for the next day.

The Griffin now thought that he ought to visit the sick and the poor; and he began to go about the town for this purpose. The effect upon the sick was miraculous. All, except those who were very ill indeed, jumped from their beds when they heard he was coming, and declared themselves quite well. To those who could not get up, he gave herbs and roots, which none of them had ever before thought of as medicines, but which the Griffin had seen used in various parts of the world; and most of them recovered. But, for all that, they afterward said that, no matter what happened to them, they hoped that they should never again have such a doctor coming to their

bed-sides, feeling their pulses and looking at their tongues.

As for the poor, they seemed to have utterly disappeared. All those who had depended upon charity for their daily bread were now at work in some way or other; many of them offering to do odd jobs for their neighbors just for the sake of their meals,—a thing which had been seldom heard of before in the town. The Griffin could find no one who needed his assistance.

The summer had now passed, and the autumnal equinox was rapidly approaching. The citizens were in a state of great alarm and anxiety. The Griffin showed no signs of going away, but seemed to have settled himself permanently among them.

In a short time, the day for his semi-annual meal would arrive, and then what would happen? The monster would certainly be very hungry, and would devour all their children.

Now they greatly regretted and lamented that they had sent away the Minor Canon; he was the only one on whom they could have depended in this trouble, for he could talk freely with the Griffin, and so find out what could be done. But it would not do to be inactive. Some step must be taken immediately. A meeting of the citizens was called, and two old men were appointed to go and talk to the Griffin. They were instructed to offer to prepare a splendid dinner for him on equinox day,—one which would entirely satisfy his hunger. They would offer him the fattest mutton, the most tender beef, fish, and game of various sorts, and anything of the kind that he might fancy. If none of these suited, they were to mention that there was an orphan asylum in the next town.

"Anything would be better," said the citizens, "than to have our dear children devoured."

The old men went to the Griffin, but their propositions were not received with favor.

"From what I have seen of the people of this town," said the monster, "I do not think I could relish anything that was ever prepared by them. They appear to be all cowards, and, therefore, mean and selfish. As for eating one of them, old or young, I could n't think of it for a moment. In fact, there was only one creature in the whole place for whom I could have had any appetite, and that is the Minor Canon, who has gone away. He was brave, and good, and honest, and I think I would have relished him."

"Ah!" said one of the old men very politely, "in that case I wish we had not sent him to the dreadful wilds!"

"What!" cried the Griffin. "What do you mean? Explain instantly what you are talking about!"

The old man, terribly frightened at what he had said, was obliged to tell how the Minor Canon had been sent away by the people, in the hope that the Griffin might be induced to follow him.

When the monster heard this, he became furiously angry. He dashed away from the old men and, spreading his wings, flew backward and forward over the town. He was so much excited that his tail became red-hot, and glowed like a meteor against the evening sky. When at last he settled down in the little field where he usually rested, and thrust his tail into the brook, the steam arose like a cloud, and the water of the stream ran hot through the town. The citizens were greatly frightened, and bitterly blamed the old man for telling about the Minor Canon.

"It is plain," they said, "that the Griffin intend-

ed at last to go and look for him, and we should have been saved. Now who can tell what misery you have brought upon us."

The Griffin did not remain long in the little field. As soon as his tail was cool he flew to the town-hall and rang the bell. The citizens knew that they were expected to come there, and although they were afraid to go, they were still more afraid to stay away; and they crowded into the hall. The Griffin was on the platform at one end, flapping his wings and walking up and down, and the end of his tail was still so warm that it slightly scorched the boards as he dragged it after him.

When everybody who was able to come was there, the Griffin stood still and addressed the meeting.

"I have had a contemptible opinion of you," he said, "ever since I discovered what cowards you were, but I had no idea that you were so ungrateful, selfish, and cruel, as I now find you to be. Here was your Minor Canon, who labored day and night for your good, and thought of nothing else but how he might benefit you and make you happy; and as soon as you imagine yourselves threatened with a danger,—for well I know you are dreadfully afraid of me,—you send him off, caring not whether he returns or perishes, hoping thereby to save yourselves. Now, I had conceived a great liking for that young man, and had intended, in a day or two, to go and look him up. But I have changed my mind about him. I shall go and find him, but I shall send him back here to live among you, and I intend that he shall enjoy the reward of his labor and his sacrifices. Go, some of you, to the officers of the church, who so cowardly ran away when I first came here, and tell them never to return to this town under penalty of death. And if, when your Minor Canon comes back to you, you do not bow yourselves before him, put him in the highest place among you, and serve and honor him all his life, beware of my terrible vengeance! There were only two good things in this town: the Minor Canon and the stone image of myself over your church-door. One of these you have sent away, and the other I shall carry away myself."

With these words he dismissed the meeting, and it was time, for the end of his tail had become so hot that there was danger of its setting fire to the building.

The next morning, the Griffin came to the church, and tearing the stone image of himself from its fastenings over the great door, he grasped it with his powerful fore-legs and flew up into the air. Then, after hovering over the town for a moment, he gave his tail an angry shake and took

up his flight to the dreadful wilds. When he reached this desolate region, he set the stone griffin upon a ledge of a rock which rose in front of the dismal cave he called his home. There the image occupied a position somewhat similar to that it had had over the church-door; and the Griffin, panting with the exertion of carrying such an enormous load to so great a distance, lay down upon the ground, and regarded it with much satisfaction. When he felt somewhat rested he went to look for the Minor Canon. He found the young man, weak and half starved, lying under the shadow of a rock. After picking him up and carrying him to his cave, the Griffin flew away to a distant marsh, where he procured some roots and herbs which he well knew were strengthening and beneficial to man, though he had never tasted them himself. After eating these the Minor Canon was greatly revived, and sat up and listened while the Griffin told him what had happened in the town.

"Do you know," said the monster, when he had finished, "that I have had, and still have, a great liking for you?"

"I am very glad to hear it," said the Minor Canon, with his usual politeness.

"I am not at all sure that you would be," said the Griffin, "if you thoroughly understood the state of the case, but we will not consider that now. If some things were different, other things would be otherwise. I have been so enraged by discovering the manner in which you have been treated that I have determined that you shall at last enjoy the rewards and honors to which you are entitled. Lie down and have a good sleep, and then I will take you back to the town."

As he heard these words, a look of trouble came over the young man's face.

"You need not give yourself any anxiety," said the Griffin, "about my return to the town. I shall not remain there. Now that I have that admirable likeness of myself in front of my cave, where I can sit at my leisure, and gaze upon its noble features and magnificent proportions, I have no wish to see that abode of cowardly and selfish people."

The Minor Canon, relieved from his fears, now

lay back, and dropped into a doze; and when he was sound asleep the Griffin took him up, and carried him back to the town. He arrived just before day-break, and putting the young man gently on the grass in the little field where he himself used to rest, the monster, without having been seen by any of the people, flew back to his home.

When the Minor Canon made his appearance in the morning among the citizens, the enthusiasm and cordiality with which he was received was truly wonderful. He was taken to a house which had been occupied by one of the banished high officers of the place, and every one was anxious to do all that could be done for his health and comfort. The people crowded into the church when he held services, and the three old women who used to be his week-day congregation could not get to the best seats, which they had always been in the habit of taking; and the parents of the bad children determined to reform them at home, in order that he might be spared the trouble of keeping up his former school. The Minor Canon was appointed to the highest office of the old church, and before he died, he became a bishop.

During the first years after his return from the dreadful wilds, the people of the town looked up to him as a man to whom they were bound to do honor and reverence; but they often, also, looked up to the sky to see if there were any signs of the Griffin coming back. However, in the course of time, they learned to honor and reverence their former Minor Canon without the fear of being punished if they did not do so.

But they need never have been afraid of the Griffin. The autumnal equinox day came round, and the monster ate nothing. If he could not have the Minor Canon, he did not care for anything. So, lying down, with his eyes fixed upon the great stone griffin, he gradually declined, and died. It was a good thing for some of the people of the town that they did not know this.

If you should ever visit the old town, you would still see the little griffins on the sides of the church; but the great stone griffin that was over the door is gone.



OCTOBER

Down a pathway mid the corn
 On an early autumn morn
 Ran a little happy child.
 Putting arching leaves aside.
 Yellow leaves all crisp & dried
 Ran this little maiden mild
 Rustling rustling thro the corn
 On a fair autumnal morn.

Quick from out the yellow corn
 On this quiet autumn morn
 Sprang a-many blackbirds wild.
 Whirred into the air so high
 Blackly dotting bluest sky
 Frightened by this little child,
 Who was rustling through the corn
 On a peaceful autumn morn.

HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER witnessing the widow's reception of her son and the uncle's joy over the recovery of Dandy, Eli Badger must have given them all credit for very good acting, indeed, if he doubted for a moment the entire truth of Kit's story. Even the horse gave signs of feeling himself at home again and recognizing his master.

"Excuse me for not noticin' you before," said Uncle Gray, putting up a husky palm to shake hands with Mr. Badger in the wagon. "I was struck all in a heap at seein' my hoss ag'in."

Eli gave a not very good-natured grunt.

"If anybody's to be struck in a heap, seems 's if I'm the man," he said. "Your gain is my loss."

"How so? Where d' ye find him?" Uncle Gray said, turning upon Christopher. "How *did* ye bring it about?"

"It was Branlow who stole him," Kit explained, "and he sold him to Mr. Badger here for seventy dollars."

"Seventy gimcracks!" ejaculated Uncle Gray, aghast. "Any dunce might know he's worth twice that." He was thinking of Branlow, but Eli applied the remark to himself.

"I did know it," he growled. "That's why I bought him. And glad I am now, that I did n't pay any more."

"To be sure," said Uncle Gray. "But did n't it occur to you that no honest man would sell an honest hoss like that for any such price?"

"I did n't know," said Eli, groutily. "He told a pretty straight story. I was taken in, that's all."

"I should say so. Taken in!" exclaimed Uncle Gray. "I know the knave, and I'm amazed that any man with common sense and eyes in his head should n't a' seen through him."

"Mebby I've got no common sense, and mebbly I've got no eyes in my head," Eli muttered, with dull fire in the place where eyes should have been, if he had had any. "But I did n't expect this."

Kit hastened to interpose between the two men.

"I got on Dandy's track again yesterday in Peaceville, and followed him last night to Mr. Badger's place in Southmere. And to-day—he has been very kind"—the boy's voice faltered a little—"he and Miss Badger have been so kind

as to bring me home with Dandy. And I'm ever so much obliged to them."

"Cert'inly! cert'inly! so am I," said Uncle Gray. "Ever so much obliged! I'm rej'iced to see the hoss ag'in, and you too, Christopher. You've done well, boy! you've done well. Come in, wont ye, all of ye?"

"We can't stop," grumbled Eli.

"We 'd be delighted," exclaimed Lydia, hastening to soften his blunt refusal, "but we mutht be driving back home."

"Drivin'!" echoed Uncle Gray, with a jealous glance at Dandy Jim. "I don't see jest how you're going to do that."

Then Christopher spoke up. "I promised them;—I don't suppose they would have driven over to let you identify the horse if I had n't promised that they should have him to drive home again."

"*You* promised! By what right?" said Uncle Gray, staring at Kit.

"I thought it fair," Kit replied. "And it was certainly the easiest way to get the horse,—better than to have to take witnesses over there, or send an officer to seize him."

"Possibly! possibly!" mused Uncle Gray, in a half-relenting, half-reluctant tone.

"He can ride home with uth," said Lydia, "thpend the night, and bring the horth back here to-morrow."

"That's the plan we spoke of," added Christopher.

"And a very good plan it is," said Aunt Gray. "So now all come into the house. The tea-kettle's boilin', and I'll have a cup o' tea in a few minutes, and I've some new bread, baked to-day; not much in the way of supper, but with some slices of dried beef, and new honey, and pear-sass, it'll be better than nothin' 'fore ye start for your long ride home."

At the mention of the honey, Uncle Gray looked as if he hoped the invitation would be refused; and Eli was still glum. But Lydia stepped lightly from the buggy, reaching a hand down to Christopher, and saying:

"I only ask that you wont give yourself any trouble about the thupper, Mithuth Gray. If you'll promithe that, we'll thop. Come, Pa!"

Kit's mother thought she could not stay for Aunt Gray's tea. Her anxiety of mind regarding Chris-

topher having been so happily relieved, she felt that she must hasten back to her own little home in the village.

"If you go over, you will have to walk, and you won't gain anything," said Kit. "After supper you can ride with us."

So she consented to remain. And Kit was happy. Dandy was in his stall, Uncle Gray having thought it wise to take full possession of him, by detaching him from Eli's wagon before letting him go back to Southmere. The whole affair had been arranged quite to the boy's satisfaction, and but two or three things remained to trouble him.

There was that unpleasant business connected with the justice's court in Duckford; he could not forget that he had been committed to jail, and released only through the intervention of Elsie's father, who had given bonds for his appearance when wanted.

Then there was the question of his future home. He was not eager to go back and live with Uncle Gray, nor was he at all sure that Uncle Gray would want him again on any terms. Eli's offer did not enchant him, yet it was something which he was afraid he ought not to refuse before consulting his mother.

The last vestiges of Uncle Gray's asthmatic wheeze seemed to have yielded to the stimulus of joyful events; and at the tea-table he was in his best spirits. He made friends with Eli, and even asked Lydia to take a second dish of honey. He talked cheerfully of the little drama in which Dandy Jim had borne a part, and said that he now regretted only one thing — the escape of Branlow.

"I'd like to squeeze about seventy dollars out of him!" muttered Eli, when the thief's name was mentioned.

Kit, of course, had to tell of his Duckford adventure. His mother was frightened at the bare thought of his having been in the hands of a constable; but Uncle Gray was in a mood to be amused.

"The honestest boy in the county!" he declared, turning to the Badgers. "Whatever else I say of him, I'll say that. Taken for a hoss-thief! Wal, wal; f'r instance!"

"We all know he 'th honeth!" lisped Miss Lydia, giving Kit a significant smile, remembering how recently he had been mistaken for a thief of another sort. Kit blushed, and scowled deprecatingly in return, inwardly hoping that his last mishap would not be mentioned, at least, in his mother's presence.

"What's become of the saddle?" Aunt Gray inquired, her large face glowing with satisfaction over the tea-pot she was liberally tipping.

"I left that and the bridle with the Bentings,"

Kit replied. "It is my plan to go that way tomorrow with Dandy, and bring them home — I mean," he quickly corrected himself, "bring them *here*."

"Well!" said Aunt Gray, "what's the difference? This is your home, as it has been, and as we expect it 'll continue to be in the future."

Kit did not cherish any very deep resentment against Uncle Gray; still he thought that worthy man had been quite as severe with him as circumstances required, — and he was glad to be able to say, independently:

"I don't know, Aunt. It may be I can be more useful somewhere else. I've had a good offer."

"An offer?" Uncle Gray lifted his hooked nose and bristling forelock with a quick, disturbed expression. "What's the meanin' o' that?"

"Pa would like to have him go and live with uth," said Miss Badger, while Mr. Badger was preparing to speak.

"We 'll pay him well," said Eli.

"I have n't agreed to it yet," said Kit, "for I thought I ought to wait and see what my mother would say."

"Oh, Kit!" exclaimed the widow. "You know I could n't bear to have you go so far away."

"I thought of that," Kit replied. "Yet I knew you would think it better for me to be earning stated wages, than to do as I have been doing here. And since Uncle Gray is dissatisfied with me — as he has good reason to be —"

He hesitated, and Eli Badger struck in:

"I never saw a boy before that I thought I should like so well. I 'm wantin' just such a boy."

"I have n't any brother," added Lydia, giving the widow a persuasive smile. "It would be tho nithe if he could come!"

Evidently the subject had been talked over by her and her father, before it was mentioned to Kit on the road. It was not an agreeable one to Uncle Gray. His hair seemed to grow more bristly, his countenance more and more alarmed. Even his "bronchial tubes" appeared again suddenly affected. He was beginning to wheeze.

"What does all this mean?" he frowningly inquired. "Christopher can't go to anybody else; he's engaged to me. I b'en thinkin' for some time o' payin' him somethin' regular; and I've made up my mind to allow him a hundred dollars this year, b'sides board and clothin'."

He gave the boy and his mother a heroic look, as if it had cost him a struggle to arrive at so liberal a resolution.

"No, I can't spare Christopher! I 'm gettin' along in years," he added pathetically; "and my azmy's more terrible than ever. 'T wont be long 'fore I sh'll be slippin' my neck out o' the yoke,

while he slips his in, and hauls the load for me. He's got one fault, and it has giv'n us some trouble, but he 's gra'jally outgrowin' it, and he 's goin' to outgrow it altogether. He takes hold well; and I believe he's in the right place. Thought I might let him go and live with you, did ye?"—he continued, staring in amazement at Eli. "Wal, f'r instance!"

The widow's countenance shone with pleasure; while Kit could hardly keep from laughing outright as he left the room to go upstairs and make a change of clothing, before riding back to Southmere with the Badgers.

CHAPTER XXX.

ELSIE BENTING made no reply to Branlow's sinister remark, but stood gazing after him, as he rode off with his captors, under the broad shadows of the autumn-tinted maples,—remembering, perhaps, with what different feelings she had lately watched the departure of her brothers with another prisoner,—when a well-dressed and tolerably good-looking boy on horseback might have been seen approaching from the opposite direction.

She did not notice him until, having watched the wagon out of sight, she turned to reënter the house. Just then he reined his slowly pacing horse up under the trees. She looked around, but failed to recognize him at first.

"You don't remember me," he said, with a smile.

The same smile with which he had bidden her good-bye beneath those very trees; yet not quite the same. In his best attire, having exchanged his every-day clothes for his Sunday suit, and his white base-ball cap for a neat brown-felt hat, likewise his mood of despair for one of hope and gladness, he appeared very much changed to her eyes. And yet she knew that smile.

In a moment she forgot the cause of her recent excitement, in this new and joyful surprise.

"Remember you? Of course I do!" was her reply to Kit's remark. She noticed that he was mounted on a dark-colored horse, which he rode with only a bridle and a blanket. "You have found your horse!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the blushing Christopher; "and I have come for the saddle and bridle."

"What good news!" She could hardly refrain from clapping her hands as she added: "Father and all will be so glad! But they are away. You must stay and see them."

"That will be very agreeable," said Kit, with bashful pleasure, as he slipped from the animal's blanketed back to the ground.

"I hope you have the right horse this time!"

said Elsie, archly. "How much I have thought of that strange mistake you made."

"Well, I have thought of it once or twice!" said Christopher, standing, halter and hat in hand, and answering her radiant laugh with a happy yet embarrassed smile. "It got me into scrapes enough! This is our Dandy; I must introduce him to you. Miss Benting, this is Dandy; Dandy, this is Miss Benting,—and she was my friend, when I thought I had n't another in the world."

He spoke gayly, yet with a tender emotion glistening in his honest blue eyes.

"Dandy, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance!" said Elsie, touched by Kit's grateful words, but hiding the quick feeling they called forth, in the gentle act of caressing the horse's head. Then turning again to Christopher, she inquired: "Where did you find him?"

Kit told how he had traced him to Southmere, and had engaged Mr. Badger to drive him over to East Adam, omitting from the narrative some unimportant particulars, such as the mishap of his head coming in contact with Eli's club.

"I rode back to Southmere with him last night," he added (omitting also all mention of Miss Badger, to whom he owed so much); "passed the night at Mr. Badger's, and started to ride over here as soon as I could conveniently get away this morning. The family were very kind to me, and would have kept me all day if they could."

"But you must spend the day with us!" Elsie declared. "Take your horse to the stable, wont you? I'll show you the way. But, oh!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "I've such a wonderful bit of news for you! When you've heard it, I'm afraid you will wish to ride on after my brothers, who have gone to the village with—you never can guess whom!"

Indeed, Kit was unable to make any guess at all; and he could hardly credit his bewildered wits when she told him of the capture of Branlow, but a half-hour before.

"Branlow! That fellow! Are you sure?"

He remembered that it was a world of blunders in which he had been moving for the past few days; and the tidings seemed to him quite too good to be true.

"I am perfectly sure," replied Elsie. "There can't possibly be any mistake about my brothers' having caught a *real* rogue—and *your* rogue—this time."

"Where's my saddle, please?" cried the excited Christopher.

A minute before, he thought only of the happiness that rose enticingly before him, when she suggested his spending the day at Maple Park. But the charming picture which filled his mind's eye

was dashed rudely into the background by this astonishing piece of news, and he hurriedly threw upon Dandy's back the saddle which Elsie showed him.

"You will come back here to dinner with my brothers?" she said, as he put foot in stirrup and mounted from the threshold of the barn.

"If you wish it, I shall be pleased to,—that is," he added, laughingly, "if you think they won't object to sitting at the same table with me!"

"Don't remember that!" she said. "They're dreadfully ashamed of it, and they'll be only too glad to have you stay. Good-bye,—till then!"

Waving his hand at her with a bright smile and a joyful promise, he was off.

even without his white cap; and they likewise knew the horse, which they had once had in their possession for a memorable quarter-of-an-hour, a very good match, they agreed, for the one Kit had ridden off in his place.

They greeted him joyfully, and if a doubt as to Kit's honesty lingered in their minds, it must have been quickly dispelled when they witnessed the meeting between him and his supposed accomplice.

"Cash Branlow!" cried Kit, eagerly, "I am glad to see you!"

Branlow, standing between his sturdy young guards, shrugged his shoulders and grinned, but said nothing.



"I HOPE YOU HAVE THE RIGHT HORSE, THIS TIME," SAID ELSIE."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE Benting boys had taken their prisoner to the office of the Duckford justice, who was absent, and Charley had gone to hunt him up and find a constable, when Kit rode up to the door which he remembered so well.

Three faces, which he also remembered very well indeed, greeted him from within as he dismounted and stood holding Dandy's bridle on the doorstep, Lon's in the foreground, Tom's in the rear, and Branlow's sallow and cynical visage between.

The Bentings recognized him immediately,

"Do you pretend you don't know me? or that you never saw this horse before?" demanded the indignant Christopher.

"I know you very well," Branlow replied; "and I fancy I've seen that horse. They say I saddled the wrong one for you," and he could n't help laughing maliciously at the merry recollection.

"You think you can make a joke of it, do you?" said Kit, with sparkling eyes.

"My dear boy, it's a joke already, without any help from me," replied Cassius. "Think of your looking me full in the face, and describing the person who had been seen with your horse, while

I took note of the particulars, ready to burst with laughter all the while! It's the richest joke of the season, and I hope you won't try to make anything else of it. A joke's a joke; let it pass, my boy!"

Kit regarded the "sallow complexion, dark, checked suit, and narrow-brimmed straw hat," of the "young fellow of medium height, not much over twenty," and blushed very red indeed, as he remembered how he had described Branlow to himself, while Branlow, reciting each item of the inventory after him, gravely checked himself off on his fingers!

But Christopher did not believe in jokes of that sort.

"I suppose," he said, "you thought that a joke, too, when you took this horse from my uncle's stable, rode him to Peaceville, and sold him to Eli Badger for seventy dollars! Where is all that money?"

Branlow shrugged again. "Not much of it has staid in my pockets," he said, which was true enough, he being one of that numerous class from whom, as the proverb says, their money is soon parted. It was, in fact, the loss of a large part of the price of Dandy which had caused him to take to the road again so soon, and so near the scene of his last exploit.

"You've knocked down the peg with the ball swinging the wrong way, in more senses than one," said Kit, remembering the little game he had seen Cassius practicing at the cattle show, and the high moral tone which that young gentleman had assumed with regard to such things being permitted by the managers of a county fair.

"A fellow can't always be in luck," was Branlow's reckless response.

"Luck!" exclaimed Christopher. "I don't believe a rogue can ever be in luck, no matter how well he seems to succeed for a time. Do you remember, Cassius Branlow, how my father talked to you once about being honest, and minding your obligations? I happened to overhear what he was saying, but I never understood the meaning of it till now."

"I remember something of the kind," replied Branlow, his sinister look giving place to a more sober expression. "Your father was a good man, and he gave me some good advice."

"I wish you had followed it!" Kit exclaimed, touched by this frankness.

"I should n't be here if I had," Branlow replied.

Kit remembered his own rough treatment when captured by the youthful Bentings, and noticed with a curious sensation that they had not taken the precaution to tie the real rogue's hands.

"You shouldn't be partial in bestowing your favors," he said, calling their attention to the circumstance.

"Oh, no," said Lon, carelessly. "We were green at the trade when we began with you. There's nothing like getting used to a new line of business."

Judge West presently arrived, having been found picking pears in his garden; and Branlow, arraigned on a charge of purloining Elsie's scissors and thimble, was committed to prison in default of bail, his examination being appointed for the following day.

On that occasion Kit and Eli Badger also appeared as witnesses against him, for appropriating and fraudulently selling Dandy Jim; and still other complaints were entered by people whose spoons had been found in his bag,—for all which offences he was brought to trial in December, and given seven years to think them over, in the place which the state provides for wrong-doers detected in such irregular ways.

The charge against Kit was dropped, of course.

And his one fault?

If he was not quite cured of that, we can at least say that it has not since caused him any serious mishap or inconvenience. At the same time he will tell you that the experience gained by the famous Dandy Jim adventure has been worth to him infinitely more than it cost.

He not only dined that day with the Bentings when Elsie invited him, but sat often at their table afterward, her brothers nowise objecting, they having become his ardent friends.

He went back to live with Uncle and Aunt Gray, but it was on new terms, and with new hopes; since his acquaintance with the family at Maple Park had enlarged his ideas of a farmer's life, quickened his aspirations, and filled his mind and heart with visions of a noble life and a happy future.

THE END.

THE WISE OLD MAN.

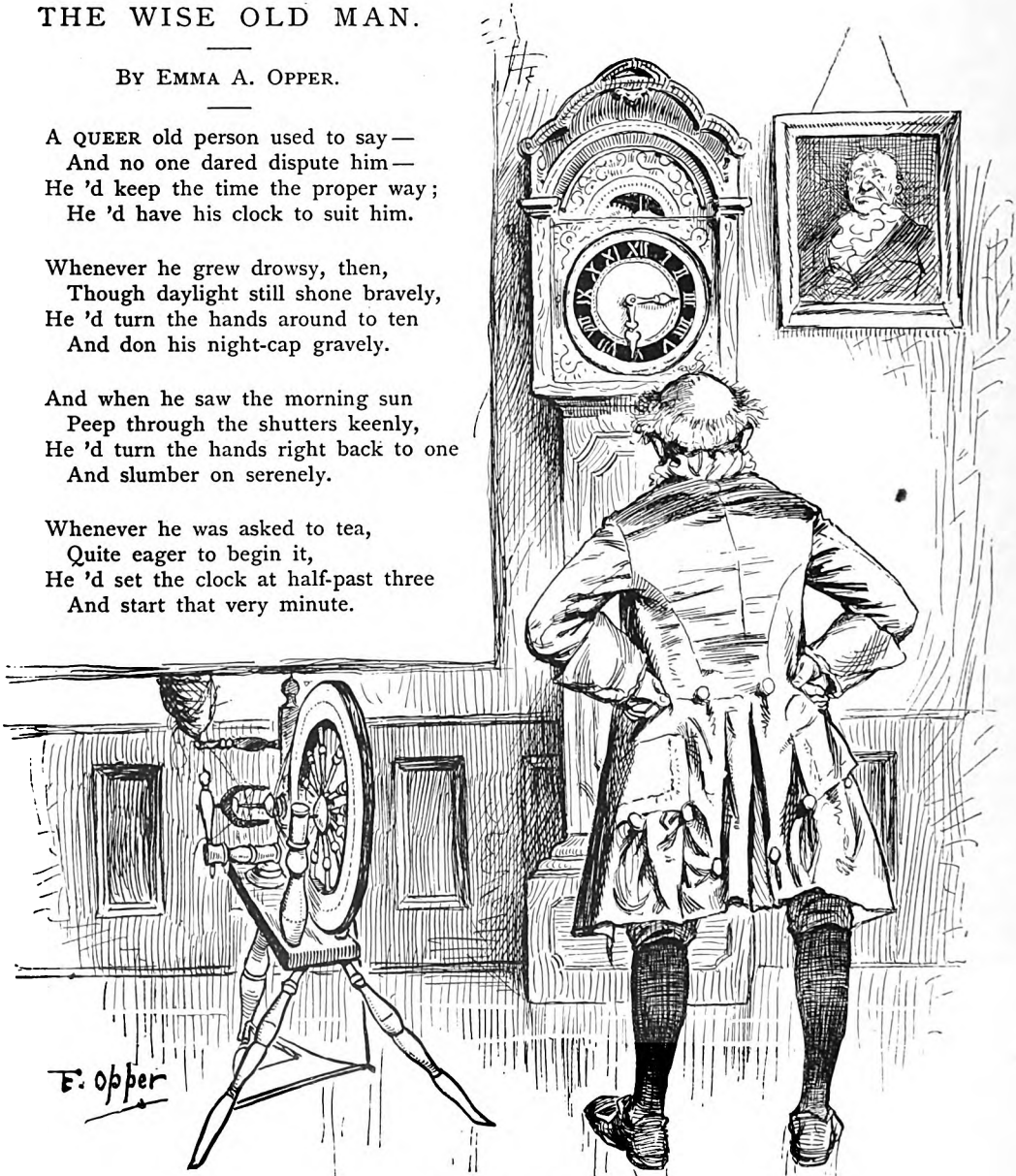
BY EMMA A. OPPER.

A QUEER old person used to say —
 And no one dared dispute him —
 He 'd keep the time the proper way;
 He 'd have his clock to suit him.

Whenever he grew drowsy, then,
 Though daylight still shone bravely,
 He 'd turn the hands around to ten
 And don his night-cap gravely.

And when he saw the morning sun
 Peep through the shutters keenly,
 He 'd turn the hands right back to one
 And slumber on serenely.

Whenever he was asked to tea,
 Quite eager to begin it,
 He 'd set the clock at half-past three
 And start that very minute.



THE WISE OLD MAN.

'T is said, moreover, when he found
 His age increasing yearly,
 He 'd turn the time-piece squarely round
 And cease to wind it, merely.

'T is rumored, therefore, that, although
 This very queer old party
 Was born a hundred years ago,
 He 's still quite hale and hearty!

THE KNOWING LITTLE FISH.



"**AHEM!** now we are ready!" said a knowing city chap,

As he flung his hook, well baited, and heard it strike "ker-flap"!

"This cloudy day is just the one; the game is sure to bite.

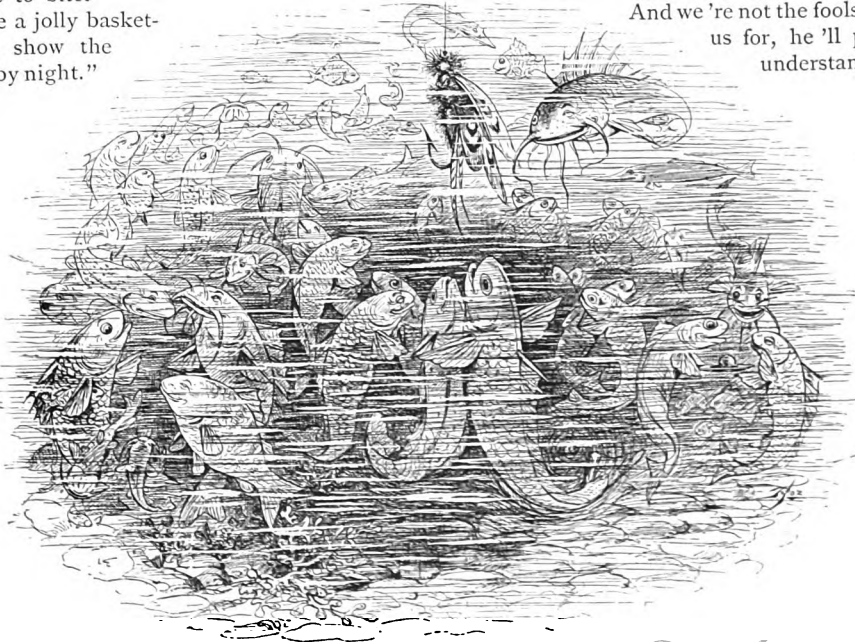
I 'll have a jolly basketful to show the folks, by night."

And "Ha! ha! ha!" together laughed the happy little fish,

"Now we are just as safe and sound as any one could wish!

For we know about that funny thing that sits upon the land,

And we're not the fools he takes us for, he 'll please to understand."



HONEY-HUNTERS.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

POOR little bee ! It spends its days in gathering nectar from the flowers to make into honey,—just to have some bigger and stronger creature come along and rob it of the fruits of its hard labor.

It is not only man who has a sweet tooth ; a great many other animals are just as fond of honey as is he, and will do almost anything to obtain it ; that is, anything but work for it. For I very much doubt if so much honey would be eaten if those who like it had to make it, even supposing that they knew how to make it.

Just think of it ! Honey is chiefly sugar, and the nectar from over three million flower-tubes is required to make one pound of sugar. Or, suppose one very industrious little bee should decide to make enough honey to contain a pound of sugar. It would have to sip the nectar from fifty thousand heads of clover in order to obtain the necessary quantity.

And yet after a bee colony has taken an immense amount of trouble to lay away a goodly supply of sweets for the little bees, a great bear, perhaps, will thrust his shaggy paw into the nest and pull out layer after layer of the white comb, dripping with thick golden honey, and swallow them down, like the gluttonous fellow that he is. And in return the poor bees can only sting, which can not be any real satisfaction to them ; for though they may hurt the creature stung, they end their own lives in the act.

In a great many countries, bees are kept for their honey, just as cows are kept for their milk, and are well cared for ; but where people are too lazy or too savage to keep bees, it is usually the custom to steal honey from the wild bees and often to kill most of the poor little creatures at the same time. Usually, however, the bees are stupefied by the smoke, so that they will not sting while the honey is being removed.

Generally, wild honey-bees build their nests in the hollows of trees, but there is a species in India that builds great nests hanging from the branches of high trees. Some of these nests are so large that they can be seen more than a mile away. Of course such a nest has quantities of honey in it. Some of the natives of that part of the world live the whole year long upon the proceeds of honey stolen from these hanging hives. When a man discovers a nest, he provides himself with a smoking torch and climbs the tree. He stupefies some of the bees, suffocates others, and burns the rest. Then he

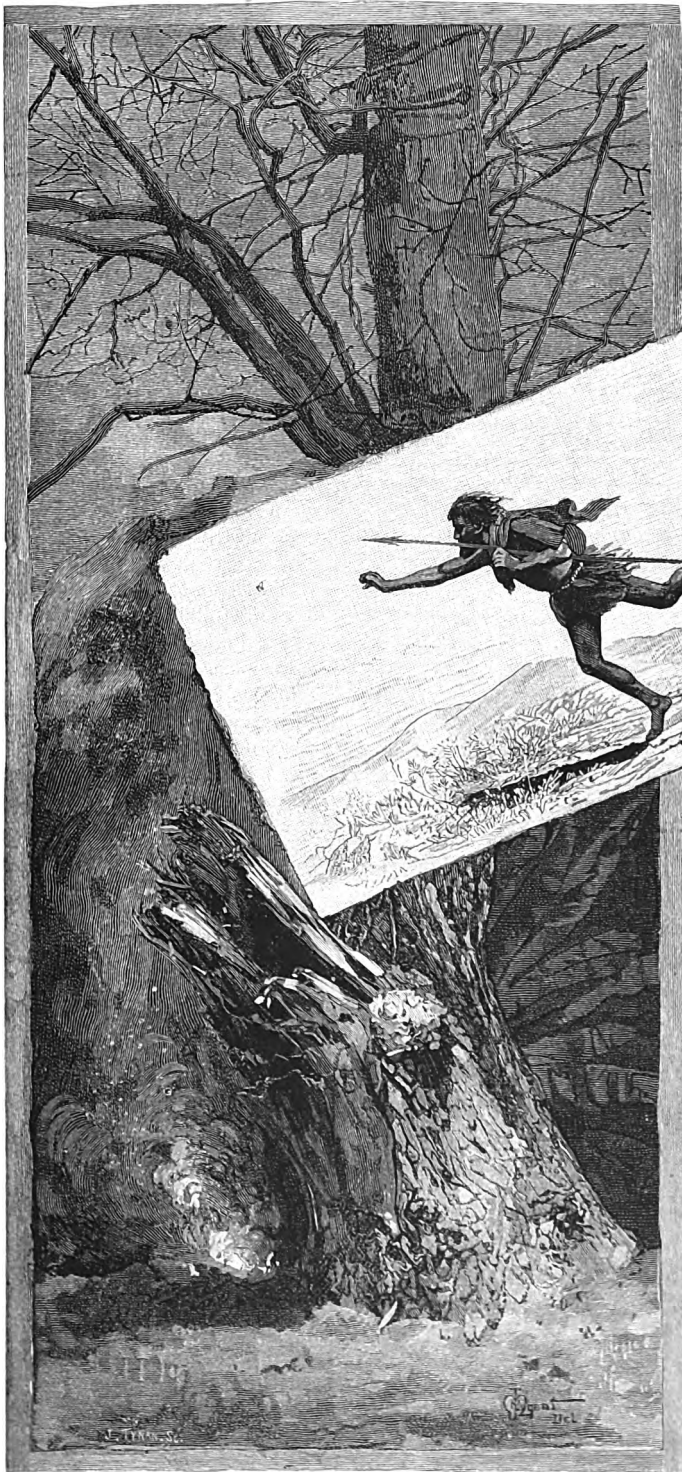
steals the honey-laden comb and lowers it by means of a cord to the ground.

In Africa the bees have a very hard time ; for there man has a sharp-eyed, active little friend to help him find the carefully hidden honey. This little friend is a bird,—a rascally, shiftless fellow, that not only fails to build a home for its little ones, but even goes so far as to make other birds have all the trouble and worry of bringing up and feeding them. Like the cuckoo, it puts its eggs in the nests of other birds.

The “honey-guide,” as it is called, is exceedingly fond of honey ; or, if it can not have that, is very well satisfied with young bees. It is only about the size of a lark, and so is not specially fitted for encountering a swarm of bees fighting in defense of their home. Once in a while, it tries to rob a nest, but it is usually well punished for doing so. The little bees seem to know that their stings can not injure the feather-covered body of the bird, and accordingly they direct their attacks at the eyes of the robber ; and if the bird does not escape in time, it will be blinded, and so perish of starvation.

However, the honey-guide is seldom so foolish as to run any such risk. It prefers to have some one else steal the honey, and is content with a small portion for its share. It is said sometimes to guide the ratel, an animal of the weasel family, to the nest ; and it certainly often does wait near by, while the ratel, which is very fond of both bees and honey, rifles the nest. Before the honey is all gone, little Honey-guide usually contrives to have a taste.

Whether the bird guides the ratel or not, it unquestionably does guide men to the bees' nests. When it has found a nest, it darts away in search of a man. As soon as it sees one, it hovers over him, flies about his head, perches near him, or flutters here and there in front of him, all the time chattering vigorously. The native knows in a moment what the little bird means ; and as he loves honey as a child does candy, only something that is very important will prevent his accepting the honey-guide's invitation. When he is ready to follow, he whistles ; and the bird seems to understand the signal, for it at once flies on, for a short distance and waits till the man is near, and then flies on a few yards farther. In this way the bird leads the man until the nest is reached. Then it suddenly changes its twitter for a peculiar note, and either hovers over the nest for a moment,



AFRICAN AND AUSTRALIAN HONEY-HUNTERS.

or complacently sits down and lets the man find the nest, as best he can.

When it is found, the bees are smoked out with a torch or with a fire of leaves, according to the height of the nest from the ground. A small portion of the honey is given to the bird as its share of the plunder. If the little fellow has had honey enough, it disappears; but if, as is usually the case, it receives only enough to whet its appetite, it will lead to another nest, and sometimes even to a third.

Once in a while, a man who is running after the little bird finds himself suddenly face to face with a wild beast or serpent. This is likely enough in a country that is so well supplied with both. But the natives say that the honey-guide is naturally wicked, and that it sometimes leads unsuspecting men into traps for the mere pleasure of villainy. Careful observers, however, maintain that this is not true.

In Australia, where there is no little bird to find honey for him, the native adopts a very peculiar plan for discovering the hidden sweets. He knows that bees never wander very far from home, seldom more than two miles; and he also knows that when a bee is laden with honey it makes, as nearly as possible, a straight line for home. All that is necessary, then, is to find a bee that is well laden and follow it. But that is more easily said than done; for although it is quite easy to determine whether the bee has a full cargo, it is difficult to follow it. Any boy who has tried to follow the big and gay-colored bumble-bee to its nest knows how great a task it is. But that is a mere trifle to following the sober little honey-bee, which can be lost, like a dream, against

a gray-colored hill-side. Moreover, a half-dozen other bees may cross its path, and then you can imagine how difficult it would become to distinguish the homeward-bound bee from the others. That sort of a wild-bee chase would be little better than the traditional wild-geese chase.

In order to be followed, the bee must have a distinguishing mark that can be easily seen, and with such a badge, the Australian provides it. He simply gums a small tuft of white cotton to the bee's back, and is thus enabled to follow it with comparative ease. A bee carrying a load of honey, and with a miniature bale of cotton on its back, can not fly very swiftly.

But the question now comes up, how is the cotton to be put upon the bee's back? The gum is quickly found—it is on almost any tree; the cotton grows right at hand. The bee, too, is found in almost any sweet flower, buried head first in the dusty pollen, drinking in the nectar and showing quite plainly whether its honey-sac is full or empty. It moves a little in its eager haste to secure the delicious liquid, but perhaps a quick dab will fasten the cotton on its back.—Do not try it. As the little boy told his mother, the bee is a very "quick kicker."

Watch the Australian,—and he a very stupid fellow, too, in most things. He fills his mouth with water, has his snowy tuft of cotton ready gummed, finds his bee, gently drenches it with water spurted from his mouth, picks it up while it is still indignantly shaking itself free from the water which clogs its wings, and with a dexterous touch he affixes in a instant the tell-tale cotton.

Very much out of patience, no doubt, with the sudden and unexpected rain-storm, the bee rubs off the tiny drops from its wings, tries them, rubs again, and soon — buzz ! buzz ! away it goes, unconsciously leading destruction and pillage to its happy home ;

for a few yards behind it runs the honey-hungry savage, his vigilant eye fixed on the moving white speck, which is to carry him to so sweet a destination.

We, who use millions of pounds of sugar and hundreds of thousands of pounds of honey every year, need not be surprised that the savage, who has only honey for sweetness, should be eager to use every effort to obtain it. The human family doubtless needs a great deal of sweetening, for vast quantities of honey and sugar are used all over the world.

In ancient times honey was almost the only sweetening substance used, and it was consequently very highly valued. The promised land was described to the Israelites as flowing with milk and honey, and that, to them, was as much as a land full of gold to the men of these times. And it was not merely what is called "a figure of speech" to say that Palestine flowed with milk and honey, for where cows thrive, bees thrive; and to this day there is no part of the world where honey is so plentiful as in Palestine.

In Judea, particularly, there are so many wild bees, that many of the inhabitants gain a livelihood simply by gathering honey from the crevices in rocks and hollows in trees. One traveler says that the trees in the forests in the Holy Land do, in truth, "flow" with honey, for the fat combs full of it hang from the trees on every hand.

Honey is good, but it is not safe to eat every kind of honey you may chance to find; for, honey made from poisonous flowers is usually poisonous also. This poisonous honey is found in all parts of the world, and accordingly, when you find a nest of wild bees, look carefully about and see if there are many poisonous flowers growing in the neighborhood. If so, be resolute, and abstain from eating the honey. For thus you will be good to yourself and to the hard-working bees, as well.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

BY GRACE F. COOLIDGE.

WHEN Mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me),
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple-tree.
She always kept her hair in curl,—
When Mamma was a little girl.

When Mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her, you see),
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea.
She learned to knit, "plain," "seam," and "purl,"—
When Mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says,—it must be true,—
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!"
Your Mamma, dear, was just like you,
When she was grandma's little girl!"



[Afterward known as "Pulcheria Augusta, Empress of the East."] A. D. 413.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

HERE was trouble and confusion in the Imperial Palace of Theodosius the Little, Emperor of the East. Now, this Theodosius was called "the Little" because, though he bore the name of his mighty grandfather, Theodosius the Great, emperor of both the east and west, he had as yet done nothing worthy any other title than that of "the Little," or "Child." For Theodosius, emperor though he was called, was only a boy of twelve and not a very bright boy, at that.

His father, Arcadius the Emperor, and his mother, Eudoxia the Empress, were dead; and in the great palace at Constantinople, in this year of grace, 413, Theodosius, the boy emperor, with his three sisters, Pulcheria, Marina, and Arcadia, alone were left to uphold the tottering dignity and the empty name of the once mighty Empire of the East, which their great ancestors, Constantine and Theodosius, had established and strengthened.

And now there was confusion in the imperial palace; for word came in haste from the Dacian border that Ruas, king of the Huns, sweeping down from the east, was ravaging the lands along the Upper Danube, and with his host of barbarous warriors was defeating the legions and devastating the lands of the empire.

The wise Anthemius, prefect of the east, and governor or guardian of the young emperor, was

greatly disturbed by the tidings of this new invasion. Already he had repelled at great cost the first advance of these terrible Huns and had quelled into a sort of half submission the less ferocious followers of Ulpin the Thracian; but now he knew that his armies along the Danube were in no condition to withstand the hordes of Huns, that, pouring in from distant Siberia, were following the lead of Ruas, their king, for plunder and booty, and were even now encamped scarce two hundred and fifty miles from the seven gates and the triple walls of splendid Constantinople.

Turbaned Turks, mosques and minarets, muftis and cadis, veiled eastern ladies, Mohammedans and muezzins, Arabian Nights and attar of roses, bazars, dogs and donkeys—these, I suppose, are what Constantinople suggests whenever its name is mentioned to any girl or boy of to-day,—the capital of modern Turkey, the city of the Sublime Porte. But the greatest glory of Constantinople was away back in the early days before the time of Mohammed, or of the Crusaders, when it was the center of the Christian religion, the chief and gorgeous capital of a Christian empire, and the residence of Christian emperors,—from the days of Constantine the conqueror to those of Justinian the Law-giver and of Irene the empress. It was the metropolis of the eastern half of the great Roman Empire, and during this period of over five hundred years all the wealth and treasure of the east poured into Constantinople, while all the glories of the empire, even the treasures of old Rome itself,

were drawn upon to adorn and beautify this rival city by the Golden Horn. And so in the days of Theodosius the Little, the court of Constantinople, although troubled with fear of barbarian invasion and attack, glittered with all the gorgeousness and display of the most magnificent empire in the world.

In the great *daphne*, or central space of the imperial palace, the prefect Anthemius, with the young emperor, the three princesses and their gorgeously arrayed nobles and attendants, awaited, one day, the envoys of Ruas the Hun, who sought lands and power within the limits of the empire.

They came, at last,—great, fierce-looking fellows, not at all pleasant to contemplate—big-boned, broad-shouldered, flat-nosed, swarthy and small-eyed, with shaggy skins, leathern armor, wolf-crowned helmets, and barbaric decorations, and the royal children shrunk from them in terror, even as they watched them with wondering curiosity. Imperial guards, gleaming in golden armor, accompanied them, while with the envoys came also a small retinue of Hunnish spearmen as escort. And in the company of these, the Princess Pulcheria noted a lad of ten or twelve years—short, swarthy, big-headed and flat-nosed like his brother barbarians, but with an air of open and hostile superiority that would not be moved even by all the glow and glitter of an imperial court.

Then Eslaw, the chief of the envoys of King Ruas the Hun, made known his master's demands: So much land, so much treasure, so much in the way of concession and power over the lands along the Danube, or Ruas the king would sweep down with his warriors and lay waste the cities and lands of the empire.

"These be bold words," said Anthemius the prefect. "And what if our lord the Emperor shall say thee nay?"

But ere the chief of the envoys could reply, the lad whose presence in the escort the Princess Pulcheria had noted, sprang into the circle before the throne, brandishing his long spear in hot defiance.

"Dogs and children of dogs, ye dare not say us nay!" he cried harshly. "Except we be made the friends and allies of the Emperor, and are given full store of southern gold and treasure, Ruas the king shall overturn these your palaces and make you all captives and slaves. It shall be war between you and us forever. Thus saith my spear!"

And as he spoke he dashed his long spear upon the floor, until the mosaic pavement rang again.

Boy emperor and princesses, prefect and nobles, and imperial guards sprang to their feet as the spear clashed on the pavement, and even the barbarian envoys, while they smiled grimly at their young comrade's energy, pulled him hastily back.

But ere the prefect Anthemius could sufficiently

master his astonishment to reply, the young Princess Pulcheria faced the savage envoys, and pointing to the cause of the disturbance, asked calmly:

"Who is this brawling boy, and what doth he here in the palace of the Emperor?"

And the boy made instant and defiant answer:

"I am Attila, the son of Mundzuk, kinsman to Ruas the king and deadly foe to Rome."

"Good Anthemius," said the clear, calm voice of the unterrified girl, "were it not wise to tell this wild young prince from the northern forest that the great Emperor hath gold for his friends, but only iron for his foes? 'Tis ever better to be friend than foe. Bid, I pray, that the arras of the Hippodrome be parted, and let our guests see the might and power of our arms."

With a look of pleased surprise at this bold stroke of the Princess, the prefect clapped his hands in command, and the heavily brocaded curtain that screened the gilded columns parted as if by unseen hands, and the Hunnish envoys, with a gaze of stolid wonder, looked down upon the great Hippodrome of Constantinople.

It was a vast inclosure, spacious enough for the marshaling of an army. Around its sides ran tiers of marble seats, and all about it rose gleaming statues of marble, of bronze, of silver and of gold—Augustus and the emperors, gods and goddesses of the old pagan days, heroes of the eastern and western empires. The bright oriental sun streamed down upon it and, as the trumpets sounded from beneath the imperial balcony, there filed into the arena the glittering troops of the empire, gorgeous in color and appointments, with lofty crests and gleaming armor, with shimmering spear-tips, prancing horses, towering elephants and mighty engines of war and siege, with archers and spearmen, with sounding trumpets and swaying standards and, high over all, the purple *labarum*, woven in gold and jewels,—the sacred banner of Constantine. Marching and counter-marching, around and around, and in and out until it seemed well-nigh endless, the martial procession passed before the eyes of the northern barbarians, watchful of every movement, eager as children to witness this royal review.

"These are but as a handful of dust amid the sands of the sea to the troops of the empire," said the prefect Anthemius, when the glittering rear-guard had passed from the Hippodrome. And the Princess Pulcheria added, "And these, O men from the north, are to help and succor the friends of the great Emperor even as they are for the terror and destruction of his foes. Bid the messengers from Ruas the king consider, good Anthemius, whether it were not wiser for their master to be the friend rather than the foe of the Emperor, and whether it

would not be in keeping with his valor and his might to be made one of the great captains of the empire, with a yearly stipend of many pounds of gold as the recompense of the Emperor for his service and his love."

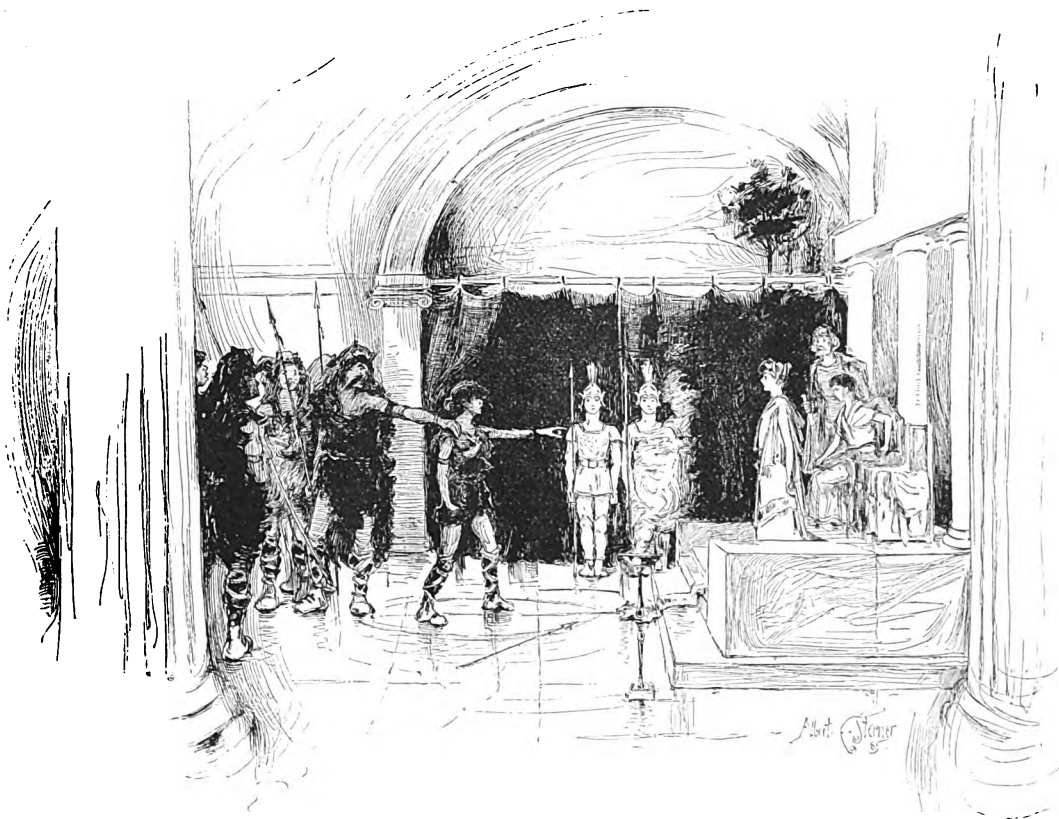
Again the Prefect looked with pleasure and surprise upon this wise young girl of fifteen, who had seen so shrewdly and so well the way to the hearts of these northern barbarians, to whom gold and warlike display were as meat and drink.

"You hear the words of this wise young maid,"

and fifty pounds of gold, good Anthemius, and let our guests bear to Ruas the king pledges and tokens of the Emperor's friendship."

"And bid, too, that they do leave yon barbarian boy at our court as hostage of their faith," demanded young Theodosius the Emperor, now speaking for the first time and making a most stupid blunder at a critical moment.

For, with a sudden start of revengeful indignation, young Attila the Hun turned to the boy Emperor: "I will be no man's hostage," he cried.



"'IT SHALL BE WAR BETWEEN YOU AND US, FOREVER!' SAID ATILLA."

he said. "Would it not please Ruas the king to be the friend of the Emperor, a general of the Empire, and the acceptor, on each recurring season of the Circensian games, of full two hundred pounds of gold as recompense for service and friendship?"

"Say, rather, three hundred pounds," said Eslaw, the chief of the envoys, "and our master may, perchance, esteem it wise and fair."

"Nay, it is not for the great Emperor to chaffer with his friends," said Pulcheria, the princess. "Bid that the stipend be fixed at three hundred

"Freely I came, freely will I go! Come down from thy bauble of a chair and thou and I will try, even in your circus yonder, which is the better boy, and which should rightly be hostage for faith and promise given!"

"How now!" exclaimed the boy Emperor, altogether unused to such uncourtier-like language; "this to me!" And the hasty young Hun continued:

"Ay, this and more! I tell thee, boy, that were I Ruas the king, the grass should never grow where

the hoofs of my war-horse trod ; Scythia should be mine ; Persia should be mine ; Rome should be mine. And look you, Sir Emperor, the time shall surely come when the king of the Huns shall be content not with paltry tribute and needless office, but with naught but Roman treasure and Roman slaves ! ”

But into this torrent of words came Pulcheria's calm voice again. “Nay, good Attila, and nay, my brother and my lord,” she said. “’T were not between friends and allies to talk of tribute nor of slaves, nor yet of hostage. Freely you came ; freely go ; and let this pledge tell of friendship between Theodosius the Emperor and Ruas the King.” And, with a step forward, she flung her own broad chain of gold around the stout and swarthy neck of the defiant young Attila.

So, through a girl's ready tact and quiet speech, was the terror of barbarian invasion averted. Ruas the Hun rested content for years with his annual salary of three hundred and fifty pounds of gold, or over seventy thousand dollars, and his title of General of the Empire ; while not for twenty years did the hot-headed young Attila make good his threat against the Roman power.

Anthemius the prefect, like the wise man he was, recognized the worth of the young Princess Pulcheria ; he saw how great was her influence over her brother the Emperor, and noted with astonishment and pleasure her words of wisdom and her rare common sense.

“Rule thou in my place, O Princess ! ” he said, soon after this interview with the barbarian envoys. “Thou, alone, of all in this broad empire, art best fitted to take lead and direction in the duties of its governing.”

Pulcheria, though a wise young girl, was prudent and conscientious.

“Such high authority is not for a girl like me, good Anthemius,” she replied. “Rather let me shape the ways and the growth of the Emperor my brother, and teach him how best to maintain himself in a deportment befitting his high estate, so that he may become a wise and just ruler ; but do thou bear sway for him until such time as he may take the guidance on himself.”

“Nay, not so, Princess,” the old prefect said.

“She who can shape the ways of a boy may guide the will of an empire. Be thou, then, Regent and Augusta, and rule this empire as becometh the daughter of Arcadius and the granddaughter of the great Theodosius.”

And as he desired, so it was decided. The Senate of the East decreed it and, in long procession, over flower-strewn pavements and through gorgeously decorated streets, with the trumpets sounding their loudest, with swaying standards, and rank upon rank of imperial troops, with great officers of the



“PULCHERIA AUGUSTA, REGENT OF THE EAST ! ”

government and throngs of palace attendants, this young girl of sixteen, on the fourth day of July, in the year 414, proceeded to the Church of the Holy Apostles, and was there publicly proclaimed *Pulcheria Augusta*, Regent of the East, solemnly accepting the trust as a sacred and patriotic duty.

And, not many days after, before the high altar of this same Church of the Holy Apostles, Pulcheria the princess stood with her younger sisters, Arcadia and Marina, and with all the impressive ceremonial of the Eastern Church, made a solemn

vow to devote their lives to the keeping of their father's heritage and the assistance of their only brother; to forswear the world and all its allurements; never to marry; and to be in all things faithful and constant to each other in this their promise and their pledge.

And they were faithful and constant. The story of those three determined young maidens, yet scarcely "in their teens," reads almost like a page from Tennyson's beautiful poem, "The Princess," with which many of my girl readers are doubtless familiar. The young Regent and her sisters, with their train of attendant maidens, renounced the vanity of dress,—wearing only plain and simple robes; they spent their time in making garments for the poor, and embroidered work for church decorations; and with song and prayer and frugal meals, interspersed with frequent fasts, they kept their vow "to forswear the world and its allurements" in an altogether strict and monotonous manner. Of course this style of living is no more to be recommended to healthy, hearty, fun-loving girls of fifteen than is its extreme of gayety and indulgence, but it had its effect in those bad old days of dissipation and excess, and the simplicity and soberness of this wise young girl's life in the very midst of so much power and luxury, made even the worst elements in the empire respect and honor her.

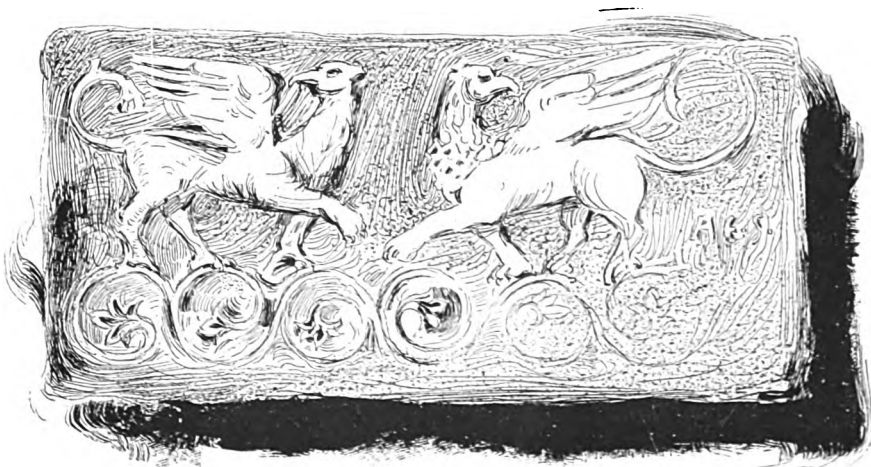
It would be interesting, did space permit, to sketch at length some of the devisings and doings of this girl regent of sixteen. "She superintended with extraordinary wisdom," says the old chronicler Sozemon, "the transactions of the Roman government," and "afforded the spectacle," says Ozanam, a later historian, "of a girlish princess of

sixteen, granddaughter and sole inheritor of the genius and courage of Theodosius the Great, governing the empires of the east and west, and being proclaimed on the death of her brother, *Augusta, Imperatrix*, and mistress of the world!"

This last event—the death of Theodosius the Younger—occurred in the year 449, and Pulcheria ascended the golden throne of Constantinople—the first woman that ever ruled as sole Empress of the Roman world.

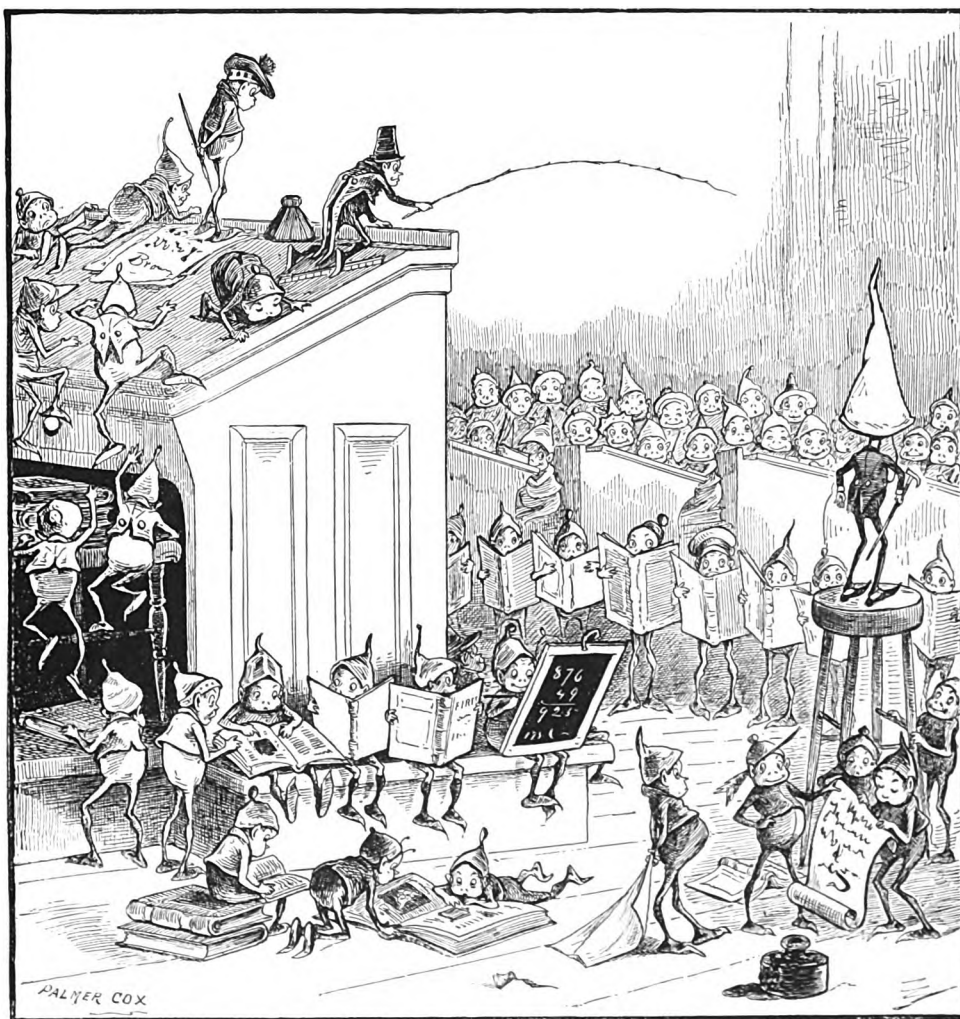
She died July 18, 453. That same year saw the death of her youthful acquaintance, Attila the Hun, that fierce barbarian whom men had called the "Scourge of God." His mighty empire stretched from the great wall of China to the Western Alps; but, though he ravaged the lands of both eastern and western Rome, he seems to have been so managed or controlled by the wise and peaceful measures of the girl regent that his destroying hordes never troubled the splendid city by the Golden Horn which offered so rare and tempting a booty.

It is not given to the girls of to-day to have anything like the magnificent opportunities of the young Pulcheria. But duty in many a form faces them again and again, while not unfrequently the occasion comes for sacrifice of comfort or for devotion to a trust. To all such the example of this fair young princess of old Constantinople, who, fifteen centuries ago, saw her duty plainly and undertook it simply and without hesitation, comes to strengthen and incite; and the girl who feels herself overwhelmed by responsibility, or who is fearful of her own untried powers, may gather strength, courage, wisdom, and will from the story of this historic girl of the long ago—the wise young Regent of the East, Pulcheria of Constantinople.



Another spoke: "The teacher's chair,
The ruler, pen, and birch are there;
The blackboard hangs against the wall;
The slates at hand, the books and all.
We might go in to read and write
And master sums like scholars bright."
"I 'll play," cried one, "the teacher's part;
I know some lessons quite by heart,
And every section of the land
To me is plain as open hand."

And those who train the budding mind
Should own a disposition kind.
The rod looks better on the tree
Than resting by the master's knee;
I 'll be the teacher, if you please;
I know the rivers, lakes, and seas,
And, like a banker's clerk, can throw
The figures nimbly in a row.
I have the patience, love, and grace,
So requisite in such a case."



"With all respect, my friend, to you,"
Another said, "that would not do.
You 're hardly fitted, sir, to rule;
Your place should be the dunce's stool.
You 're not with great endowments blessed;
Besides, your temper 's not the best,

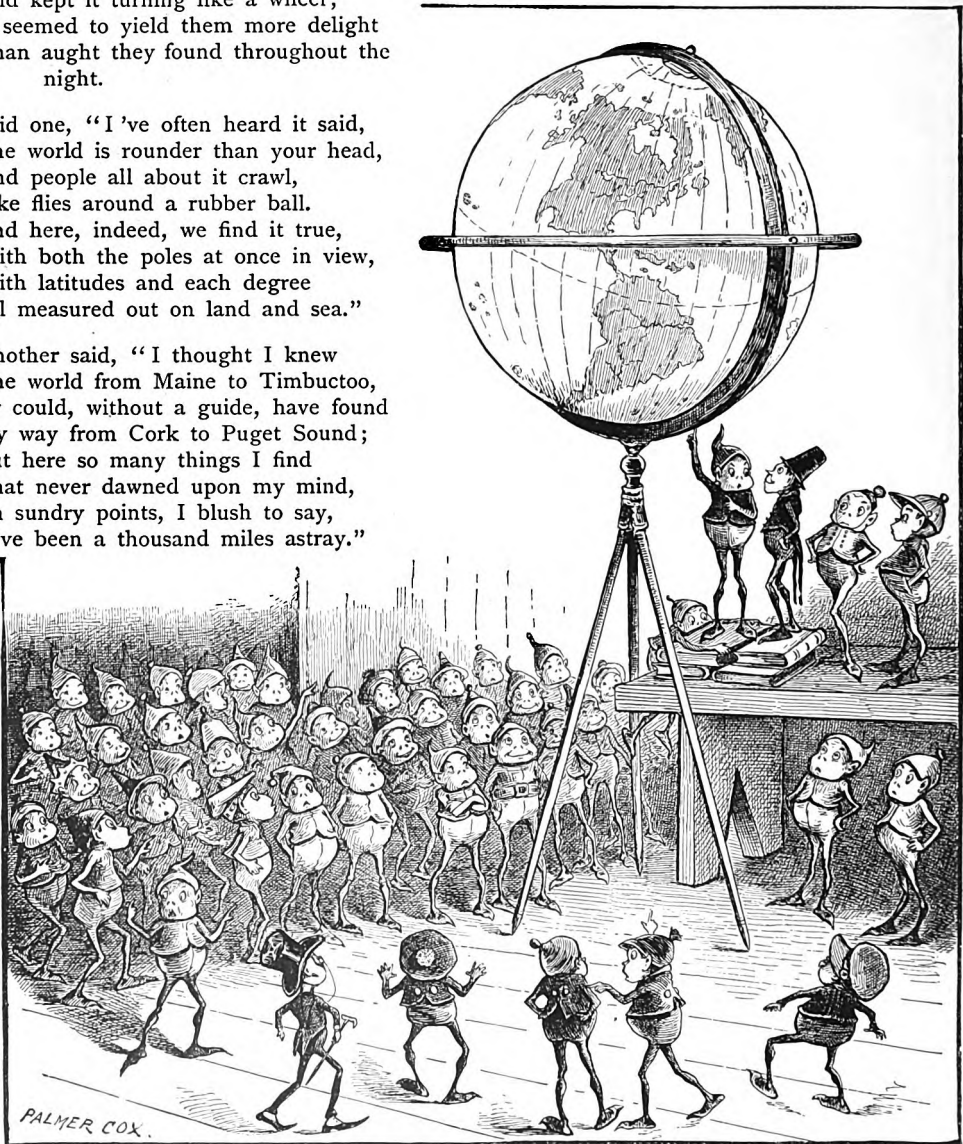
The more they talked, the stronger grew
The wish to prove how much they knew.
From page to page through books to pass
And spell the words that tried the class;
So through their skill they soon obtained
Access to all the room contained.

Then desk and bench, on every side,
Without delay were occupied;
Some bent above a slate or book,
And some at blackboards station took.
They clustered round the globe with zeal,
And kept it turning like a wheel;
It seemed to yield them more delight
Than aught they found throughout the night.

Said one, "I've often heard it said,
The world is rounder than your head,
And people all about it crawl,
Like flies around a rubber ball.
And here, indeed, we find it true,
With both the poles at once in view,
With latitudes and each degree
All measured out on land and sea."

Another said, "I thought I knew
The world from Maine to Timbuctoo,
Or could, without a guide, have found
My way from Cork to Puget Sound;
But here so many things I find
That never dawned upon my mind,
On sundry points, I blush to say,
I've been a thousand miles astray."

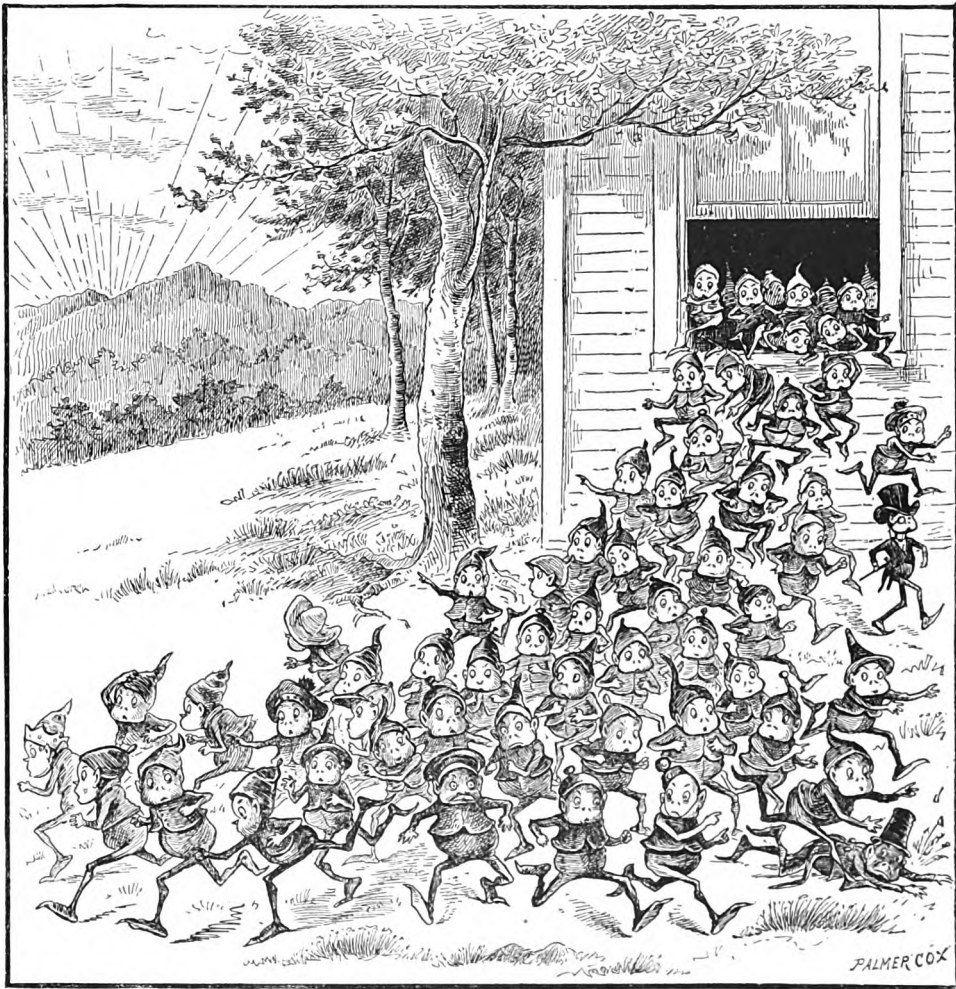
Are set apart for Hottentots.
And see the rivers small and great,
That drain a Province or a State;
The name and shape of every nation;
Their faith, extent, and population;



"T is like an egg," another cried,
"A little longer than it 's wide,
With islands scattered through the seas
Where savages may live at ease;
And buried up in Polar snows
You find the hardy Eskimos;
While here and there some scorching spots

And whether governed by a king,
A President, or Council ring."

While some with such expressions bold
Surveyed the globe as round it rolled,
Still others turned to ink and pen,
And, spreading like a brooding hen,



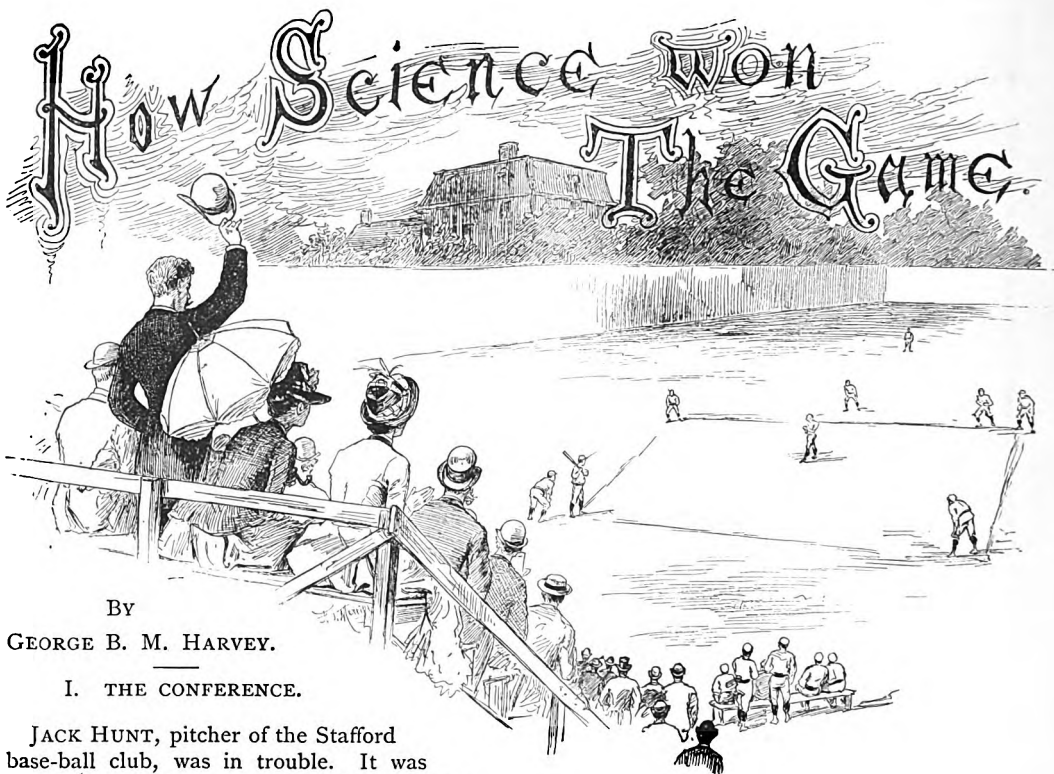
They scrawled a page to show the band
Their special "style," or "business hand."

The teacher had enough to do,
To act his part to nature true:
He lectured well the infant squad;
He rapped the desk and shook the rod,
And stood the dunce upon the stool,
A laughing-stock to all the school.
But frequent changes please the crowd,
So lengthy reign was not allowed;
And when one master had his hour,
Another took the rod of power;
And thus they changed to suit the case,
Till many filled the honored place.

So taken up was every mind
With fun and study well combined,
They noticed not the hours depart,
Until the sun commenced to dart

A sheaf of lances, long and bright,
Above the distant mountain height;
Then from the school-room, in a heap,
They jumped and tumbled, twenty-deep,
In eager haste to disappear
In deepest shade of forests near.

When next the children gathered there,
With wondering faces fresh and fair,
It took an hour of morning prime,
According to the teacher's time,
To get the books in place once more,
And order to the room restore.
So great had been the haste to hide,
The windows were left open wide;
While over slates and books and walls
Remained the pen and pencil scrawls;—
And scholars knew, without a doubt,
That cunning Brownies were about.



BY
GEORGE B. M. HARVEY.

I. THE CONFERENCE.

JACK HUNT, pitcher of the Stafford base-ball club, was in trouble. It was Monday, and the final and deciding game between the Stafford and the Danville clubs was called for the next Saturday; and "unless," as Jack said, something "turned up," his club would be sure to lose "the rubber." Each nine had won a game; and so they would meet for the final struggle on an apparently even footing. But really the chances greatly favored the Danville club, which had recently taken in some older players, who greatly strengthened their nine. They were all lusty young fellows. Not one was under eighteen years of age, and several were out of their teens. But Sanborn, the Stafford's first baseman and captain, was barely eighteen, and the ages of his men ranged from fifteen to seventeen.

Jack Hunt was a well-built lad of sixteen, which was also the age of Winfield Scott Hancock Bliss, the Stafford catcher.

And I must say a word also, at the outset, about Win. He was a Boston boy, spending his summer on the farm belonging to Jack's father, who happened to be his uncle. He was of a rather short and thick-set figure, with big black eyes that glowed like coals of fire when he was excited. Win had made good use of the gymnasium at school in the city and was really quite an athlete. He could jump two feet farther and nearly three

feet higher than any of his Stafford friends. Any other member of the nine could throw him in a wrestle, but not one of them could knock off his cap.

"You have the strength," he used to say to them, "but I tell you 'science' is the thing that wins!"

After supper, that Monday, Jack and Win started together for the village, where a conference of the nine was to be held on the piazza of the main store. The pitcher's face was still gloomy, for he knew from sad experience that the Danville fellows asked no better sport than to bat his pitching. The other players were less downcast, but all looked serious. The whole club was on hand in answer to the call. Besides the pitcher and catcher, there was Captain Sanborn, first baseman; Abe Blanchard, second baseman; Will Bailey, third baseman; Harley Esden, short-stop; Jack Steele, left-field; Am Ricker, center; and Sim Clarke, right.

The dignified captain called the meeting to order.

"I have asked for this meeting," he said, clearing his throat, "to see what was best to be done

about the Danville game. We all know that we've only a small prospect of winning. We play just as good a game in the field as the Danville fellows, but we can't begin to equal them at the bat. I went to see them play the Barnets on Saturday, and I tell you they hit very hard. Besides, they have a new pitcher, and he throws like lightning."

"Then we might just as well give it up in advance," said Jack, whose small amount of courage had already slowly oozed away.

"No, sir, we're going to play 'em, anyhow," responded the resolute captain. "And we have just one chance of beating them; and that is to break up their batting."

"You'll have to put in a new pitcher, then," returned Jack.

"Nonsense. There is no use in talking about that," said Captain Sanborn. "You're the best pitcher in the nine, Jack,—by all odds the best. I do wish, though——"

"Well, what?" said Jack, as the captain hesitated.

"I wish you could learn to curve 'em. Don't you suppose you could?"

"I know I can't," was Jack's despondent answer. "I've tried, and tried, but can not get the trick of it."

There was silence for a moment, and then began a long discussion, in which his fellow-players sought both to cheer Jack's drooping spirits and to devise some plan of action that should promise to bring them success in the great game to be played on Saturday.

"Well, boys," said the captain, finally, "let every man do the best he can—that's all. We must keep our courage up. We've beaten them once and we may beat again. And if not, we'll make them earn the victory, at any rate."

So the sober conference was ended and the boys walked slowly to their homes. Late in the night Win heard Jack mutter in his sleep, "If I only *could* curve 'em!"

II.—THE CURVES.

"WAKE up, Jack! Wake up, quick!" screamed Win in the ear of the sleepy pitcher the next morning. "I have an idea—a great scheme! Come, come!"

"What's the row?" grunted Jack, rubbing his eyes.

"Did you see that tall fellow, in the checked suit, at the hotel last night?" asked Win.

Jack nodded sleepily.

"Well, sir, he is the base-ball editor of the Boston *Trumpet*. I'm sure of it. I knew I'd

seen him before, and it just flashed upon me where. He is just the man we want. Hurry, or he'll have gone!"

"What if he has? he can't play for us," said Jack.

"I know that. But don't you understand? Are you asleep yet? He'll show you *how to curve*!"

"W-h-a-t!" Jack was wide awake now.

"Curves, curves,—don't you see? He knows all about 'em," said Win, eagerly. "Come on!"

It took Jack just ten minutes, by Win's watch, to dress, breakfast, and start on the run for the summer hotel.

When they sent up their names, they received in answer the message that "the gentleman was not up yet, but would they not wait?"

"Wait! well, I should say so!" replied Jack, with unnecessary energy.

An hour later, a tall, pleasant-looking young man sauntered into the office from the breakfast-room. It was the base-ball editor of the *Trumpet*, just arrived to spend a short vacation among the Green Mountains.

Win was nervous, as he advanced to meet them.

"Is this—the—the *Trumpet*?" he finally burst out.

"What did you say?" inquired the young man.

"I mean," corrected the stammering catcher, "is this the base-ball editor of the *Trumpet*?"

The young man finished lighting a cigar, blew a whiff of smoke, and acknowledged his identity with a nod.

"Well, sir, we want the 'curves,' please," said eager Win.

"The *what*?" asked the young man wonderingly, while Jack sidled toward the door.

"It seems to me I never was so stupid!" replied Win, hastily. "Why, we came to ask if you would n't show our pitcher how to curve 'em. We're to play a match game next Saturday, and we've got to do something desperate or we'll get beaten out of our boots. Can't you show him how to curve?"

The now enlightened base-ball editor smiled, blew another whiff of smoke, winked, and asked, "Where is he?"

"Who?" inquired Win.

"Your pitcher, of course. You don't want the right fielder to curve, do you?"

"Of course not," said Win, laughing. "Here's our pitcher. Jack, this is the base-ball editor of the *Trumpet*."

Jack bowed and the base-ball editor held out his hand and looked carefully at Jack's.

"Are you strong in the wrist?" he finally asked.

"Yes, sir, I think so," said Jack.

"Let me feel your arm."

Jack extended it toward him, saying: "I ought to have *some* muscle; I've worked on the farm all summer."

"You did n't get that bunch there, in working on the farm," observed the base-ball editor, pressing the muscle on the outside of Jack's fore-arm, near the elbow.

"No, sir, I did n't," said Jack, in a surprised tone.

"You got that by pitching," continued the young man. "You must have pitched a good while, for a youngster."

"Yes, sir," responded Jack, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, my young friends," said the base-ball

my cigar, and will come out and see if we can meet the emergency."

Fifteen minutes later, the two eager boys, having carried out the young man's directions, saw the tall form of their new friend emerge from the back doorway of the hotel.

"Now that piano box," remarked the base-ball editor, taking a league ball from his pocket, "we'll say, is resting on the home base. This spot, fifty feet away, is the pitcher's place. I will stand here facing the box and hold out my arm (with the ball in my hand) at right angles with a line running straight from here to the box. Now, one of you stand here behind me and take a squint over the ball, with the stake as a 'sight,' and let the other



THE BOYS ARE INSTRUCTED IN THE ART OF "CURVING."

editor, after smoking for a minute in silence, "I take you to be in earnest, and I'll tell you what I'll do. Out behind the hotel is an empty piano box. I saw it from my window, this morning. Go and prop that up on its sides, measure off fifty feet from it and mark the spot. Then, at about half-way between the box and the marked spot, drive a stake five or six feet high into the ground. By the time you shall have done that, I'll have finished

mark the place on the box, which the 'squinter' says is in a straight line from the ball, as I am holding it."

Win "squinted," and Jack made a straight mark, toward the ground, on the piano box. Both boys were decidedly mystified.

"Now," asked the base-ball editor, "a ball going straight from my hand and just missing the stake will hit the chalk-mark on the box; will it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Win, promptly.

"Then, if it strikes to the left of the mark, it will have to curve; will it?" was the next question.

"Yes, sir," answered Win, again.

"Then, here goes!" said the base-ball editor; and taking the ball in his right hand, he pressed it an instant with his left, and then threw it sharply. The ball passed about six inches to the right of the stake, and yet struck the box two or three inches to the left of the chalk mark.

"It must have curved eight inches," observed Win with "scientific" accuracy.

Jack tossed back the ball, and the young man threw again. This time the ball just missed the stake on the right, and struck at least a foot to the left of the mark.

"That was better," remarked the base-ball editor, in a satisfied tone. "Now, come here, Mr. Young Pitcher, and I'll show you how to do it."

"I don't believe I ever can," responded Jack, but with a face as eager as a child's.

"Oh, yes, you can!" said the young man. "There's nothing like knowing how. First, take the ball between your thumb and forefinger. Don't let your other fingers touch it. There, that's right! Now, press it down so it will just touch the cord connecting your thumb and finger. Correct! Now, pinch it *tight* with the end of your thumb and throw from your hip."

The ball struck to the right of the mark.

"No curve to that," said the instructor. "Pinch tighter and give a sharp, quick jerk when you throw."

The ball struck the mark.

"That's better," was the encouraging comment. "Try again and don't hurry about it! Keep cool!"

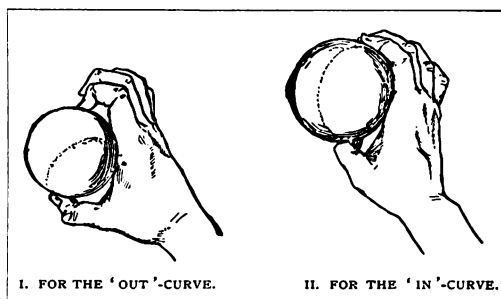
Jack had now almost overcome his nervousness and did as he was told. The ball just missed the stake and struck the box six inches to the left of the mark.

"Hurrah! You've caught the trick!" cried Win, throwing up his cap.

Jack tried again and again, finally making the ball strike nearly as far from the chalk-line as his teacher had sent it.

"Very good, indeed, for a beginner!" said the base-ball editor, heartily. "That is called the 'out' curve. Now we'll try the 'in' curve. You'll find it harder to manage. Bend your thumb at the first joint, place the ball on your knuckle and hold it firmly with your first two fingers. Don't let your other fingers touch it. Throw from near your knee, at first, and on the left side of the stake."

Jack threw swiftly, and the ball struck the mark.



DIAGRAMS SHOWING HOW TO HOLD THE BALL FOR "CURVING."

"Now again, and pinch tight," was the command.

Again Jack threw, and this time he made the ball strike two or three inches to the right of the mark.

"That is much better than I expected," said the base-ball editor. "Why, you're a natural pitcher! Now all you want is practice. Use the stake awhile and then pitch over a base. Practice as much as you can without laming your arm. There are other curves, the 'up,' and the 'down,' besides what is called the 'shoot,' but these two will be enough for you to learn between now and Saturday."

"I'm everlastingly obliged," said Jack, warmly.

"You need n't thank me," responded the base-ball editor. "But I shall be interested in your work on Saturday. Will you let me know the result of the game when you come back?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Jack, heartily, and the two boys bade a grateful adieu to the young man, and went gayly off to the base-ball grounds for further practice.

"I tell you, Jack," said Win, as they walked rapidly along, "science is the thing that wins."

III.—THE GAME.



SOMEWHAT to Win's surprise, the great day arrived on time. And so did the rickety old country stage, as it drew up with a flourish at the Danville ball-ground, and was greeted with a cheer. Out clambered the Stafford nine. They looked very neat in their bright new uniforms; but the spectators could not help remarking the physical superiority of the Danville players.

"We're going to have a perfect 'walk-over,'" remarked one of the Danville nine, lazily twirling a bat, as the Stafford boys threw off their coats.

Jack's quick ears caught the remarks, and his blue eyes flashed with indignation. "We'll see about that!" he muttered.

Jack had followed his instructions faithfully, and he felt confident of his ability to puzzle his opponents. Win, however, was less certain, and he whispered to Jack:

"Don't lose your head."

The base-ball editor's parting injunction, that morning, had been:

"Keep cool and pinch tight."

Captain Sanborn of the Staffords won the toss and chose the field. The boys scattered quickly to their various positions, and the ball was thrown to the pitcher. But no sooner had Jack received the signal to play than he had an attack of "stage-fright." His nerves tingled, and his knees shook. It was really not to be wondered at, for he had never pitched before so large a crowd, and he could not help feeling that the game depended on him. It was a trying position for any lad, and especially so for Jack, who, as Win said, was apt to "lose his head."

"Low ball!" called the umpire.

Jack threw quickly, and the ball whizzed away over the striker's head, striking the catcher's fence. A titter ran through the opposing nine. This bit of discourtesy was too much for Jack in his nervous condition. He threw wildly again, and became first excited and then reckless. Two men went to first base on called balls, and five made safe hits. When the wretched inning was finally ended, the Danvilles had scored five runs. Jack did not try to conceal his mortification.

Abe Blanchard was the first Stafford batsman. He was considered a good hitter, but he retired on three strikes, saying that the pitching was too swift for him.

Steele sent an easy fly to the second baseman, was caught out, and Win stepped to the plate. He was not embarrassed or nervous, and he hit a sharp grounder between the short stop and the third baseman. The left fielder was over-confident and let it pass him, and Win made two bases.

"Hunt to bat!" called the scorer.

Jack's face still burned, but his teeth were clenched. He struck the first ball pitched with all his strength and sent a fly just over the center fielder. Win got in and saved a whitewash. The next striker was put out, but the cheering of the crowd brought Jack to his senses. He walked steadily to the pitcher's box, perfectly cool and collected.

"Play!" called the umpire.

Jack pressed the ball into his right hand, pinched it tight, took a deliberate step forward and threw it. The batsman struck at it, but the

ball passed at least six inches from the end of his bat. Win smiled. Another ball followed, with the same result. Jack's confidence had now returned, and Win's black eyes flashed reassuringly behind the catcher's mask. The next ball started directly toward the striker, who stepped quickly back to avoid being hit. But his act was unnecessary. The ball curved neatly over the base and lodged safely in Win's hands.

"Three strikes, and out!" cried the pleased umpire.

The batsman was puzzled. He looked at the umpire, at his bat, and finally at Jack. But Win understood. It was the "out"-curve.

"Science is the thing that wins," the catcher whispered softly to himself.

Two more strikers were retired in quick order, one having struck a foul ball, which was easily caught by Win. It was a whitewash for the Danvilles. Not a man had reached the first base or had even left the home base. What could it mean? The Danville players looked at each other wonderingly, and the audience smiled and concluded that it might be an interesting game, after all.

From that time on, the Staffords steadily won. The swift pitching was hard to hit, but they had regained their courage and they did very well. The Danvilles soon saw how the balls were curving from them and they batted more prudently. Then Jack tried the "in"-curve. But they would hit even his curves occasionally, and in trying to vary his delivery, he let two or three strikers take bases on called balls. The game became interesting. At the end of the eighth inning the score stood twelve to eleven in favor of the Danvilles. They went to the bat for the last time, and Jack was on his mettle. The strikers retired in one,—two,—three order.

The Staffords came in to close the inning. But the history of that half-inning was best told by Jack to his friend, the base-ball editor, late that night.

"Well," began Jack, when he reached this point in his narrative, "Am Ricker went up first for us, and he was so flustered, he struck out. Abe Blanchard hit a good grounder to third, but the ball got to first before he did. Then Steele went in and was given his base on called balls. And there we were! If they whitewashed us, we were beaten, but if we could get in one run, we should tie 'em; and two runs would give us the game. Win was next, and he never fails. He made a "daisy" hit. It was a liner just over the short-stop's head, and the left fielder fumbled again, so Win got his second. Then it was my turn. Well, sir, it was so still when I stepped to the plate that I honestly believe you could have

heard a pin drop on the grass. But I was just as cool as a cucumber. I'd mastered all my non-sensical nervousness.

"Well, I waited till I got a ball that just suited me, and then I sent it right down by the first base. The baseman did n't capture it, though;

reached around instantly to touch Win. But he didn't touch him. For, just as he stooped, Win made one of his famous jumps, and went clear over the catcher's back, striking both feet on the home base!

"Well, sir, you should have seen that catcher's face when he turned round and saw Win behind



"WIN MADE ONE OF HIS FAMOUS JUMPS AND WENT OVER THE CATCHER'S BACK."

and Steele came in from third and Win started from second. I never once thought of his trying to get home, for the right fielder had the ball in quick time, though I was safe on first. But, sir, Win never stopped at third; and jiminy!—how he did run! The catcher saw him coming and yelled for the ball. He was a short fellow, that catcher, but he was so afraid that Win would slide under him that he stood right in the line about three feet from the home base. The right-fielder had thrown the ball to the second-baseman, and he threw it home when he heard the catcher call for it. The ball came right to the catcher's knees; he stooped and caught it, and

him. I just lay down on the grass, and kicked my feet in the air and screamed! And the crowd, didn't they cheer! I never heard such a noise on the Fourth of July, or at any other time, and I never saw Win's eyes so big and bright. But all he'd say was what he always says: 'I tell you, boys, science is the thing that wins!' Oh! you ought to have been there!"

"I wish I had been there, I'm sure," said the base-ball editor, regretfully. "But I'll tell you what I am going to do.—I'm going to write out a report of that game."

And he did. This is it.

FROM BACH TO WAGNER.

A Series of Brief Papers concerning the Great Musicians.

BY AGATHA TUNIS.

VII.—MENDELSSOHN.

NO STRONGER contrast to the unhappy fate of Schubert could be presented than the life of Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, born at Hamburg, February 3, 1809. He was one of a gifted family, every member of which was lovable and interesting. His grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, was a man great in mind and heart; and Abraham Mendelssohn, the father of Felix, was a man of power and character. He never attained, however, the fame of his father nor of his son, and he used to say in his later life: "Formerly I was the son of my father, and now I am the father of my son." He gave the most careful attention to his children's education, and they always sought his advice and counsel. Felix's mother, too, was an able and accomplished woman, who sang well, played on the piano, spoke French, English, and Italian, read Greek, made beautiful drawings, and added to all these attainments the power of attracting the most cultured society in Berlin to her house. These parents gave their children the best education that love could dictate and money procure. Felix's sister Fanny, four years older than he, had remarkable musical talent. She composed some of the "Songs Without Words," which Felix never tired of admiring. Her brother and herself were throughout their lives the dearest friends and confidants.

Their mother gave the children lessons, and always superintended their practicing; but she soon felt their need of a professional teacher, and Zelter, an enthusiastic disciple of Bach, undertook the children's musical education.

The children worked very hard at their music, rising at five to practice; nor was their general education neglected, for they had the best masters in every department. When Felix was eleven years old, he and his music teacher visited Goethe, the great German author, who loved to hear the little genius extemporize. Sir Julius Benedict, who met him at this time, says, "I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding the beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets round his shoulders, the ingenuous expression of his clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candor on his lips."

Felix now worked very steadily at his music, and in 1818 a series of matinees were inaugurated, at which he conducted an orchestra, always placing

one of his own compositions on the programme. Few musicians passed through Berlin without attending these performances, so that besides the practice in conducting, and the pleasure of having his own compositions played, Felix had the further advantage of hearing the best musical criticism. In 1822 the family traveled through Italy and Switzerland, and before returning, they again visited Goethe, who was delighted to renew his acquaintance with the little musician. He loved to hear Felix improvise, and said to the lad's mother, "A charming, delightful boy; send him again soon, that I may get all the pleasure I can out of him." On his fifteenth birthday, when his health was proposed, Zelter said he was no longer an apprentice, but a musician, and hailed him as one "in the name of Mozart, Haydn and old father Bach." Nothing could be more charming than the life and surroundings of this favored family. The Mendelssohns' house was lofty and spacious, with a beautiful park laid out in trees and vines. In summer, the children lived in it. Here, in company with some young friends, they started a little paper called the *Garden-Times*, changing the title in winter to that of the *Tea-and-Snow-Times*. Each one was obliged to contribute something, serious or humorous, to its columns, and it was a source of great amusement to them all. Felix could often be found in some snug corner with a copy of Shakespeare in his hand, and amid such happy and delightful scenes, and while reading the comedy, Mendelssohn really wrote his "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, which he copied twenty years afterward without changing a note. In 1829, the Bach Passion Music was given, chiefly through his efforts; he always considered Bach his master, and said that he was the source of all that was most needful in music. During that year, Felix left home for a season of travel; the journey was undertaken not merely to study his art and to win reputation, but, what was just now far more important to him, to see places and people; in short, for general as well as for musical culture. His absence left a blank at home, which was felt by no one more than Fanny; but they were all somewhat consoled by the affectionate and interesting letters he sent them. In London he was entertained by Moscheles, and enthusiastically received by the public; his intellectual and social gifts were only less rare than his

musical genius. At the end of the season, Felix made a tour through Scotland, where he met Sir Walter Scott. He delighted also in the air and scenery, and his letters are filled with charming descriptions of his tour. On returning to England, he staid for some time at Chester, where he was entertained by a Mr. Taylor. We have in Mendelssohn's letters a beautiful picture of the simple out-of-door life he led there, and we are impressed by his high spirits, and his entire freedom from conceit. He loved afterward to tell of the charm which the meadow and brook, the trees and grass had for him there. He spent much time in sketching and painting; but his head was full of music, and everything suggested a musical idea to him. He was very fond of carnations, and he set a bunch of them to music in the album of a daughter of his host, with a drawing of the flowers over the notes; not forgetting to set some delicate arpeggios in the music for the scent of the flowers. On seeing the younger sister with some bell-shaped flowers in her hair, he said that the fairies might dance on the trumpets, and he set them to a capriccio. He never tired of merry-making, and one afternoon toward dusk, he, with a number of young people, was one of a happy young company that was picnicking in a thicket. Some one gayly proposed a fire; and all began to drag the boughs and twigs into place, so that soon they had a fine bonfire. While still lingering around it, Mendelssohn began to ask for some music, but nothing could be found save a worn-out fiddle of the gardener's. Mendelssohn, all undismayed, began to play, shouting with laughter at his performance; but soon there was a hush in the chat and sport, and the whole party sat spell-bound at the lovely music which he drew from even that despised fiddle. He would sit for hours, improvising dance-tunes, and liked nothing better than to entertain his friends with his music. He always looked back on his visit to Chester as one of the brightest spots in a bright life.

Such a youth was Mendelssohn at twenty,—simple, lovable, and gifted. He had beautiful dark-brown eyes and fine wavy hair, and a delicate mouth. Fascinating in face, in disposition, and in attainments, what wonder that all hearts were drawn to him, and that everybody loved him? It is said that, when improvising, his hands seemed almost like living creatures; his eyes glowed and seemed to become larger and larger; but his whole manner was very quiet and unassuming. Some-

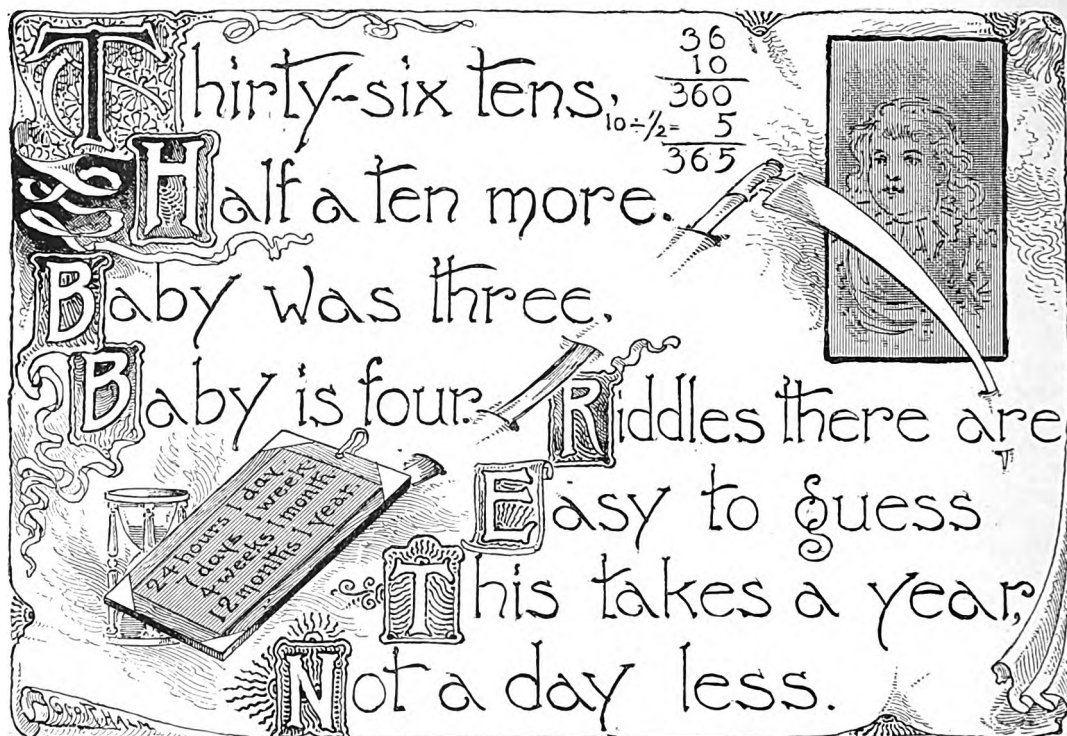
times he would lean over the keys as if he expected to see the music flow through his fingers to the piano.

In 1833, he accepted a position as musical director at Dusseldorf, and while there he experienced the first real grief that came into his life, in the death of his beloved father. Mendelssohn not only fondly loved his father, but he had been accustomed from his childhood to look to him for help and guidance, and not one of the family suffered more under this blow than did he.

In 1837, Mendelssohn married Cécile Jeanreneaude, a woman lovely in face and disposition, who sympathized in all his tastes and desires. The Leipsic people idolized Mendelssohn; everywhere he met with enthusiastic love and admiration, and had the greatest influence in musical affairs. He had been partly influenced in coming to Leipsic by the thought that he would live in the city sacred to "father Bach"; once settled there, he determined to erect some kind of a monument to him, and for this object he gave an organ concert. Schumann, who heard the performance, said that he would love to write of the evening in "golden letters," and added that for him there can be no greater happiness in music than to hear one master interpret the works of another.

From that time on, Mendelssohn's life had few incidents. In his last years he overworked himself in his zeal for his art, and became melancholy and low-spirited, his sadness increasing, till he died, Nov. 4, 1847. His death was deeply mourned not only throughout Germany, but in England, where he had many dear personal friends. With him the greatest light of the Mendelssohn family went out.

To few men has it been given to have so happy or so accomplished a life as to Felix Mendelssohn. Music was much, very much to him, but it was not all. If he had never played a note of music, he could have made a fine painter; if he had neither played nor painted, he was so full of intellectual resources, he could have led a broad, useful life, attracting the rarest spirits to himself. But he had all these, and it is a marvel that he could find time for all he did and all he was. His published letters show the completeness of his character and his life. He was a happy musician, and his life is reflected in his music. It is a relief sometimes to turn from the deep, passionate strains wrung from the aching heart of Schubert or Mozart to the sweet, delicate, beautiful music of Mendelssohn.



DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN.

By E. P. ROE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

AS WAS stated early in this simple history, the original barn was built on a side-hill, the rear facing the south; and, since the foundations were still in fair condition and the site convenient, I determined to build on the same spot, at the same time modifying the old plan somewhat.

I had decided that the poultry-house and pigsty should form an extension to the barn and that both should be built in the side of the bank also. The poultry-house, between the barn and sty, was to be built so that its side facing the southeast should be chiefly of glass, and so constructed as to secure the greatest amount of light and warmth. Eggs in winter form the most profitable item in poultry keeping.

It did not take the masons long to point up and strengthen the old foundations, and early in September everything was under full headway, the sound of hammer, saw, and plane resounding all day long. It was Winnie's and Bobsey's task to gather up the shavings and refuse bits of lumber and carry them to the wood-house.

"The ease and quickness with which we can build fires next winter," I said, "is a pleasant thing to think of."

Meanwhile the garden was not neglected. The early flight of summer-boarders had greatly reduced the demand for vegetables, and now we began to hoard for our own use. The lima-beans were allowed to dry on the vines, the matured pods of the bush-beans were spread in the attic, and thither also the ripened onions were brought and placed in shallow boxes. As far as possible we had saved our own seed. I had made a box and had cov-

ered it with tin so as to be mouse-proof, and in this we placed the different varieties, carefully labeled. Although it was not an apple year, quite a number of our trees were in bearing. Twice in each week, the best of the wind-falls were picked up and sent to the village, with the tomatoes and such other vegetables as were in demand. As fast as crops matured, the ground was cleared, and all of the refuse that contained no injurious seeds was saved as a winter covering for the strawberry plants.

Our main labor, however, after digging the rest of the potatoes, was the setting of that half acre in the later varieties of the strawberry. Although the early part of September was very dry and warm, we managed to set out two or three rows nearly every afternoon. The nights had now grown so long and cool that one thorough watering seemed to establish the plants. Near the middle of the month, there came a fine rain, and we set the remainder of the ground in one day, all the children aiding me in the task. Those first planted were now strong, splendid plants, with a bunch of foliage six inches in diameter.

Thus, between helping in the work on the new barn and other labors, September saw a renewal of our early summer activity.

"The winds are whispering of winter in the trees," I said to the children, "and all thrifty creatures, ants, bees, and squirrels, are laying up their stores. So must we."

I had watched our ripening corn with great satisfaction. For a long time Merton could walk through it without his straw hat being seen above the nodding tassels. But one day, Mr. Jones came over with some bundles of long rye-straw in his wagon and said:

"You can't guess what these are for."

"Some useful purpose, or you wouldn't have brought them," I replied.

"We'll see. Come with me to the corn patch."

As we started, he took a bundle under his arm, and I saw that he had a tool called a corn-knife in his hand. Going through the rows, he occasionally stripped down the husks from an ear and then said:

"Yes, it's ready. Don't you see that the kernels are plump and glazed? Junior and I are going to tackle our corn to-morrow, and, says I to myself, if ours is ready to cut, so is neighbor Durham's. The sooner it's cut after it's ready, the better. The stalks are worth more for fodder, and you run no risk from an early frost, which would spoil it all. You and Merton must pitch in as you usually do. And now I'll show you how to work at it."

Gathering the stalks together above the ears with his left hand, he cut the entire hill off with one blow of the corn-knife within six inches of the

ground, and then leaned the stalks against those of an uncut hill. This he continued to do until he had made what he called a "stout," or a bunch of stalks about as large as he could conveniently encircle with his arms, the uncut hill of stalks forming a support in the center. Then he took a wisp of the rye-straw, divided it evenly, and putting the two ends together, twisted it speedily into a sort of a rope. With this he bound the stout tightly above the ears by a simple method which one lesson made plain to me.

"Well, you are a good neighbor!" I exclaimed.

"Pshaw! What does this amount to?" he replied. "You forget that I've sold you a lot of rye-straw, and so have the best of you, after all."

"I don't forget anything, Mr. Jones. As you say, I believe we shall 'make a go' of it here, but we always remember how much we owe to you and Junior. You've let me pay for some things in a way that saved my self-respect, and made me feel that I could go to you as often as I wished, but you have never taken advantage of me, and you have kept smart people from doing it. Do you know, Mr. Jones, that in every country village there are weasel-like people who encourage new-comers by bleeding their pocket-books at every chance? In securing you as a neighbor, our battle was half won, for no one needs a good, practical friend more than a city man beginning life in the country."

"Jerusalem! how you talk! I'm goin' right home and tell my wife to call me 'Saint Jones.' Then I'll get a tin halo and wear it, for my straw hat is about played out," and away he went, chuckling over his odd conceits, but pleased, as all men are, when their good-will is appreciated. One kind of meanness that disgusts human nature, is a selfish, unthankful reception of kindness.

After an early supper I drove to the village with what I had to sell, and returned with two corn-hooks. And by night of the following day, Bagley and I had the corn cut and tied up.

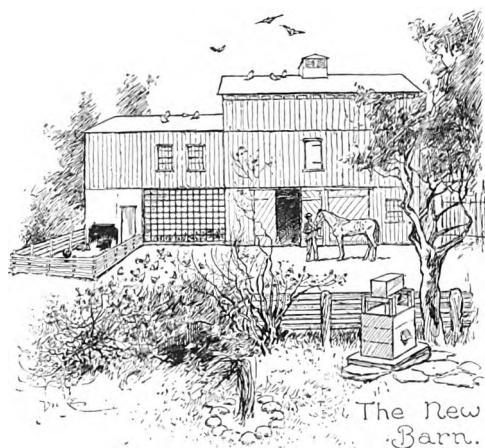
On the next afternoon I helped Bagley sharpen the hooks and we began to cut the fodder-corn which now stood, green and succulent, averaging two feet in height throughout the field.

The barn was now up and the carpenters were roofing it in, while two days more of work would complete the pig-sty and poultry-house. Every stroke of the hammer told rapidly, and we all exulted over our new and better appliances for carrying out our plan of country life. Since the work was being done by contract, I contented myself by seeing that it was done thoroughly. Meanwhile, Merton was busy with the cart drawing rich earth from the banks of the creek. The proper use of fertilizers had given such a marked increase to our crops that it became clear that our best

prospect of growing rich was to make the land rich.

During the last week of September the nights were so cool as to suggest frost, and I said to Mousie:

"I think we'd better take up your geraniums and other window plants and put them in pots and boxes. We can then stand them under a tree, which would shelter them from a slight frost. Should there be serious danger, it would take us but a few minutes to bring them into the house. You have taken such care of them all summer that I do not intend that you shall lose them now. Refer to your flower-book, and read what kind of soil they grow best in during the winter, and then Merton can help you gather it."



The child was all solicitude about her pets, and after dinner she and Merton, the latter trundling a wheelbarrow, went down to the creek and obtained a lot of fine sand and some leaf-mold from under the trees in the woods. These ingredients we carefully mixed with rich soil from the flower bed, and put it in the pots and boxes around the roots of as many plants as there was room for on the table by the sunny kitchen window. Having watered them thoroughly, we stood them under a tree, there to remain until a certain sharpness in the air should warn us to carry them to their winter quarters.

The lima-beans, as fast as the pods grew dry, or even yellow, were picked and spread in the attic. They could be shelled at our leisure on stormy winter days.

Early in September my wife had begun to give Mousie, Winnie, and Bobsey their lessons again. Since we were at some distance from a school-house, we decided to continue this arrangement for the

winter, with the three younger children. Merton, however, was to begin school as soon as possible, but he pleaded hard for a reprieve until the last of October, saying that he did not wish to begin before Junior. As we still had a great deal to do, and as the boy had set his heart on some fall shooting, I yielded, and he promised to study all the harder when he began. I added, however:

"The evenings have grown so long that you can write for half-an-hour after supper, and then we will review your arithmetic together. It will benefit me as well as you."

During the ensuing weeks we carried out this plan after a fashion, but at the close of a busy day in the open air, we were apt to nod over our tasks. We were both taught the soundness of the rule that brain-work should precede physical exercise.

The first day of October was bright, clear, and mild, and we gladly welcomed the true beginning of fall in our latitude. This month competes with May in its ideal country life. The children voted it first of all the months, feeling that a vista of unalloyed delights was opening before them. Already the butternuts were falling from several large trees on the place, and the burrs on the chestnuts were plump with their well-shielded treasures. Winnie and Bobsey had begun to gather some of these burrs from the lower limbs of an immense tree, twenty-four feet in circumference, and to stamp out the half-brown nuts within.

"One or two frosts will ripen them and open the burrs," I said, and then the children began to long for the frost, which I dreaded.

While I still kept the younger children busy in the garden, for a few hours on every clear morning and especially at clipping the runners from the strawberry plants in the field, they were given ample time to gather their winter hoard of nuts. This prospect seemed to afford them endless items for talk, Bobsey modestly assuring us that he alone would gather about a million bushels of butternuts and almost as many chestnuts and walnuts.

"What will the squirrels do then?" I asked.

"They must do as I do," he cried: "pick up and carry off as fast as they can. They'll have a better chance than I'll have, too, for they can gather all day long. The little scamps are already taking the nuts off the trees. I've seen 'em, and I wish Merton would shoot 'em all."

"Well, Merton," said I, laughing, "I suppose that squirrels are proper game for you, but I hope you and Junior will not shoot many robins. They are too useful to be killed wantonly, and I feel grateful for all the music they've given us during the past summer. I know the law permits you to shoot them now, but you and Junior should be more civilized than such a law."

"If we don't get 'em, everybody else will, and we might as well have our share," he replied.

"Well, then," I continued, "I have a proposition to make to you and Junior. I'd like you both to promise not to shoot robins except on the wing. That will teach you to be expert and quick-eyed. A true sportsman is not one who tries to kill as much game as possible, but to shoot scientifically, skillfully. There is more pleasure in giving your game a chance, and in bringing it down with a fine long shot, than in slaughtering the poor creatures like chickens in a coop. Anybody can shoot a robin sitting on a bough a few yards off, but to bring one down when in rapid flight is the work of a sportsman. And for my part I had rather live on pork than on robins or any useful birds."

He readily agreed not to fire at robins except when flying, and to induce Junior to do likewise, and I was satisfied that not many of my little favorites would suffer.

"Very well," I said, "I'll coax Mr. Jones to let Junior off to-morrow, and you can have the entire day for hunting. This evening you can go down to the village and get a stock of ammunition."

The boy went to his work happy and contented.

Now Bobsey had a little wagon, and having finished his morning stint of work, he, with Mousie and Winnie, started off to the nearest butternut-tree, and during the remainder of the day, except during the time occupied with lessons, they were busily gathering the nuts. By night they had at least one of the "million" bushels spread out, and drying.

As they brought in their last load about five o'clock in the afternoon, I said to them:

"Come and see what I have here."

I led the way to the sty, where were grunting three half-grown pigs. Having learned from Rollins that he was willing to sell some of his stock, I had bought three pigs and put them into the new sty as soon as it was ready.

The children welcomed the new-comers with shouts, but I said, "That won't do; you'll frighten them so that they'll try to jump out of the pen. Run now and pick up a load of apples in your wagon and throw them to the pigs; they'll understand and like such a welcoming better."

At supper I added: "Children, picking up apples, which was such fun this afternoon, will be part of your regular morning work, for a while. In the room over the sty is a bin which must be filled with the fallen apples before any nuts can be gathered."

Even Bobsey laughed at the idea that this was work, but I knew that it would soon become so.

"I have good news about the Bagley children," said my wife. "I was down there to-day, and all the children begin school next Monday. Between

clothes which our children have outgrown and what Mrs. Bagley has been able to buy and make, all three of the young Bagleys present a very respectable appearance. I took it upon myself to tell the children that, if they went to school regularly, we would make them nice Christmas presents."

"And I confirm the bargain heartily," I cried, "Merton, look out for yourself or the Bagley boy will get ahead of you at school."

He laughed and started for the village, with Junior, who now appeared, to get their powder and shot.

The next morning, after loading up a good lot of cartridges before breakfast, the two boys started, and having all day before them, took their lunches, with the intention of exploring Schunmunk mountain. The squirrels, birds, and rabbits near home were reserved for odd times when they could slip away for a few hours only.

Our new barn, now about completed, gave as much pleasure to my wife and myself as the nuts and game afforded the children. I went through it, adding here and there some finishing touches and little conveniences, a painter meanwhile giving it a final coat of dark, cheap wash. Our poultry-house was now ready for use and I said to Winnie:

"To-night we will catch the chickens and put them in it."

The old horse had already been established in the stable, and I resolved that the cow also should come in, at night. In the afternoon, I began turning over the fodder-corn, and saw that a very few more days would cure it. Toward night, I examined the apples, and resolved to adopt old Mr. Jamison's plan of picking the largest and ripest at once, leaving the smaller and greener fruit to mature until the last of the month. The dark apple-and-root cellar was already half filled with potatoes, but the space left for such apples as we should keep was ready. From time to time, when returning from the village, I had brought empty barrels, and in some of these, earlier apples, like fall pippins and greenings, had already been packed and shipped to Mr. Bogart. By his advice I had resolved to store the later and good keeping varieties, and dispose of them gradually to the best advantage. I resolved that the morrow should see the beginning of our chief labor in the orchard. I had sold a number of barrels of wind-falls, but they brought a price that barely repaid us. My examination of the trees now proved that there should be no more delay in taking off the large, and fine-looking fruit.

With the setting sun, Merton and Junior appeared, scarcely able to drag their weary feet down the lane. Nevertheless their fatigue was

caused by efforts entirely after their own hearts, and they declared that they had had a "splendid time." Then they emptied their game-bags. Each of the boys had a partridge, Merton one rabbit, and Junior two. Merton kept up his prestige by showing two gray squirrels to Junior's one. Red squirrels abounded, and there were a few robins, brought down on the wing, as the boys had promised.

What interested me most was the rattles of the deadly snake which Junior had nearly stepped on, and then had shot.

"Schunnemunk is full of rattlers," he said.

"Please don't hunt there any more, then," I replied.

"No, we 'll go into the main Highlands to the east'rd next time."

Merton had also brought down a chicken hawk, and the game, spread out on the kitchen table, suggested much interesting wild life, about which I said we should read during the coming winter, adding, "Well, boys, you have more than earned your salt in your sport to-day, for each of you have supplied two game dinners."

Merton was allowed to sleep late the next morning, and was then set to work in the orchard, while I divided my time between aiding in picking the apples and turning over the fodder-corn.

"You can climb like a squirrel, Merton," said I, "and I must depend on you chiefly for gathering the apples. Handle them like eggs, so as not to bruise them and then they will keep better. After we have been over the trees once and have stacked the fodder-corn, you shall have a good time with your gun."

For the next few days we worked hard, and nearly finished the first picking of the apples and getting into shocks the greater part of the corn. Then came a storm of wind and rain, and the best apples on one tree, not picked over, were soon lying on the ground bruised and unfit for winter keeping.

"You see, Merton," I said, "that we must manage to get over the trees earlier next year. Live and learn."

The wind came out of the north the day after the storm, and Mr. Jones shouted, as he passed down the road, "We 'll have frost to-night."

Then, indeed, we bestirred ourselves. Mousie's flowers were carried in; the lima-bean poles, still hanging full of green pods more or less filled out, were pulled up and stacked together under a tree; and some tomato vines, with their green and partially ripe fruit, were taken up by the roots and hung under the shed.

"We may thus keep a supply of this wholesome vegetable some weeks longer," I said.

Everything that we could protect was looked

after, but our main task was the gathering of all the grapes except those hanging against the sides of the house. These, I believed, would be so sheltered as to escape injury. We had been enjoying this delicious fruit for some time, carrying out our plan, however, of reserving the best for the market. The berries on the small clusters were just as sweet and luscious, and the children were content. Sure enough, on the following morning white hoar-frost covered the grass and leaves.

"No matter," cried Winnie, at the breakfast table, "the chestnut burrs are opening!"

By frequent stirring the rest of the corn-fodder was soon dried out again, and stacked. Then we took up the beets and carrots and stored them also in the root cellar.

We had frost now almost every night, and the trees were gorgeous in their various hues, while others were already losing their foliage.

The days were filled with delight for the children. The younger ones were up with the sun to gather the nuts that had fallen during the night, Merton accompanying them with his gun, and bringing in squirrels daily, and now and then a robin, shot on the wing. His chief exploit, however, was the bagging of half a dozen quails that unwarily chose the lower part of our meadow as a resort. Then he and Junior took several long outings in the Highlands with fair success, for the boys had become decidedly expert.

"If we only had a dog," cried Merton, "we could do wonders."

"Save your money next summer and buy one," I replied; "I 'll give you a chance, Merton."

By the middle of October, the weather became dry and warm, and the mountains were almost hidden by the Indian summer haze.

"Now for the corn-husking," I said, "and the planting of the ground in raspberries, and then we shall be through with our chief labors for the year."

Merton helped me at the husking, but I allowed him to keep his gun near, and he obtained an occasional shot, which enlivened his toil. Two great bins over the sty and poultry-house received the yellow ears, the longest and fairest being stored in one, and in the other the "nubbins." Part of the stalks were tied up and put in the old "corn-stalk barn," as we called it, and the remainder stacked near. Our cow certainly was provided for.

Having removed the corn, Mr. Jones plowed the field deeply, and then Merton and I set out the varieties of raspberries which promised best in our locality, making the hills four feet apart in the row, and the rows five feet from each other. I followed the instructions of my fruit-book closely,

and cut back the canes of the plants to six inches, sunk the roots so deeply as to leave about four inches of soil above them, putting two or three plants in the hill. Then, over and about the hills, on the surface of the ground, we put two shovelfuls of compost, finally covering the plants beneath a slight mound of earth. This would protect them from the severe frost of winter.

These labors and the final picking of the apples brought us to the last week of the month. Of the smaller fruit, kept clean and sound for the purpose, we reserved enough to make two barrels of

ior were given one more day's outing in the mountains with their guns. On the following Monday they trudged off to the nearest public school, feeling that they had been treated liberally and that brain-work must now begin in earnest. Indeed, for months from that time, school and lessons took precedence of everything else, and the proper growth of our boys and girls was the prominent thought.

November weather was occasionally so blustering and stormy that I turned school-master now and then, to relieve my wife. During the month,



AT WORK IN THE ORCHARD.

cider, of which one should go into vinegar and the other be kept sweet, to be drunk at our nut-crackings around the winter fire. Bobsey's dream of "millions of bushels" of butter and other nuts had not been realized; yet, enough had been dried and stored away to satisfy even his eyes. Not far away an old cider-mill was running steadily, and we soon had the barrels of russet nectar in our cellar. Then came Saturday, and Merton and Jun-

however, there were bright genial days and others softened by a smoky haze, which gave me opportunity to gather and store a large crop of turnips, to trench in my celery on a dry knoll, and to bury, with their heads downward, all the cabbages for which I could not find a good market. The children still gave me some assistance, but, lessons over, they were usually permitted to amuse themselves in their own way. Winnie, however, did not lose

her interest in the poultry, and Merton regularly aided in the care of the stock and in looking after the evening supply of fire-wood.

Thanksgiving Day was celebrated with due observance. In the morning we all heard Dr. Lyman preach, and came home with the feeling that neither we, nor the country at large, were going to the bad. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, with Junior, dined with us in great state, and we had our first four-course dinner since arriving in Maizeville, and at the fashionable hour of six in the evening. Our feast was a very informal affair, seasoned with mirth and spiced with hunger. My wife looked after the transfers from the kitchen at critical moments, while Winnie and Mousie were our waitresses. A royal blaze crackled in the open fire-place, and seemed to share in the sparkle of our rustic wit and unforced mirth, which kept plump Mrs. Jones in a perpetual quiver of delight. Her husband came out strong in his comical summary of the past year's experience, concluding:

"Well, we owe you and Mrs. Durham a vote of thanks for reforming the Bagley tribe. That appears to me an orthodox case of conversion. First we gave them the terrors of the law. I tell you we were smoking in wrath around him that mornin', like Mount Sinai, and you had the sense to bring, in the nick of time, the gospel of 'givin' a feller a chance.'"

"Well," I replied, becoming thoughtful for a moment with boyish memories, "my good old mother taught me that it was God's plan to give us a chance, and help us make the most of it."

I remembered the Bagleys to-day," Mrs. Jones remarked, nodding to my wife. "We felt that they might be encouraged."

"So did we," my wife replied.

It was afterward learned that, out of good-will, the neighbors had provisioned the Bagleys for nearly a month.

By eight o'clock everything was cleared away, and then we all gathered around the glowing hearth, Junior's rat-a-tat-snap! proving that our final course of nuts and cider would be provided at the usual time.

How homely it all was, how free from any attempt at display or style, yet equally free from any trace of coarseness, vulgarity, or ill-natured gossip! Mousie had added grace to the table with her blooming plants and dried grasses, and although the dishes had been set on the table by my wife's and the children's hands, they were daintily ornamented and inviting. All had been within our means and within ourselves, and the following morning brought no regretful thoughts. Our helpful friends went home, feeling that they had not bestowed their kindness on unthankful

people whose scheme of life was to get and take, but not to return.

Well, our first year was drawing to a close. The first of December was celebrated by an event no less momentous than the killing of our pigs, to Winnie's and Bobsey's intense excitement. In this affair my wife and I were almost helpless; but Mr. Jones and Bagley were on hand, and proved themselves veterans.

I next gave all my attention, when the weather permitted, to the proper winter covering of all the strawberries, and to the cutting and carting home of dead and dying trees from the wood-lot.

The increasing cold brought new and welcome pleasures to the children. There was ice on the neighboring ponds, and skates were bought as premature Christmas presents. New sleds, also, were forthcoming, and the first fall of snow enabled Merton and Junior to track some rabbits that, until then, had eluded their search.

By the middle of December we realized that winter had begun in all its rather stern reality, but we were sheltered and provided for. We had so far imitated the ants, that we had abundant stores until the flinty earth should again yield its bounty.

Christmas brought us more than its wonted joy, and a fulfillment of the hopes and anticipations which we had cherished on the same day of the previous year. We were far from regretting our flight to the country, although it had involved hard toil and many anxieties. My wife was greatly pleased by my many hours of rest at the fireside in her companionship, caused by days too cold and wintry for outdoor work; but our deepest and most abiding content was expressed one evening, as we sat alone after the children were asleep.

"You have solved the problem, Robert, that was troubling you. There is space here for the children to grow, and the Daggetts and the Ricketts and their kind are not so near as to make them grow wrong almost in spite of us. A year ago we felt that we were virtually being driven to the country. I now feel as if we had been led by a kindly and Divine hand."

I said to the whole family, at breakfast, next day: "On New Year's morning, I will tell you all the result of our first year's effort, according to my account-book."

So, on that day, after our greetings and good wishes for the New Year, they all looked expectantly at me as I opened our financial record. As carefully and clearly as possible, so that even Winnie might understand, in part, I went over the different items and the expense and proceeds of the different crops, so far as I was able to separate them. Bobsey's attention soon wandered,—he had an abiding faith that breakfast, dinner and

THOSE CLEVER GREEKS.

BY ARLO BATES.

IF you turn a book upside down and look at the letters, every s will seem much smaller at the bottom than at the top, although, when the book is properly held, both halves appear the same size to the eye. The long vertical lines in Figure 1

yet, on looking at it, almost any one would call the former line the longer.

I might go on to give many more instances of the way in which the eye deceives the brain, but these examples will show what is meant by optical illusion, or optical deception; it is when our eyes see things as different from what they really are. The upper part of the type that prints the letter s is

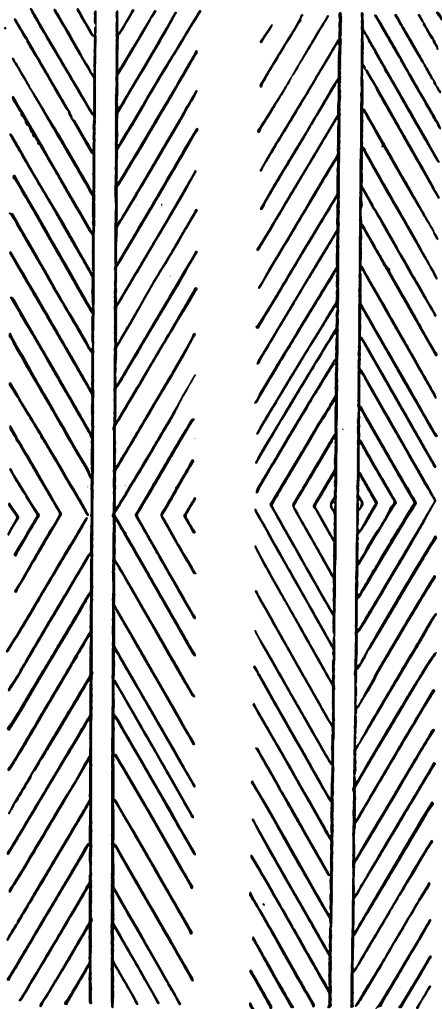


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

are really parallel and just the same distance apart as those in Figure 2; yet in the one case they appear to spread apart at the center, and in the other to come together. The line A B, in Figure 3, is of the same length as C D, in Figure 4;

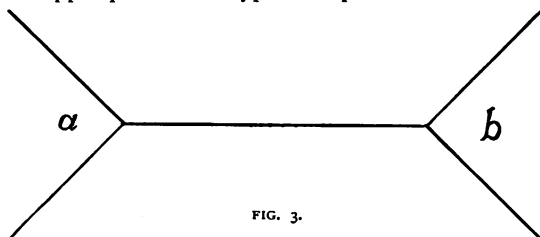


FIG. 3.

made smaller than the lower half to correct the fault of the eye, which always slightly exaggerates the former. When the letter is turned over, as in Figure 5, this same trick of the sight makes the difference seem greater than it really is; and, of course, were it of the same width all the way, it would still look uneven.

In greater matters, the false report of the eye is greater. If a tapering monument, like that on Bunker Hill or like the Obelisk in Central Park, were made with perfectly straight sides, it would

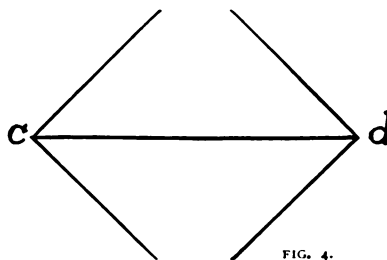


FIG. 4.

look to us—for, you see, we really can not trust our own eyes—as if it were hollowed in a little; or, as we should say in more scientific language, its sides would appear concave. You can understand therefore that if an architect wished his building to have a certain appearance, he might be forced to build it according to lines that differed from those of his completed drawing; for if it were built exactly as he wished it to appear, it would not, when finished, present that desired appearance. If he wished a pillar to look straight, he must not make it perfectly true,

or it would have the effect of being concave; and similarly, for other shapes and parts I might mention; so that the problem of having buildings look

S

as they should is a far more puzzling matter than one might at first suppose.

S

FIG. 5.

Those clever Greeks, who did so many marvelous things in art, thought all this out, and made their architecture upon principles so subtle and so comprehensive that we have never been able to improve on them since. Their senses were so well trained, and their taste so perfect, that they would have everything exactly right. There was no "near enough" in their art. They aimed at perfection, and nothing short of that satisfied them. They found that their beautiful Doric columns, if made with straight sides, had the concave effect of which I have spoken; and so, with the most delicate art in the world, they made the pillar swell a little at the middle, and then it *appeared* exactly right. A pillar instead of being, for instance, of the shape it was to appear, as shown by the *solid* lines of Figure 6, would really be more like the form indicated by the *dotted* lines, —only that I have greatly exaggerated the difference, in order to make it plain.

This swelling of the column at its *middle* was

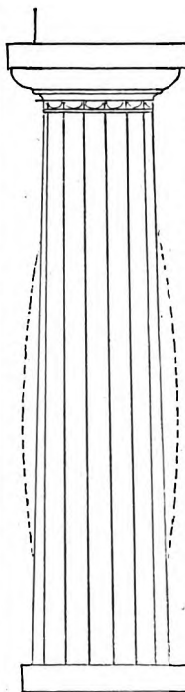


FIG. 6.

slight that it can only be detected by delicate measurements; but it added greatly to the beauty of the columns and to their effectiveness.

Then the lines which were to look horizontal had to receive attention. If you look at a long, perfectly level line, as the edge of a roof, for instance, it has the appearance of sagging toward the middle. The Greek architect corrected this fault by making his lines rise a little. The front of the Parthenon, at Athens, is one hundred and one feet three and a half inches long, and, in this, the rise from the horizontal is about two and one eighth inches. In other words, there is a curvature upward that makes it a little more than two inches higher in the center than at the ends, and the effect of this

swelling upward is to make the line *appear* perfectly level. In-

deed, this same Parthenon,—the most beautiful building in the world,—when delicately and



RUINS OF THE PARTHENON—WEST FRONT.

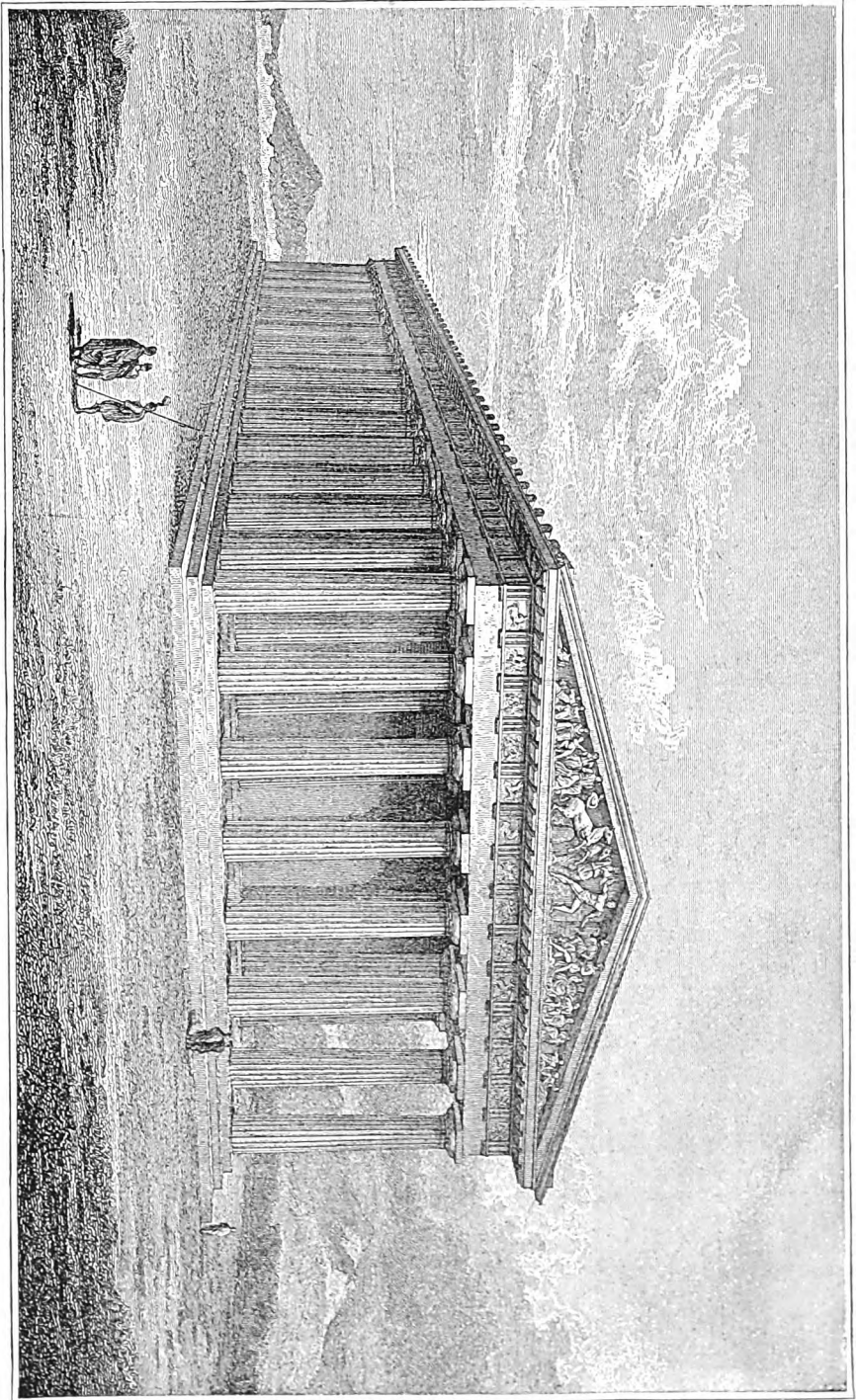
called *entasis*. Of course it had to be calculated with the greatest nicety, and was actually so very

carefully measured was found to be everywhere made a little incorrect, so that it may *appear* right, which

is certainly what may be called an architectural paradox. The graceful columns, which seem to stand so straight, are made to lean inward a little, since, if they were perfectly true and plumb, they would have the effect of leaning outward. The pillars at the corners slant inward more than the others, and everywhere the corners are made to look square by being in truth a little broader angled, and lines are curved in order that they shall appear straight to the eye.

This is rather a hard subject to explain simply, but if I have succeeded in making it plain to you, it will give you an idea of the wonderful skill and art of the Greek builders. It is hardly possible to conceive anything more perfect and careful than their work; and the more closely one studies into their art, the more ready is he to wonder at the wisdom and skill of those clever Greeks.

THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.



THE RACE.

By C. L. D.

TIPTOE, dainty fine!
 When you are caught, I will make
 you mine!
 But till you are caught, I must
 follow;
 And after your tiny, dancing feet.



And your gay, shy smile so soncy sweet,
 Up hill and over hollow,
 With a call and a cry, don't doubt but I
 Shall fly,—like the swift-winged swallow!



Tiptoe, dainty fine!
 Now you are caught, and you are mine!
 My little lass—I've caught her!
 She laughs and pouts and hides her face,
 She springs away with an agile grace
 The darting birds have taught her!
 But I must not miss my hard-earned kiss,
 Like this!—my bonnie daughter!

Oh, ay! Away, away!
 What can the panting mother say?
 Why,—“now she is fast, and I hold her!”
 I kiss her blue eyes and sunny hair,
 Her dimpled arm and her cheek so fair;
 To my loving heart I fold her!
 And then I swing the captured thing,
 With a ‘swing!—swong!—swing!’ to my
 shoulder!”

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

COURTESIES—NATIONAL AND PERSONAL.

WHILE our "simplicity" and certain other phases of our national life provoke from foreign powers a kindly smile, we take the criticisms in the spirit in which they are offered—and go serenely on our way. If, occasionally, we feel inclined to smile at them, we should always do it with good humor. They all have confidence in our honor and integrity. Let us repay, with international courtesy, the compliment of esteem.

The cordial relations which subsist between these foreign governments and our own, require no proof. Not only has our government acted as a mediator to settle the conflicting claims of rival powers, but they have also done the same for us. I have now before me a curious instance of this fact. When, many years ago, a controversy arose between Great Britain and the United States concerning the meaning of the first article in the Treaty of Ghent, Alexander I., "Emperor of all the Russias," responded to the wishes of both governments and interposed his influence and good graces in bringing about an amicable adjustment of the difficulty. An absolute monarch acted as mediator between a limited monarchy and a republic.

This Treaty of Ghent (as every young student of our history knows) terminated the war of 1812 waged by our country against Great Britain.†

This "Treaty of Peace and Amity" (otherwise known as the "Treaty of Ghent") was concluded in 1813; and during the same year, it was "ratified and confirmed by and with the consent of the Senate." It begins thus:

His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America, desirous of terminating the war which has unhappily subsisted between the two countries, and of restoring, upon principles of perfect reciprocity,

† As you may never have seen so terrible a document as a Declaration of War, I will give you, as another specimen of legislative action, the formal recognition by Congress of the hostilities out of which the war of 1812 arose:

An Act declaring War between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dependencies thereof and the United States of America and their Territories.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That war be and the same is hereby declared to exist between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dependencies thereof, and the United States of America and their territories; and that the Presi-

peace, friendship, and good understanding between them, have, for that purpose, appointed their respective plenipotentiaries, that is to say:

And then it proceeds to give the names of the diplomatic officers representing Great Britain and the United States in drawing up the treaty, after which follow eleven distinct articles of agreement, each one of which is signed and sealed by the plenipotentiaries, or duly empowered agents, of both governments.

It was to decide upon the meaning of the first article of this treaty that the good offices of the Emperor of Russia were requested. It was rather strange that two English-speaking countries could not understand their own tongue, yet that is exactly what it amounted to,—a different understanding of the meaning of a few simple words;—and they were compelled to call in the aid of a Muscovite to construe the Anglo-Saxon language!

Well, the Emperor kindly acceded to their request and undertook to assist them to draw up a treaty that should carry his decision into effect.

He, accordingly, constituted and appointed two plenipotentiaries, "to treat, adjust, and conclude, such articles of Agreement as may tend to the attainment of the above-mentioned end, with the plenipotentiaries of the United States and of His Britannic Majesty." I presume no one will object if I give the names of the plenipotentiaries. The agreement was drawn up in English and French (the latter being the "diplomatic" or "court" language of Europe), so I will use both.

The envoys appointed by the Emperor were:

"Charles Robert Count Nesselrode, His Imperial Majesty's Privy Councillor, member of the Council of State, Secretary of State directing the Imperial Department of Foreign Affairs, Chamberlain, Knight of the order of Saint Alexander Nevsky, Grand Cross of the order of Saint Vladimir of the first class, Knight of that of the White Eagle of Poland, Grand Cross of the order of St. Stephen of Hungary, of the Black and of the Red Eagle of Prussia, of the Legion of Honor of France, of Charles III. of Spain, of St.

dent of the United States is hereby authorized to use the whole land and naval force of the United States to carry the same into effect, and to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commission or letters of marque and general reprisal, in such form as he shall think proper, and under the seal of the United States against the vessels, goods, and effects of the government of the said United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the subjects thereof. Approved June 18, 1812.

That is a Declaration of War! Congress has not often found it necessary to exercise the power confided to it by the Constitution; it is to be hoped it will never be required to use it in the future.

Constitution, art. I. sec. VIII. cl. 11 (eleven).

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Ferdinand and of Merit of Naples, of the Annunciation of Sardinia, of the Polar Star of Sweden, of the Elephant of Denmark, of the Golden Eagle of Wirtemberg, of Fidelity of Baden, of St. Constantine of Parma, and of Guelph of Hanover."

Count Nesselrode was the first. The second was like unto him, "with a few variations":

"*Jean, le Comte Capodistrias*, son Conseiller privé et Secrétaire d'Etat, Chevalier de l'ordre de St. Alexandre Nevsky, Grand' Croix de l'ordre de St. Wladimir de la 1^{re} classe, Chevalier de celui de l'Aigle Blanc de Pologne, Grand' Croix de l'ordre de St. Etienne de Hongrie, de l'Aigle Noir et de l'Aigle Rouge de Prusse, de la Légion d'Honneur de France, de Charles III. d'Espagne, de St. Ferdinand et du Mérite de Naples, de Sts. Maurice et Lazare de Sardaigne, de l'Eléphant de Dannemarc, de la Fidélité et du Lion de Zahringen de Bade, Bourgeois du Canton de Vaud, ainsi que du Canton et de la République de Genève."

(That is a good lesson in French!)

The plenipotentiary on the part of "His Majesty the King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," was:

"The Right Honourable Sir *Charles Bagot*, one of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of the most honourable Order of the Bath, and His Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary, and Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias."

And the plenipotentiary "on the part of the United States, with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof," was—

"*Henry Middleton*, a citizen of the United States, and their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias."

The Agreement, after reciting these names, says:

"And the said plenipotentiaries, after a reciprocal communication of their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles," etc.

Now you know something about diplomacy!

But while thinking of names and titles, you ought to read "A Treaty of Peace, Friendship, and Commerce," which was concluded at Antananarivo, on the 13th of May (17th of Alakaosy), 1881, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Madagascar. Her Majesty Ranavalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, was represented by Ravoninahitriniarivo, who signs his Malagasy title thus: "15 Voninahitra, Off. D. P. Lehiben ny Mpanao Raharaha amy ny Vahiny" (which means, I suppose, "15th Honor, Officer of the Palace, Chief Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs"), and by a man of the name of Ramaniraka, whose title I forget. The titles are modest, but the Madagascar notables make up for the deficiency in the length of their names!

The Khedive of Egypt not long ago gave us an obelisk, and Congress formally attested our gratitude. As a piece of "legislation," it ought to be noted:

JOINT RESOLUTION tendering the thanks of the people of the United States to His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, for the gift of an ancient obelisk.

Whereas, The Khedive of Egypt presented to the United States, the ancient Egyptian obelisk, known as "Cleopatra's needle," which

has been removed and re-erected in the City of New York, thus placing in the possession of the people of the United States one of the most famous monuments of the Old World, and one of the earliest records of civilization; be it therefore,

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of the people of the United States are hereby tendered to His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, for a gift which only the oldest of nations could make, and the youngest can most highly prize.—Approved January 12, 1882.

What our friends the people of France think of us, is evidenced by their generous gift of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The mention of France reminds me, too, of the ovation which we gave to Lafayette. In 1824, Congress asked the President to invite Lafayette to visit us, and the President did so, offering to bring over the Marquis in a "ship of the line." He accepted the invitation, but declined the ship. When he landed, "his progress through the country resembled a continuous triumphal procession"; and Congress, "in consideration of his important services and expenditures during the American Revolution," voted him a grant of two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land, which fact was gracefully communicated to him by a committee appointed for that purpose. Upon his death, Congress further testified to the esteem in which his memory was held, and the affection of the American people for him, by passing eloquent resolutions of eulogy.

In 1851, another celebrated man visited us. He was Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. The exiled chieftain was tendered a formal reception by each House of Congress on separate days, and the crowd was so great in the Senate Chamber (now the Supreme Court room), that the newspaper reporters voluntarily relinquished their seats in order to make room for the ladies. This act of gallantry was deemed so remarkable that special mention was made of it in the official record of debates.

The Congressmen also gave Kossuth an elegant banquet, at which General Cass, Daniel Webster and other distinguished statesmen made addresses. It was at this banquet that Kossuth delivered the speech which opened with the famous parallel between the Senate of Rome and the American Congress. As one of the highest tributes ever paid to our Republic, I shall quote the lines:

Sir: As once Cineas, the Epirote, stood among the senators of Rome who, with a word of self-conscious majesty, arrested kings in their ambitious march, thus, full of admiration and of reverence, I stand among you, legislators of the new capitol, that glorious hall of your people's collective majesty. The capitol of old yet stands, but the spirit has departed from it, and is come over to yours, purified by the air of liberty. The old stands, a mournful monument of the fragility of human things; yours, as a sanctuary of eternal right. The old beamed with the red luster of conquest, now darkened by the gloom of oppression; yours is bright with freedom. At the view of the old, nations trembled; at the view of yours, humanity hopes.

To the old, misfortune was introduced with fettered hands to kneel at triumphant conquerors' feet; to yours, the triumph of introduction

is granted to unfortunate exiles, who are invited to the honor of a seat. And, where kings and Cæsars never will be hailed for their power and wealth, there the persecuted chief of a down-trodden nation is welcomed, as your great Republic's guest, because he is persecuted, helpless, and poor. There sat men boasting that their will was sovereign of the earth; here sit men whose glory it is to acknowledge 'the laws of nature and of nature's God,' and to do what their sovereign, the people, wills."

No further instances are perhaps necessary to show the cordial relations existing between our

King of the Hawaiian Islands visited this country. The dominion of that monarch is not very extensive; still he was regarded as a distinguished personage. When he came to Washington, both Houses resolved to accord him a reception. It was not so very much of a ceremony, but in one respect it was entirely novel. According to the remarks of Speaker Blaine, King Kalakaua was the first reigning monarch that ever had set foot upon our shores; hence



LOUIS KOSSUTH, AS HE APPEARED IN A BALCONY OF THE OLD SENATE CHAMBER.

government and the other nations of the world; but, as I was present in the House of Representatives on the occasion of the welcome to a foreign guest, and this time not an exile, but a King, I may briefly add one more instance. In 1874 the

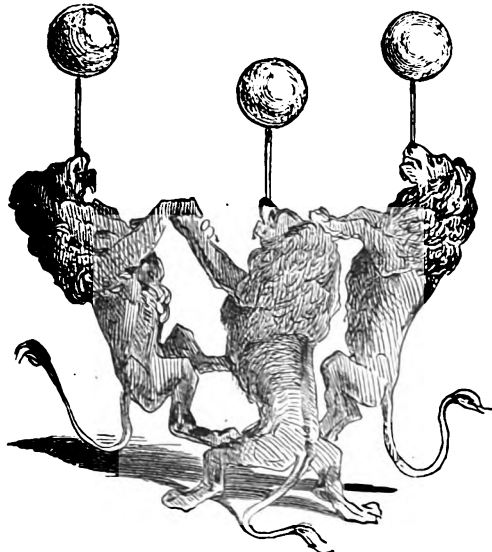
his arrival created quite a stir. A year or so later, the Emperor of Brazil paid us a visit; and since that time we have opened the doors of hospitality to other titled folk. But King Kalakaua is entitled to the credit of having set them an example.

(To be continued.)

THE CIRCUS CLOWN'S DREAM.

BY JOEL STACY.

- A CIRCUS CLOWN dreamed a dream, one night,
That wakened him with laughing;
And when he told it in high delight,
Of how he dreamed of a circus horse
That flew through the air as a matter of
course,
His comrades thought he was chaffing.
- "Not so," he declared. "I say 't is true";
And they opened their eyes with wonder.
- "I saw him as plain as I now see you;
That horse swung, too, on a high trapeze,—
And he lifted me up from my hands and knees
Till gayly I swung under.
- "He slid down the pole like a two-ton cat,
And swung by a rope, my cronies.
Then he vaulted and climbed like an acrobat;
He lay on his back, spun a ball with his feet,—
And his spring-board leaping was quite complete;—
Why, he leaped over three fat ponies!
- "What's more, he did the aquarium act,
Staid under water among the fishes;
You need n't wink,—it's a solemn fact!
Then as 'the Great Professor Equine
- And his Wonderful Sons,' O friends of mine!
He exceeded my proudest wishes.
- "But that was n't all of my wondrous dream,
Nor half of it, for that matter.
You should have heard the spectators scream
When three great lions, with grace and ease,
Began to juggle like Japanese
With stick and ball and platter.
- "Then my turn came," said the circus clown,
"For I had to earn my money;
So I ambled up, and nimbled down,
And gave my liveliest tricks and jokes,—
I was doing my best to amuse the folks
As funniest of the funny,—
- "When all the people burst out crying,
And begged me hard to stop my trying.
In vain I gave my comical blink
And changed my costumes, quick as a wink;
You never heard such wails and weeping.
This put a sudden end to my sleeping;
I woke to learn, though strange it may seem,
They had wept because it was only a dream!
Poor things! I must try with might and main,
For their sakes, to dream it all over again."





*Ting-a-ling, ling! sounds the school-bell chorus,
Now for the happy weeks before us;
Five days, study; one day, play;
So shall the school time pass away.*

*Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling! take your places,
Restless forms and sun-burned faces;
The road to learning is long, they say,
And we'll take up our march this very day.*

So sung the children of the red school-house, on the first day of ruddy-russet October, or thereabouts—and so in one way or another sing my boys and girls all over the land; and a beautiful cheery song it is, the dear Little School-ma'am says, though I'll confess that for my own part I enjoy the closed school-house for a few months each year—not for my own sake, O studious young folk! but for yours.

However, our happy meetings and talks shall take place as before, school or no school. We'll open this time with a little story from the German language, sent in by your friend Lucy Wheelock.

“DEAR APPLE,—WAKE UP!”

HIGH in the apple-tree slept a beautiful large apple; it was rocked by the breezes, and its cheeks grew redder and redder every day.

A little girl stood under the tree and wanted to see the apple wake up; but it slept on and on. The time seemed long to the child and she called to the sleeper: “Wake up, dear Apple, and come down to me”; but the apple did not hear.

Then she asked the sun and the birds to help her, and they were very willing. The sun sent its beams right into the face of the sleeping apple, and the birds sang loud songs to it; but it took no notice of all this.

Suddenly Mr. Wind ran through the garden

and said kindly to the child: “Wait, dear little one, I will wake the apple for you.”

She held out her apron, and the wind began to blow against the apple so hard that it woke up in a real fright, and quickly sprang down into the child's apron.

She took the beautiful red-cheeked apple, and called to her helper: “Thank you, kindly, Mr. Wind.”

BABY LIONS AND CATS.

THERE'S a time in the life of every lion, my friends, when, as I am told, this king of the forest is only a little prince, and no bigger than a good-sized cat, but with this difference: a baby lion always is heavier than a cat of the same size. His bones are larger in proportion than a cat's, and his muscles are more solid. Doubtless, too, his little roar is heavier than a mere me-ouw; but I suppose that does n't count.

HOW SOME BEES WERE DECEIVED.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR JACK: It was asked in the April number if insects could be attracted by artificial flowers. One day last summer we found bees in my mamma's room; we opened the window and tried to drive them out, but we found that they came in faster than we could dispose of them. At last we found they had swarmed in the chimney. A lady in the room had on a black hat with large red poppies, and all the bees flew for it, so that she had to drive them off, and at last she had to leave the room.

Your constant reader,

MAMIE.

MORE ABOUT SURNAMES.

NO; HAZEL MCC. must have been wrong when she supposed that Mr. Brown's great-grandfather was a Mr. Brown, and that *his* father was a Mr. Brown, “and so on back to Adam and Eve.” At least, all my chicks who have answered the question which Hazel asked them last spring: “How and when did our forefathers receive their surnames?” are certain that Adam and Eve were not Mr. and Mrs. Brown. In fact, they tell me that surnames—or family names—were not in use in England before the time of William the Conqueror, which was a good many years ago, of course, although not so far back as Adam and Eve. It was, indeed, somewhere about the year A.D. 1000, so my chicks say, that these family names began to be used. The man who had lived in a wood, and had been called Samuel of the Wood, finally became Samuel Wood; John the smith (or iron-worker) became John Smith, and his son who grew up in the same village was known as John's son, and finally as Johnson. Poor Richard, who had not a penny in his purse, at last became Richard Poor, and his son's name would, perhaps, be Poor, if not Richard's son or Dick's son. Then, when these young fellows went off and set up families and houses for themselves, they carried these family names with them, and from these and thousands of other changes came the surnames we now call our own.

This is the explanation your Jack received from

quite a number of bright young people, who seem to have made a study of the matter, including: Henry C. R., of Locust Dale, Va.; S. H. M., of Gormantown, Pa.; M. C. S., Baltimore; Alice R. D., Devon, Pa.; Irene A. Hackett, Brooklyn; L. W., Cleveland; Adelaide W., Chicago; Maria J. Hickman, Grace, and N. J. R. and Adda Warder.

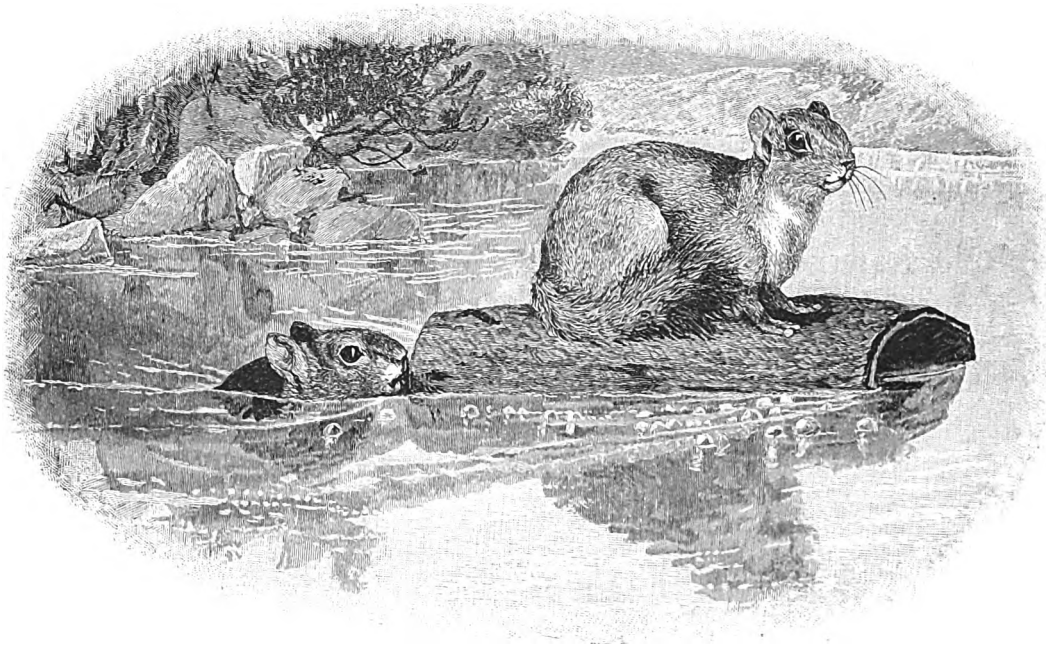
WHAT A SQUIRREL MOTHER DID.

"DEAR JACK," writes Jeanette C. W., "may I tell your children what a squirrel did?"

"She invented a boat to carry her babies in. At all events, a gentleman writing to a paper called the *Toledo Blade* says he saw her do it, and I believe him, for even animal mothers will do wonderful things when their babies are in question.

little boat. They stepped on board very timidly and snuggled closely together. The little mother then pushed the boat into the stream, and taking hold of it with her teeth, swam behind it until it touched the opposite bank, when the babies scampered nimbly ashore, delighted to know that their mother was placidly following them."

This story is all very well and very true, but I have one to match it. One day the dear Little School-ma'am saw a squirrel sailing on the creek that runs by the red school-house. To be sure, there was no sail to the boat, and there was no boat either, for that matter. The squirrel was seated high, and dry on a big piece of bark and another squirrel was swimming behind and steadily pushing the barque (as the deacon calls it).



"They were on their way to a new part of the country in Ohio, and in the course of their travels they came to a creek. Mother squirrel tried to induce the babies to swim across the stream, but—bless their little hearts!—they were afraid, and could not pluck up courage even with mother to help them.

"The squirrel mother was very much distressed at this, and for a few moments seemed at a loss what to do. There was the creek, and it must be crossed. Pretty soon a bright idea struck her, and she ran briskly up and down the bank of the stream until she found a piece of wood about a foot long and half a foot wide.

"She dragged that to the edge of the stream and pushed it into the water until only one end of the piece of wood rested lightly on the bank.

"Then she coaxed the babies to walk out on the

Whether the furry passenger was timid, or merely lazy, I can not say, but probably she was the mother of the family and she was used to being waited upon.

WHAT ABOUT THIS?

GRANVILLE, O., Jan. 29, 1885.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you, or the dear Little School-ma'am, tell me if this story is true? I am told that if you capture a nestful of young mocking-birds, you can easily rear them in the house; but that if you hang them in a cage outdoors where the old birds can find them, the old birds will feed the young something poisonous, and so kill them. Several have positively assured me that this is true.

I do not believe that birds could do such an unnatural thing. A LOVER OF BIRDS.

THE PATIENT CAT.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WHEN the spot-ted cat first found the nest, there was noth-ing in it, for it was on-ly just fin-ished. So she said, "I will wait!" for she was a pa-tient cat, and the whole sum-mer was be-fore her.

She wait-ed a week, and then she climbed up a-gain to the top of the tree, and peeped in-to the nest. There lay two love-ly blue eggs, smooth and shin-ing! But the spot-ted cat said: "Eggs may be good, but young birds are bet-ter. I will wait!" So she wait-ed; and while she was wait-ing, she caught mice and rats, and washed her-self, and slept, and did all that a spot-ted cat should do to pass the time a-way.

Then when an-oth-er week had passed, she climbed the tree a-gain, and peeped in-to the nest. This time there were five eggs! But the spot-ted cat said a-gain: "Eggs may be good, but young birds are bet-ter. I will wait a lit-tle long-er!" So she wait-ed a lit-tle long-er, and then went up a-gain to look. Ah! there were five lit-tle, ti-ny birds, with big eyes and long necks, and yel-low beaks wide o-pen.

Then the spot-ted cat sat down on the branch, and licked her nose, and purred, for she was ver-y hap-py. "It is worth while to be pa-tient!" she said. But when she looked a-gain at the young birds, to see which one she should take first, she saw that they were ver-y thin. Oh, so ver-y, *ver-y*, VER-Y thin they were! the spot-ted cat had nev-er seen an-y-thing so thin in her life. "Now," she said to her-self, "if I were to wait on-ly a few days long-er, they would grow ver-y fat. Thin birds may be good, but fat birds are much bet-ter. I will wait!" So she wait-ed; and she watched the fa-ther bird bring-ing worms all day long to the nest, and said: "A-ha! they must be fat-ten-ing ver-y fast! they will soon be as fat as I wish them to be! A-ha! What a good thing it is to be pa-tient!" At last, one day she thought: "Sure-ly now they must be fat e-nough! I will not wait an-oth-er day. A-ha! how good they will be!" So she climbed up the tree, lick-ing her chops all the way, and think-ing of the fat young birds. And when she reached the top, and looked in-to the nest—it was emp-ty!!

Then the spot-ted cat sat down on the branch, and spoke thus: "Well, of all the hor-rid, mean, *un-grate-ful* creat-ures I *ev-er* saw, those birds are the hor-rid-est, and the mean-est, and the most un-grate-ful!

"MI-A-U-OW!!!!"



EDITORIAL NOTES.

ON many of the great English estates, large numbers of deer are kept,—“preserved,” as it is called; and so strict is the English law against the destruction of game that these great “preserves” are not fenced in as are smaller deer parks, but the deer roam over them unmolested and frequently become very tame. They are, however, suspicious of danger and ready to gallop away at the first sign of its approach. The engraving of Mr. Morris’s beautiful picture, which forms the frontispiece of this number of ST. NICHOLAS, shows us two little girls who, searching for flowers, have strayed far into one of these deer parks and have come suddenly upon a herd of deer. The children and the animals appear equally startled. The big bucks toss up their antlers at a distance and regard the small intruders with suspicion; the does also stand aloof; but the little fawns are very inquisitive, and half inclined to be friendly,—while

the children, not at all happy in their strange surroundings, are considerably disturbed as they seek the shelter of a sturdy tree-trunk, where the older child stands in an attitude of mingled protection and timidity that is charmingly expressed.

Many of our readers will remember an article which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS, one year ago, entitled “On Teaching the Eye to Know what it Sees”; and all who were interested in that paper will be glad to read Mr. Arlo Bates’s article in the present number, in which he shows how “Those Clever Greeks” adapted their architecture to the peculiarities of the human vision, and made even their finest building geometrically incorrect in its details in order that it might have the right appearance to the eye when seen in its completeness.

THE LETTER-BOX.

GARRETTSVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading so many children’s letters has made me try to write my experience in chestnutting. Some high rocky ground across from our house they call Chestnut Ridge. It is quite thickly dotted with the trees, and some of them hang over the road. When you go up to the top of the ridge you can see a great deal of country, around the hill a circular valley. On the other side of the valley it is also dotted with chestnut trees. Then fields and woods beyond, turned red and yellow, make a fine view. But instead of telling about nutting I am describing the country.

We have been watching the chestnuts ever since they bloomed in July, but they can’t be gathered till the frost opens the burrs. We children watched pretty closely for the earliest of them, and to get the plump and shiniest that are bitten off by the squirrels or rattled down by the blue jays. This bird is very fond of chestnuts. It finds the burrs that have opened first, and nearly every burr has two or three chestnuts in it. The bird picks out one, and the others fall to the ground for us. The birds keep busily at work, and so the nuts keep falling through the day. But early in the morning we find them most plentiful, as the birds begin their work the earliest, and have quite a good many ready for us; but we catch up and wait for them to send down more, though we don’t get all the birds shell out for the chipmunks are there running around for their share. When the burrs all open, we start out to do better; when we find a tree that suits the climber, he goes up with a long pole and whips the full limbs, and the nuts come showering down so thick and fast that we have to stand from under the tree until the nut storm is over, when we rush around to pick them up, and when we get home and measure them we sometimes find we have a half-bushel, and sometimes a bushel.

Your friend,

STELLA T.

ST. FRANCIS BARRACKS, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old. We came to this place the first of June. I have two sisters and one brother. We jump into the salt water every day. I am learning to swim.

It is very hot here. We had a terrible thunder-storm, every day in July. It looks very strange to me, to see oranges and bananas growing, as I have never been south before. Our band plays every afternoon, and a great many people come from town to hear it. There is a big light-house opposite our house.

We went into the old Spanish Fort the other day, and into the dungeons; where so many years ago people were shut up until they died for want of food and air. My mamma would not go in the dungeons; she was afraid.

Your little reader,

AMY S.

YOUNG FOLKS MORRISANIA MUSEUM, July, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the President of the Young Folks Morrisania Museum of Natural History, of Morrisania, of N. Y. We formed our museum last year and have tried to succeed; the museum consists of six members all of whom are over ten and under twelve.

I like to study natural history very much.

One day last week, my brother, a member and myself were catch-

ing dragon-flies in a field of high grass when we noticed some black birds acting very funny; all at once we saw the male and female birds alight and then we heard a dreadful screaming and we thought we had discovered a nest, Ed. (the member) and I rushed down (Ed. first) to the spot where we had seen the birds alight, and Ed. reached down to the supposed nest, and there to his astonishment about three inches from his hand was a snake stretched out; he was so frightened at his discovery that he jumped up and said, “Hurry up, Bra., a snake! a snake!” I took to my heels lively, I can tell you, and did n’t stop till we had reached a rock of safety; we then got over our fright and marched out as brave as lions (with stones in our hands) to defend the birds, but the snake had run away before we reached there, and so we missed our prize.

Your constant reader,

BRAINERD F.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While reading the poem in ST. NICHOLAS for July, entitled “Elizabeth Zane,” I thought it might interest your young readers to know that the identical fort which was saved from the Indians by the heroism of Elizabeth Zane, is still in existence. While visiting Wheeling, W. Va., this spring, the Rev. Frank S. de Hass, D. D., called at my mother’s home, corner of Zane and Front streets. While chatting pleasantly upon many subjects he asked: “Do you know that right opposite this house stands the identical fort that Elizabeth Zane’s courage saved from destruction?” Of course none present was aware of the fact, and the Rev. gentleman informed us that when the march of improvement rendered it necessary to destroy the old fort, the logs were brought over to “The Island,” and were used in the erection of a house now owned by Mrs. Berger, N. W. corner Zane and Front streets. The logs have been covered by weather-boards, and form the back building of Mrs. Berger’s spacious old-fashioned residence. When I was a little girl, the spot on which the fort used to stand was occupied by the house of one of the Zanes; it stood high above the street, and was surrounded by a stone wall, and I used always to be fearful of Indians jumping out at me and dragging me off, or scalping me, although I really knew that the Indians had been driven from that part of the country years before. “The Zane’s house” has long ago disappeared, the stone wall removed, and the lots graded down to the level of the street, and nothing remains of outward tangible proof of Elizabeth’s heroic deed but a few logs covered by boards. Even so have small envious minds striven to cover her fame with a hard coating of skepticism. But they have not succeeded.

C. W. F.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother, who is sixteen, went to Nebraska two months ago, and one of the first things he asked before he went was that we should send the ST. NICHOLAS to him.

I must tell you about a prairie-hen of which he wrote in a letter to Mamma. He says there is one which has a nest a short distance from the house where he lives; and though the chicken is as large as a domestic one, its egg is smaller than the smallest bantam egg. He says she will sit on her nest and let him throw corn to her.

One day, when he was planting corn with the spade, he forgot about the nest and came near hitting her, when instantly she flew off of her nest, and instead of flying away or hovering about it, she ran along the ground and tried to get him to follow. This she con-

tinued until she had led him a little distance from the nest, when she flew away.

When he went back he found her quietly sitting on her nest.
Was not that strange? Your faithful friend,

LOUISA M. L.

COLUMBIA, D. T., July, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading some of the letters in ST. NICHOLAS, so I thought I would write one, too. I live in Dakota, on a farm, where I have wild strawberries every day. I have a dog and a bird and a horse, and take long rides over the prairie. I have eleven dolls, and do most everything for them. I have, too, a great many books, but like you best of all.

LOUISE HOUGHTON.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long wanted to write and thank you as a dear friend, to whom we are all indebted both old and young; and I am especially grateful at this time for your interesting and instructive article, "Among the Law-makers." I do hope all of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will study it carefully.

I have saved up for you some anecdotes of little friends of mine, thinking they might amuse your little readers, and knowing how much children enjoy true stories.

One little three-year-old golden-hair always called his father Mr. Hay, and his mother Miss Hay. When he had been naughty, and his mother began to talk soberly to him, he would say in his most coaxing tones—"Now, Miss Hay, don't be angry to me! be pleasant to me!"

I was a guest at his father's house, and upon my return after a few days' absence, he said to me, "Ah! Miss Mary, I was a naughty boy while you was gone away—I killed a fly and sent it to Heaven!"

He evidently shared with me my desire for letters, as he would climb upon the gate when he saw his father returning from the Post Office, and call out, "O say, Mr. Hay, has the mail-train come in yet?"

For some reason he always cried when he came to the table, and found the blessing had been asked. I remember upon one of these occasions his father said to him, "Now, Philip, if you will be a good boy and not cry, you may ask the blessing yourself." With that he climbed into his high chair, folded his hands, and reverently bowing his head, and closing his eyes, fervently ejaculated—"Oh, Lord, bless the ladies! Amen!"

M. B.

HOLLIDAYSBURG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is only the second year I have been taking you, so I have not written before; but I think you are splendid. I tried to make a salt crystal glass, and it seemed to be getting along very nicely, but I had it on the window-sill, and one day when I went to open the shutters, I knocked it out, and the glass broke all to pieces. A little friend of mine tried it too, and she put indigo in to make it blue; but we were both surprised when it turned pinkish instead of blue, after growing a little while. Hoping there will be room to print this, I remain, your faithful reader,

LETTY L.

BROOKLYN, JULY 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I thought I would write and tell you that I made one of those tents mentioned in the May number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and instead of small sticks, I used clothes pins to fasten the string down, which is a good deal easier to procure. The morning glories are growing nicely, and everyone thinks the tent is lovely.

Mamma says she can never get anything out of me when I am reading ST. NICHOLAS.

I remain, very sincerely,

ANNA M. T.

PAPPENHEIM IN BAVARIA, GERMANY, June 22, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always liked you better than any other book, but since I have been in Germany and Mamma doesn't let me read any other English book, I like you ten times better. I have seen that several children have written from abroad, so I

thought I would, too. Papa, Mamma, and I have been wandering about Europe five months. We have seen London, Chester, Leipzig, Dresden, and Nuremberg, very thoroughly. A good part of the time this spring we have been wandering about Saxony on foot. I think that it is very much nicer than the railroad. We are now in Pappenheim, a very pretty town that few Americans have heard of. It is in a very pretty valley, and has a high, rocky hill in the middle on which stands a lovely ruined castle, belonging to the Count of Pappenheim. The castle was made a ruin by the Swedes in the thirty years' war that began in 1633. Inside the castle walls is a tower ninety-four feet high. It was built by the Romans in the second century! Four miles from here are the celebrated quarries of Solenhofen, from which lithographic stones are sent to all parts of the world. The old Romans used to work these quarries. A gentleman here, named Mr. Haeberein, showed us a beautiful collection of fossils. Professor Agassiz bought one of his collections, and it is now at the University at Cambridge, Mass. I have found some petrified snails here, too. I am only ten years old, so not too old to be pleased if you will print my letter.

Your devoted reader,

H. L. D.



IN connection with the base-ball story, "How Science Won the Game," printed in this number, we are glad to give to the readers of "The Letter-Box," the above base-ball jingle, written and illustrated by two friends of ST. NICHOLAS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, twelve years old. I live in Washington in the winter-time, and, in the summer, stay with my aunt on a farm about two miles above Georgetown.

We have a beautiful view of the city and of Washington monument from the front lawn. The house stands on a high hill and is surrounded with large oaks and beautiful evergreens.

The lawn is even with the Goddess of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol. A very dear friend of mine gives me, for a birthday present, your very interesting magazine, and I take great pleasure in reading it.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH S.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only been taking you this year, but I like you very much. The Pacific Ocean is six miles from our house. We walked out there last week, and had great fun collecting sea-weed. When I would be just about to pick up one that was in the shallow water, a large wave would come up, and I had to get out of its way, or else it would go right over my head. I found some very pretty sea-mosses, which I dried and put in a frame. I found a very large shell out there. Wild strawberries grow all over the beach in abundance. They are much sweeter than the cultivated ones. We gathered a lot of them, and took them home. I was very tired after I walked home, but I like to walk to places better than to ride in the cars. It is not very warm here now, although it is June. Last summer it was much warmer. I have only seen snow once, but it was only a few inches deep. I would like to live in a place where snow does fall, as we had great fun when it came here. Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, please print this letter,

From your new reader,

AGNES K.

PINEY POINT, MD., 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, though we have been taking you quite a number of years, so I thought I would write to you to-day and tell you how much I enjoy reading you. There are no children of my own age in this neighborhood, so I have no one to play with but my sister Nellie, and she is fifteen years old.

My sister and myself do all the housework ourselves, but there is not much to do, as our family is very small.

For pets we have a cat, a little kitten, a dog, and a dear little colt three months old.

We live on the shore of the Potomac, and we have a beautiful view of the river from our house. We have a great many cherry-trees on our place, and we are now busy drying the fruit for winter use. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.

Hoping you will print this, I am, as ever,

Your constant little reader,

SADIE A. I.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JULY, 1885.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I have lived in the country all my life until I came to St. Louis, about half a month ago. I think St. Louis is a splendid place.

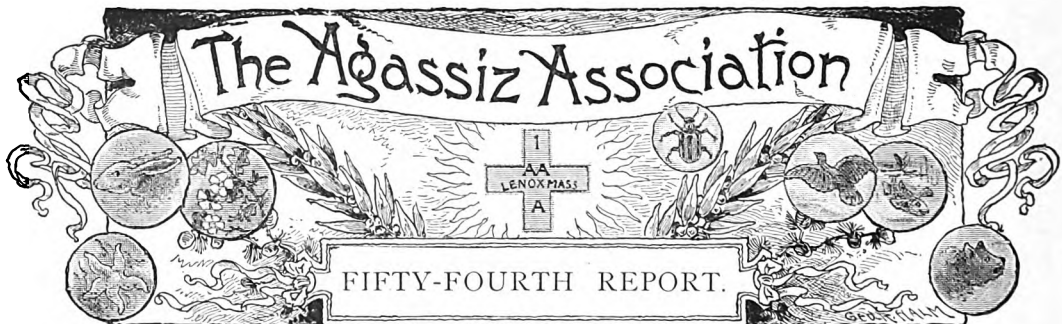
I have visited Houston, Texas, twice (I've a very dear Auntie Bess down there), and last time I was there I was presented with a little horned toad, just as cunning as he could be. I feed him on cornmeal, and he likes it ever so much. He also likes to have the top of his funny little head scratched.

Your faithful reader,

BESSIE C.

We heartily thank the young friends whose names are here given for their pleasant letters, which we have not room to print:

Jessie Holland, "Lady of the Lake," Elma Tuthill, Alex. Douglas, James M. Walsh, Mary and Reba, M. F. F., Jenny W., Emma and Nellie, Carl G., Bessie Bates, Lewis E. D., Alfred Wright, Edna Hayes, Lizzie E. Crowell, Mabel Cilley, Blanche Vars, H. L. B., F. V. E., Willie R., Fritzie Allen, S. C., Rose Mayberry, M. B. A., Emma R., Constance Lodge Ethel, Mabel T. D.



FIFTY-FOURTH REPORT.

We shall retain the floor this month only long enough to congratulate you on a happy summer, and a pleasant return to the duties of the school and of the Association, and wish for one and all a most prosperous and happy fall and winter.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

I HAVE been giving my attention to the growth of several of the amphibia (*Triton cristatus*, *Lisso triton punctatus*, etc.), but chiefly the common frog. With regard to the frog, I should like to ask the members of the A. A. a question, which seems to be as yet unsettled. Do the hind-legs or the fore-legs appear first as the tadpole develops into the frog? My own opinion is that the fore-legs are formed first, but remain for some time closely tucked up to the body, and that in the meantime the hind-legs appear, and are almost at once visible to the naked eye.

I send you rules to make sensitive paper to use in taking impressions of leaves, ferns, etc. Take a sheet of unglazed letter-paper, and wash it over, in the dark, with a strong solution of potassium bi-chromate and let it dry carefully. The paper will then be ready for use, and can be kept for some time (in the dark) without spoiling. Lay whatever you wish to copy on the sensitive side of your paper, and on that a piece of clean plate-glass. Put a piece of board, of the same size as the glass, under your paper, and bind all together with two strong rubber bands. Now expose to strong sunlight for ten minutes or three-quarters of an hour in diffused daylight, and you will have a picture of your fern, white on a dark background. To fix it, wash it carefully in cold water for a minute. I shall be pleased to send specimens to any members who would like them. Believe me, yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM L. TORRANCE,
Oldfield Lodge, Altrincham, England.

REPORTS.

818, Newark, N. J. (D). Our number has increased to eleven active and seven honorary members. Our cabinet contains about thirty stuffed birds, a monkey, and two squirrels, besides minerals, eggs, shells, and pressed flowers. We hope to give a prize soon to the member who has made the best collection during the season.—Pennington Satterthwaite, Sec.

823, Farmdale, Ky. (A). We have a good hall, containing a great many books, specimens, etc. Every Saturday night, at least one member is required to read an original essay on a subject selected by himself. After the essays, we have discussions. At the meetings each one reports what he has done during the week.—Sam'l F. Owen, Sec.

470, Nicolet, Wis. (B). We have a busy working Chapter of twenty-five. The interest all the time since our organization in 1882 has been very good, and the attendance large. Our plan of work is varied. For a time, subjects were chosen on which essays were read, followed by a talk. At another time, we took three topics at a time: birds, flowers, and rocks. Again, each member selected a subject and gave a little talk about it. Now we are doing more in the way of direct observation of the nest-building of birds, the growth of birds, and the miracle of the butterfly. We have a room fitted up in the high school, and have about 450 specimens.—Sara Ritchie, Sec.

757, Akron, Ohio, (A). The subject of our last meeting was the Diamond. It proved the most interesting yet chosen. Father has just returned from Europe, and has brought us some very valuable specimens and a microscope, which we value greatly.—Pauline E. Lane, Sec.

692, Sagertown, Pa. (A). We have bought Dana's *Manual of Mineralogy and Geology*, and an eighty-five Queen's microscope, and have a balance of \$13.52 in the treasury. We have 201 mounted

objects now, and intend to mount more soon. One of our members can mount specimens very nicely, and as we have the use of a steam printing-press, we print the labels for the slides. We now have 685 specimens in our herbarium, 784 minerals, 557 shells, and 471 geological examples, besides miscellaneous curiosities, which we keep in a separate case. We have 204 volumes in our library. I received the student's collection of minerals from Denver, Col., and I must say they are real beauties. One of our members comes six miles to our meetings.—Miss Lizzie Apple, Sec.

97, *St. Croix Falls, Wis. (A.)* We are progressing admirably. All our members are very much interested in the work, and much knowledge has been gained by the constant notes taken. We have a beautiful cabinet nearly filled with fine minerals. We have made very strict laws to prevent robbing birds' nests. No member shall take more than one egg from a nest, and he must make a mark on the tree or near the nest, so that no other person may take another.—Ray S. Baker, Sec.

746, *Helena, Montana (A.)* At our meetings we have had chemical and electrical experiments, discourses on bees, ants, foxes, birds, and raccoons; and reports on various objects found. S. H. Hepner, Sec.

[We insert the following letter to show the delightful manner in which applications for membership in the A. A. come to us, as it gradually extends itself over the land.]

RIVERDALE RANCH, MONTANA.

We wish to form a new Chapter, and join the rest who are at work under the competent instruction of the A. A. We are living on a stock ranch, over fifteen miles from town.

It is one of nature's most beautiful spots. A rushing musical river winding in graceful curves shows the course of the valley, and the mountains are magnificent, and present views of which we never tire. With no society beyond our own two families, with a river of life, a valley of botany, and mountains of geology, is it any wonder we wish to study?—Mrs. F. A. Reynolds (now Sec. Ch. 852).

807, *Burlington, Iowa (A.)* We have about five hundred mineralogical specimens. We have not yet taken a regular course of study, but we intend to do so during the coming winter.—Carrie Carper, Box 571, Sec.

561, *Cincinnati, O. (B.)* Our membership has increased to twenty. We have had two microscopic exhibitions, and at each of the other meetings interesting papers have been read.—David P. Schorr, Sec.

851, *Cambria Station, Pa. (B.)* With your approval, my little school desires to form a Chapter of the A. A. * * * Last week we organized, and, already noting the zeal with which the children take hold of the work mapped out for next meeting, I am surprised at myself for having been so slow to commence the work.—Miss Fanny M. Stutler.

687, *Adrian, Mich.* In reading one of the late numbers of the *Sr. NICHOLAS*, I noticed in the *Agassiz* report a question as to whether there exists such a thing as a hoop-snake. Enclosed is a clipping from a New Orleans paper, I thought might be of interest, inasmuch as it declares that there is such a snake.—F. B., Pres.

(The following is a copy of the newspaper item.)

"Mr. W. H. Inloes, of Asheville, N. C., writes to the *Baltimore Sun* to correct a statement from Mr. Rheim, of the Smithsonian Institute, to the effect that there is no such thing as a hoop-snake. Mr. Inloes says: 'Two years ago I was staying at the Black Rock Springs, Augusta County, Va., when a young man named Eagle shot a snake and brought it to springs, where it was examined by at least fifty of us. The mountaineers said it was a "horn" or "hoop-snake." It was four and one-half feet long, white, with black rings and had two horns at the end of its tail. Mr. Eagle took a stick and pressed the end of the tail, when two horns came out and emitted what seemed to be a poisonous matter. It is said that the snake assumes the shape of a hoop in making its attack, and that the only safety from it is to get behind a tree.'"

712, *Brooklyn (I.)* Our list of members has increased to six. The state of our finances is good, but above all, we feel the benefit we have derived from the many pleasant hours we have spent in one another's company.—Edw. J. Sheridan, 181 Raymond St., Sec.

413, *Denver, Col.* Essays have been read on the white crowned sparrow and house-finch, sets of eggs being brought to the meeting, and skins of the sparrow. Also, essays on shore and meadow larks, crow, ptarmigan, magpie, snowbird, cowbunting, and red-shafted flicker. Skins of these were brought to the meeting. Then we had an extemporaneous debate. "Resolved, that warblers are of more benefit to vegetation than fly-catchers." One meeting was almost wholly devoted to the dissection of specimens.—Horace G. Smith, Jr., Sec.

808, *Pera, Fla. (I.)* Our Chapter has been off on a holiday excursion, and we were gone more than a week. We visited a mound composed entirely of shells. It was about thirty feet high, and a quarter of a mile long. It is on the shore of Tampa Bay. It has several trees on it, and is covered with *Salvia*, which, at our old home in Carolina, was prized as a hot-house flower. Two of our party found a boat adrift, and felt quite proud when they succeeded in securing it. We killed a small alligator, and one of the boys caught a drumfish that weighed about forty pounds.—A. J. Mays, Sec.

674, *Washington, D. C. (I.)* Our prospects are very favorable. We have about \$4.00 in the treasury, and are going to give an entertainment so as to add to this sum. We have about 50 specimens, all labeled and catalogued.—Spencer A. Searle, Sec.

609, *Brooklyn (H.)* We have added three new members to our Chapter. We have a cabinet, and are getting specimens for it. We have been studying the three great kingdoms of Nature, and the sub-kingdoms of the animal division from our specimens: First, we studied the zoöphytes, from the sponge and different kinds of coral; then the radiates, from the echinus and asteria; then mollusks, from an oyster and a hard and soft clam; and now we have taken up articulates, viz., the crab and lobster.—Philip Van Ingen, Sec.

698, *Middleport, N. Y. (A.)* We have increased our membership to 46, and we enjoy the A. A. very much. We are to hold a picnic tomorrow in Mr. Freeman's grove, about two miles south, and we are all going. We have been obliged to give up our drama, and we had it all learned but the fifth act, as one of the boys backed out at the last minute, and said he would not play his part, and he had four of the acts already learned, and we have all the boys that belong to the Society take part, so there are none left to take his place. I think he served us a very mean trick. At our last meeting we debated this question, "Is the Common Crow a Detriment to the Country?" and after some good debating, it was decided that the crow was a detriment. As it is time to go to bed, to get a good night's rest, to be prepared for our picnic, I must close.—J. W. Hinchey, Sec.

767, *Chicago (A.)* We are getting along finely. Our meetings are growing longer, and a great deal more interesting as we grow older. We have a room, and hope to secure a cabinet soon.—John Cook, Sec.

448, *Washington (G.)* We have been very happy since I last wrote, spending our money. Our new cabinet cost only the price of the materials, as it was built after school hours by our librarian. It has been a great pleasure to select our new books, guided by the invaluable *Hand-book*. Many presents have been given us lately; specimen boxes, and labeled bottles, pamphlets, and fine official note-paper.

I think we deserve our good fortune, for we are really a devoted little Chapter. The children as interested, and their reports as interesting as ever.—Miss Isabelle McFarland, Sec.

482, *Buckingham, Pa. (A.)* We have noticed that the 17-year locust makes its song, by means of two little accordion-like organs under the wings.—Mary J. Atkinson, Sec.

[Is not the insect probably a cicada? And does not a "song" require to be made by the voice?]

709, *Phila. (Z.)* We have appointed a business committee of five, to which are referred all matters of a business nature; thus, at our meetings, our whole attention is given to science.

This has proved a successful plan, and we commend it to other Chapters.—Josiah H. Penniman, Sec.

678, *Taunton, Mass.* All our 7 members take great interest in their work. Our cabinet is 4½ feet high, and has four shelves and four drawers for birds' eggs, insects, etc., and one large drawer for botanical specimens. Are members of the A. A. allowed to collect bird's eggs?

[This question is frequently asked us, and we will say that the members of the A. A. are not entitled, as members, to any peculiar license in this or any other matter. The laws of the different States vary, and you should consult a lawyer, or the authorities of your own town.]

743, *Detroit, Mich. (F.)* Our meetings are held every week in the High School. We have the use of microscopes, and the help of some of our honorary members. We have started a library. Our courses of study are planned by the Executive Committee, composed of the officers. Essays and extracts from the note-books which we all keep, are read at our meetings. Our excursions out of the city are also very interesting and instructive.

We now have 20 active and 8 honorary members.—Henry G. Field, Sec.

472, *Hazleton, Pa. (A.)* Have purchased a compound microscope and have prepared some slides for it. Have just returned from a camping expedition laden with specimens, and have welcomed one new member.—Thos. McNair, Sec.

758, *Binghamton, N. Y. (I.)* We have all been greatly benefited thus far, and pleased by our progress.

Most of us are studying by ourselves since we stopped our meetings for the vacation.—Ch. F. Hotelkin, Sec.

619, *Olin, Pa. (I.)* We have been keeping pond snails and freshwater clams in aquaria made by setting tin pins in the edge of a spring. Have also caged various species of land-snails in boxes and pens, where we have watched their habits. Would be very glad to correspond with any Chapter that has studied snails.—Victor L. Beebe, Sec.

[In all such cases, the secretary should report not merely the fact that certain observations have been made, but particularly what has been learned by the observations.]

409, *Sag Harbor, N. Y.* During the summer, our President has appointed committees to collect specimens. They have had special field-days, and at the next meeting have brought in the specimens collected and told what they had found out about them. We have subscribed for an excellent scientific paper, and shall hereafter keep a catalogue of all books and papers.—Cornelius R. Sleight, Sec. 839, *Bolton, England.* We are taking botany as our chief subject. We keep a list of the various flowers we find, the time of flowering, the place where found, and the natural order to which they belong.—R. Ainsworth, Sec.

804, *Richmond, Ind.* Our room is now the workshop of a taxidermist, the father of one of us. He has 200 or 300 kinds of birds constantly on hand, and is always sending them away and receiving new ones. We have the rare privilege of examining these birds, and also have access to his ornithological library, which is quite extensive. Richmond is quite noted for its fossils, and we wish to exchange with a few good Chapters. Each of us is required to keep a note-book of the things he has seen.—R. H. Webb, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

Canadian Lepidoptera.—E. C. Trenholme, Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, Canada.

Lepidoptera and Coleoptera.—G. M. Edwards, Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, Canada.

Ferns, grasses, and snails from valley of the Hudson River, for snails from any other locality, and for minerals.—F. S. Arnold, Box 1064, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

For 10 two-cent stamps I will mail, post-paid, a fine cabinet photograph of snow crystals and description.—W. B. Merrill, Box 213, Lexington, Ill. (Sec. Ch. 747).

Minerals and woods.—Wm. Andrus, Lenox, Mass.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
882	Arlington, Mass.	6..F. E. Stanton.	Box 32.

REORGANIZED.

424	Decorah, Ia. (A).....	6..M. R. Steele.
519	Lawrence, Kan.. (A).	6..Fred Borgholthaus.
339	Salt Lake, Utah (A)....	6..Arthur Webb, 446 E. 3d, South.

DISSOLVED.

613 Winooski, Vt. (A)..... 4..S. G. Ayres (nearly all the members have moved from the town).

Address all communications for this department to the President,
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

BURIED GULFS AND BAYS.

1. Is carbon, Avis, taken from the earth? 2. Suppose we, for fun, dye the horse blue. 3. I have seen Booth, I am sure, in Hamlet. 4. You can stamp a piece of canvas for a tidy. 5. When gold is at par I am going to make a fortune. 6. You may put in the pan a mass of flour, and I will add milk and eggs. 7. I must take a nap lest I fall asleep on the journey. 8. Let us play one game more. 9. A glove nicely cut always fits well. 10. Well done, gallant soldiers! 11. Can you see Ben gallop toward us on his pony? 12. Apollo belongs to Greek mythology.

FRANK.

HEXAGONS.



I. ACROSS: 1. In cloth. 2. The juice of plants. 3. Steam. 4. Occupying the axis of anything. 5. Famous. 6. A slight bow. 7. In cloth. DOWNWARD: 1. The front of an army. 2. A native of Saxony. 3. The edifice occupied by the Congress of the United States. 4. Impelled by poles. 5. A color.

II. ACROSS: 1. In cloth. 2. A familiar game. 3. Blunders or contradictions. 4. A simpleton. 5. Stylish. 6. To regret. 7. In cloth. DOWNWARD: 1. A place to store grain. 2. A surname of a line of English kings. 3. A large fish. 4. A spherical body. 5. A pen. H. H. D.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bad, but not in good;
My second in turban, but not in hood;
My third is in town, but not in village;
My fourth is in thief, but not in pillage;
My fifth is in earl, but not in count;
My sixth is in stream, but not in fount;
My seventh in cat, but not in dog;
My eighth is in cloud, but not in fog;
My ninth is in loop, but not in ring;
My whole is a flower that comes in spring.

LILY WELLS.

DIAMOND.

1. In pickerel. 2. A porker. 3. A tinker. 4. The reports of proceedings in the British Parliament. 5. A poisonous trailing plant. 6. Sumptuously. 7. Comical. 8. Twenty-four hours. 9. In pickerel. "NAVAJO."

HALF-SQUARE.

1. A COVERING for the floor. 2. An Arabian prince, or military commander. 3. A break. 4. A fondling. 5. Two-thirds of a possessive pronoun. 6. In tents.

FRANK CHASE.

ILLUSTRATED

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of sixty-five letters, is a couplet by Herrick, and embodies the same idea as the Latin quotation given on the pictured book.

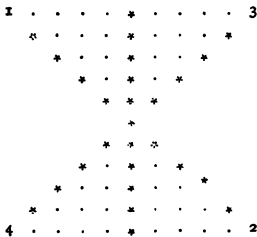
EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

I. TRANSPOSE a word meaning parsimonious, and have a word meaning diminishes little by little; transpose again, and have fruits; again, and have an instrument of warfare; again, and have to describe grammatically; again, and have gathens.

II. TRANSPOSE a word meaning small spiders, and have to strike; transpose again, and have articles; again, and have sends forth; again, and have a daily paper.

HARRY B. SPARKS.

HOUR-GLASS.



ACROSS: 1. Having the quality of a director. 2. To do anything off-hand. 3. Leaping. 4. To writhe. 5. To disclose. 6. In party. 7. To fondle. 8. In music; a direction equivalent to "very." 9. Jamaica pepper. 10. A stretching. 11. Continues anew.

Centrals, reading downward, omnipresent: from 1 to 2, deviations from the natural shape or position; from 3 to 4, in every writing-desk. "NAVAJO."

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. To furnish with a second mast. 2. One who makes proud. 3. A Jewish critical work. 4. Made amends. 5. Calm. 6. Barbers.

II. 1. The snake-bird. 2. Opposed to. 3. Sets anew. 4. A weaver's cutting instrument. 5. Rank. 6. To force back against the current.

H. H. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN

RHOMBOID. 1. Egret. 2. Oakum. 3. Tenor. 4. Sidon. 5. Sedan.

LAMP PUZZLE. Central letters, reading downward, The Petroleum Oil Wells. Cross-words: 1. uFe. 2. sHy. 3. tEa. 4. aPe. 5. shEep. 6. parTing. 7. sepaRated. 8. physiOgnomy. 9. aLE. 10. dEn. 11. crUel. 12. gramMar. 13. phonOlogy. 14. pertInent. 15. railIng. 16. alWay. 17. crEep. 18. shaLlop. 19. shoLarly. 20. dispoSition.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Quotation from Horace: "Mingle a little folly with your wisdom." Quotation (author unknown):

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

REVERSIBLE DIAMONDS: 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Speed. 4. Eel. 5. D. Reversed: 1. D. 2. Lee. 3. DeepS. 4. Epa (sepal). 5. S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Powhatan: finals, helpless. Cross-words: 1. PriggisH. 2. OrganizE. 3. WrongfuL. 4. HardshiP. 5. Armorial. 6. ToleratE. 7. AgitatE. 8. NearnesS.

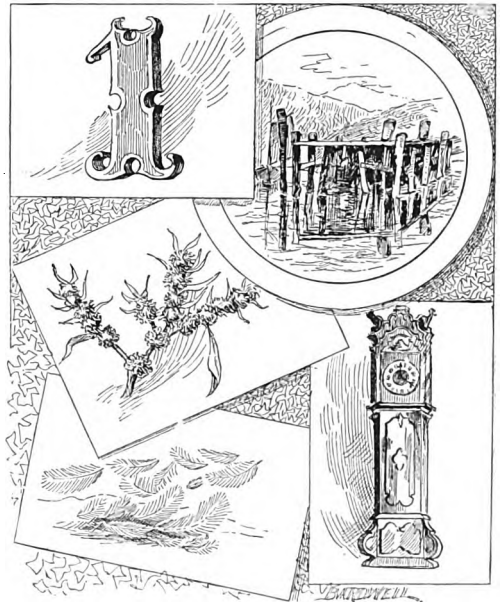
The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New-York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the SEPTEMBER number, from Nellie B. Ripley, 11—W. R. M., 10—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 11—"Mithridates," 9—Jennie P. Miller, 11—Dorrie and Gretchen, 11—H. B. Saunders, 4—Ada M. Towle, 2—E. N. B. and C. B., 11—Marian and Eleanor, 3—"Arthur Pendennis," 8—Bessie Burch, 9—"Jack Spratt," 7—"Two Cousins," 9—Severance Burrage, 11—"Duke," 4—Mamma, Papa, and Herman, 7—Grace Cooper, 1—Hallie Couch, 10—Francis W. Islip, 11—Geo. Habenicht, 4—Pernie, 10—Marion W. Anderson, 10—C. M. P., 2—"Della Ware," 2—Jennie Balch, 8—Emily Danzel, 3—Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Aunt Henrietta, 11—Lulu, 11—U. B. Thomas and Father, 5—K. Wentzel, 1—Maud, Laura, and Bessie, 10—Mary F. Davenport, 2—R. K., Papa, and Mamma, 9—"P. K. Boo," 11—Fanny, Diana, and Uncle Joe, 10—Edith L. Young and Jennie L. Dupuis, 11—Bessie S., 11—S. A. M., 11—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 4.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Arthur Gride—Paul Reese—Chester and Amey Aldrich—"Eureka"—Maggie and May Turrill—Albert S. Gould—"San Anselmo Valley"—The Carters—"Buttons," and "Lady Teazle"—Willard Reed and Winthrop Greene—"Homer"—Willie Serrell and friends—"Sandy-sides"—F. W. Islip—Mollie and Kate—Betsey and the Boys—Severance Burrage.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Louise Weir, 5—Russell Miller, 7—"Chingachgook," 6—Blanche Erdt, 1—Adele Neuburger, 1—"Islam," 2—G. and E. Rhoads, 1—Hettie F. Mayer, 2—"Pepper and Maria," 12—"Impatient Youngster," 2—"Humbug," 1—Walter G. Muirheid, 4—Arthur B. Spencer, 1—Jennie and Berry, 6—Mary E. Breed, 1—L. H., 7—David H. Webster, 1—W. G. McMurphy, 5—Jared W. Young, 1—Reggie and Nellie, 12—"Marmoset," 5—Ethel Daymude, 6—Clarence H. Woods, 9—Henry McAden, 1—Clara Conover, 12—Virginia, Margaret, and Josephine, 5—Percy Alfred Varian, 3—Mary A. Pennington, 2—Faun Penfield, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Edward C. Hall, 3—Mamma and Helen, 11—"Nezahualcoyotl," 1—Anna M. Calkins, 4—Llewellyn Lloyd, 2—Janey Hutchinson, 2—Lucy M. Bradley, 12—Grace Zublin, 1—Carrie Howard, 10—Meg, Jo, and Beth, 5—Madeleine S., 1—No name, Chicago, 7—Uncle Will and Mamie, 5—C. Anthon Day, 1—Alice M. Burr, 1—Katie, Jamie, and Mamma, 12—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 4—Vinton H. and Edith N., 12—No name, Readville, 12—Grace Stanton Davenport, 5—Pepper and Salt, 4—Jennie A. Halstead, 7—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 10—Bessie B. Adams, 11—Grace, Anna, Nellie, B., Bridget, Bertha, Clara and Sadie, 1—W. K. Gaylord, 5—"Forlorn Hope," 8—"Two Cousins," 11—A. F. Lewis, 10—Jennie and Mother, 2—Emily Danzel, 1—Charlotte and Harry Evans, 3—"He and I," 5—"Mr. U. E. Bode," 7—Arthur L. Mudge, 1—Fanny R. Jackson, 8—Emma St. C. Whitney, 10—Nellie B. Ripley, 12—W. R. M., 10—"Arthur Pendennis," 3—Helen E. Howell, 3—Lillie, Ida, and Olive Gibson, 8—Judith 11—"Clive Newcome," 1—Helen E. Nelson, 2—"P. K. Boo," 8.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.



THIS puzzle is based upon one of the Mother Goose rhymes. The pictures represent the last words of each of the five lines of the verse. What is the verse?

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

CHARADE. Sel-dom.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Anger. 2. Nerve. 3. Groan. 4. Evade. 5. Renew.

INCLOSED DIAMOND. Letters represented by stars spell "circumstantially." Cross-words: 1. Structure. 2. Permeates. 3. Fertility. 4. Firmament. 5. Analogous. 6. Syndicate. 7. Saleratus. 8. Sepulchre. 9. Brilliant.

ILLUSTRATED WORD-DWINDLE. Stages, gates, stag, tag, at, a. SINGLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, reading upwards: Lobsters. Cross-words: 1. MoSes. 2. shRed. 3. slEct. 4. saTin. 5. baSin. 6. elBow. 7. shOws. 8. soLid.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. 1. M. 2. Pit. 3. Punic. 4. Minimum. 5. Timer. 6. Cur. 7. M. 11. 1. M. 2. Dim. 3. Dales. 4. Militia. 5. Meter. 6. Sir. 7. A. 111. 1. M. 2. Ram. 3. Riles. 4. Malaria. 5. Merit. 6. Sit. 7. A. IV. 1. M. 2. Sain. 3. Sages. 4. Magdala. 5. Mealy. 6. Sly. 7. A. V. 1. A. 2. Ten. 3. Tyrol. 4. Aerated. 5. Noted. 6. Led. 7. D.

